NON-FICTION

Frontier Times

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

FT
K

November, 1968

35¢

KING OF THE STAG MOUNTAIN MUSTANGS

FOUR HOURS IN HELL

THE DEWEY-BERRY FEUD

THE MAN WHO BLACKMAILED A RAILROAD

BONES GUARD CHILILI'S GOLD • CARRY NATION'S OTHER SIDE

Frostbite And [illegible]s On The Zortman-Malta Line

SI009966 6,68-24 MAY,70
R D SMITH
325 RESSEGUIE
BOISE ID 83702

TREASURE HUNTERS ATTENTION!

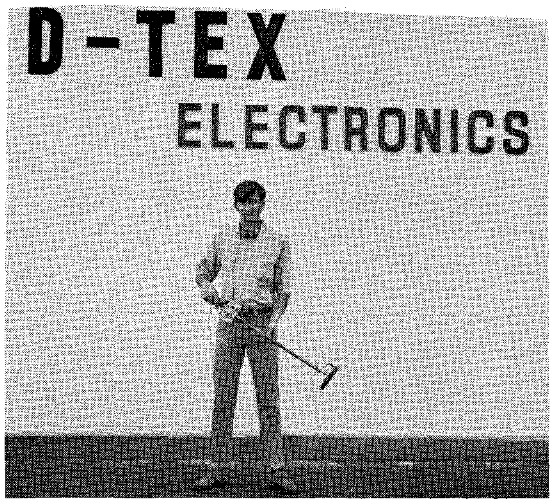
Bill Mahan's

— D-TEX WINS AGAIN —

THE ANNOUNCED WINNER AND STILL WORLD CHAMPION

PROVEN BEST BY TEST IN ALL CONTESTS ! ! !

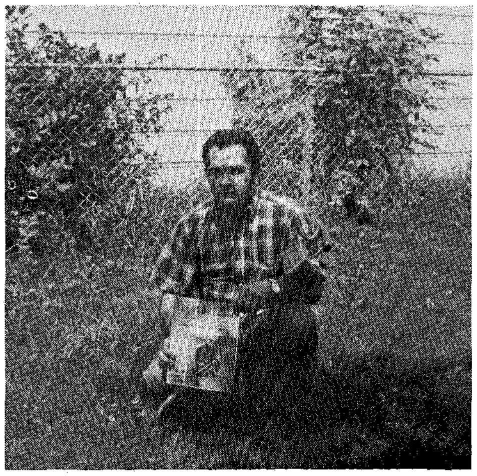
The only detector made with a Lifetime Guarantee.



DOYLE WILLIAMS

Doyle Williams who showed an outstanding performance in the world championship treasure hunt by coming in third place using his year old D-Tex has scored again.

At the Prospector's Club International Permian Basin Treasure Hunt he surprised hundreds of other contestants by finishing up as First Place winner. Doyle says—"All it takes is a D-TEX and lots of hard work." Doyle is 17 years old, from Okemah, Oklahoma and his intent in treasure hunting is to pay his way through college. The way he is going we are certain he will make it.



JOHN ROSEBAUM

MIDWEST HISTORICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY TREASURE HUNT

John Rosebaum, who won First place in Midwest Historical Society's annual Treasure Hunt, with his month old D-TEX DELUX, is new at the Treasure Hunting business as historical research is his hobby. John has had the opportunity to try most of the metal detectors made, but as far as he is concerned, D-TEX is the only detector he would recommend. He also says it is the easiest detector to tune and the sensitivity and accuracy characteristics are way ahead of any other detector made at this time.

Over the years at treasure-hunting contests D-TEX has won more first-places than all other brands combined!

"for pleasure **PLUS** *treasure!"*

FORGET THE REST—GET THE BEST—GET D-TEX

(Is This Your Year To Strike It Rich?)

For Full Information and Free Illustrated Catalog Plus Free Treasure Finding Tips Write Today

P. O. Box 451 **D-TEX ELECTRONICS** **Garland, Texas 75040**

DON'T BE DISAPPOINTED . . . THESE ARE THE **ORIGINAL** BOB LORENZ CARDS!

Western Christmas Cards

BY FAMOUS WESTERN ARTISTS *IN FULL COLOR!* OUR 24th SUCCESSFUL YEAR!

801

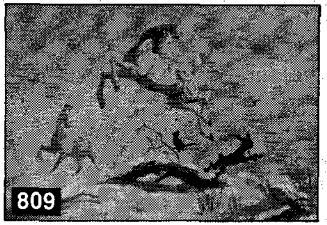
A Cowboy's Christmas Prayer by **Robert R. Lorenz** — May the Peace and Good Will of Christmas always be with You. **Verse by S. Omar Barker.**

GREETINGS ...from our outfit to yours
819

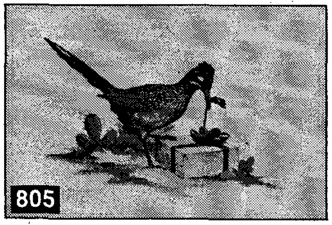
Greetings from Our Outfit to Yours by **Robert R. Lorenz** — With Best Wishes at Christmas and Happiness through all the Coming Year.

Thinkin' of you at Christmas...
833

Thinkin' of You at Christmas by **Robert R. Lorenz** — With Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season.


809

Frosty Fantasy by **H. Goodwine** — Wishing You a Bright and Gay Holiday.


805

Fascinating Ribbon by **Clark Bronson** — With all Good Wishes for Christmas and the Coming Year.

806

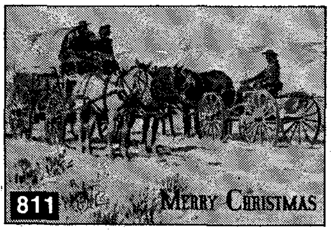
Cowboy Carolers by **Harvey Johnson** — With Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

815

Holiday Dinner by **Clark Bronson** — Greetings of the Season and Best Wishes for the New Year.

820

God's Garden by **Sid Cedargreen** — Greetings of the Season . . .

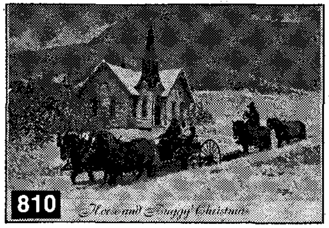


811

Merry Christmas by **Nick Eggenhofer** — May the Joy of Christmas Abide with You . . .

818

Cowboy Harmony by **Ted Long** — Wishing You a World of Happiness for Christmas . . .

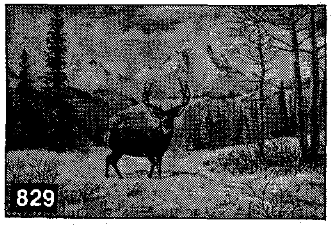


810

Horse and Buggy Christmas by **Robert Lougheed** — With Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. ***Verse by S. Omar Barker.***

814

The Sled Snitcher by **Fred Harman** — Best Wishes for a Real Old-Fashioned Christmas and a New *Year filled with Cheer.*


829

Christmas Trail by **Norman Miller** — Christmas Blessings and Best Wishes for a Joyous New Year.

MERRY CHRISTMAS
803

Merry Christmas by **Larry Smitherman** — Greetings and Good Wishes for the Season.

817

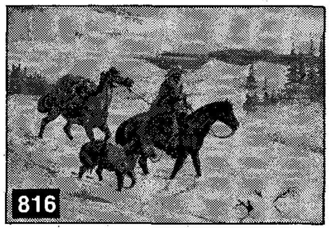
Heigh Ho! by **Roy Morrissey** — Holiday Greetings and Best Wishes for the New Year.

peace on earth
813

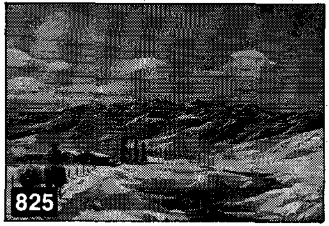
Peace on Earth by **H. Goodwine** — May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with You. Bible quote — "He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest . . ."

812

Thoughts of Three Wise Men by **Paul Salisbury** — lay every Happiness be Yours at Christmas and hroughout the New Year. Quote from St. Mathew 2:9 — "And behold, the Star in the East went be- ore them."


816

A Gift for Christmas by **Ben Cooper** — Merry Christmas. May the Coming New Year bring You every Happiness.


825

Star Filled Night by **George D. Smith** — Bringing You every Good Wish for Happiness . . .

823

Winter Pasture by **Robert Lougheed** — Season's Greetings with all Good Wishes for Happiness. **Verse by S. Omar Barker.**

DON'T BE DISAPPOINTED! Others offer but none duplicate the traditionally dependable quality of the **original** Lazy BL Ranch greeting cards. Our 1968 *selection features new works by the West's* **best known** artists — Bronson, Cedargreen, Eggenhofer, Goodwine, Harman, Lougheed, Salisbury, and others — plus several all time Lorenz favorites. Magnificently reproduced in true full color on rich linen-textured paper single folded to 4¾" by 6¾". Envelopes to match — with several extras. Cards may be ordered plain, with your name or brand, or **both** custom-printed in red to **exactly** match greeting. Orders carefully processed and shipped in sturdy carton within 24 hours right up 'til Christmas. FREE catalog of unique western stationery, note paper and gift tags sent with every order.

HOW TO ORDER: Write quantity of each card you want in box appearing in coupon. No need to send entire page. Order all one kind or assorted at no extra charge. Use separate sheet if needed. Circle **total** quantity and cost on price list. Enclose cash, check or money order with coupon and mail to **The Lazy BL Ranch, Box 3232, Cheyenne, Wyoming 82001.**

Card No.	Quantity

Total Quantity	15	25	50	75	100	150	200	300	500
Without Name	$3.15	4.25	8.25	12.00	15.50	22.95	30.00	45.00	72.50
With Name **or** Brand	$4.20	5.75	10.00	14.60	18.00	26.50	34.40	50.40	82.00
With Name **and** Brand	$5.70	7.25	11.50	16.10	19.50	28.00	35.90	51.90	83.50

Canadian residents please add 15% to prices. Wyoming residents add 3% sales tax.

NAMES TO BE PRINTED
ON CARDS. SEND SKETCH
IF BRAND WANTED.

SEND CARDS TO:

RTE., ST. OR BOX NO.

CITY STATE ZIP

MAIL
COUPON
TO:

The Lazy BL Ranch

BOX 3232
CHEYENNE, WYOMING
82001

TW

BEAUTIFUL FULL COLOR • MONEY BACK GUARANTEE • WE PAY POSTAGE

NEW...

FISHER M-SCOPE®
Gemini

THE MOST ADVANCED PROFESSIONAL INSTRUMENT FOR LOCATING GOLD, SILVER, METALLIC OBJECTS AND ORE BODIES...
and so advanced we named it after the Space Probe

- Superb penetration, sensitivity
- Miniature all-silicon transistor circuits
- Compact, rugged and lightweight
- Built-in speaker

Write for detailed
Data Sheets and Specifications

frl

FISHER
RESEARCH LABORATORY
Dept. FT-11
PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA 94302
Phone: (415) 322-4646
The leading manufacturer of
Scientific Detection Instruments since 1932

FRONTIER TIMES

A Joe Small Publication

October-November, 1968
Vol. 42, No. 6
New Series No. 56

PAT WAGNER
Editor

JOE AUSTELL SMALL
Publisher

ROBERT SMALL
Advertising

MARY SANDERS
Editorial Assistant

JOAN ROBERSON
Production

MARILYN WHITE
Circulation

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."— Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

In This Issue—

FRONTIER POST 4
FROSTBITE AND SHENANIGANS .... By Walt Coburn 6
THE DEWEY-BERRY FEUD .... By Lloyd H. Danford 10
BONES GUARD CHILILI'S GOLD .... By Maurice Kildare 12
THE YEGG .... By Don Buchan 16
KING OF THE STAG MOUNTAIN MUSTANGS . By Russell C. Prunty 19
LAST RUN OF THE LUCY WALKER .... By E. H. Brewington 20
BOSS LADY OF THE YELLOW ASTER MINE .. By Roberta M. Starry 22
THE DEATH OF CHIEF BUFFALO HORN .... By A. C. Schaefer 25
CARRY NATION'S OTHER SIDE .... By James G. H. Hood 26
THE MAN WHO BLACKMAILED A RAILROAD .... By Charles D. Greenfield 28
AMARILLO BOOTMAKER .... By Mabel C. Wright 30
"FIEND OF THE FOOTHILLS" .... By Joan Reese 32
FOUR HOURS IN HELL .... By Homer Wilkes 35
NUGGETS 36
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP 40
TRAILS GROWN DIM 44
TUMBLEWEEDS .... By Tom K. Ryan 72

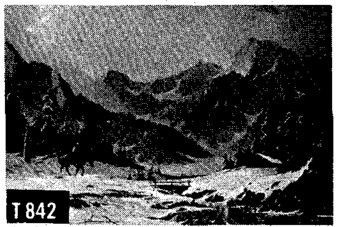
Cover: James E. Bramlett
"The Rim Rocker"

FRONTIER TIMES is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.C Box 3668, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704. 35c per copy, $4.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Mexico. $5.00 for 12 issues in al other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas. Copyright 1968 by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

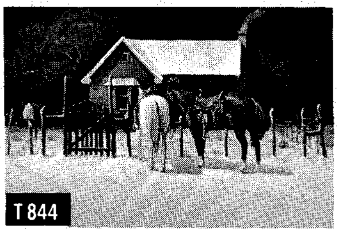
Three weeks' advance notice and old address as well as new are required fo change of subscriber's address.

Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs will be treated with care, but thei safety while in our hands is not guaranteed. Enclose stamped envelope with al submissions. Please inquire before sending in original art.

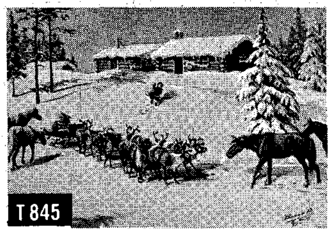
PICK FOR '68 FROM THE **BEST** IN FULL COLOR
WESTERN CHRISTMAS CARDS


T 842

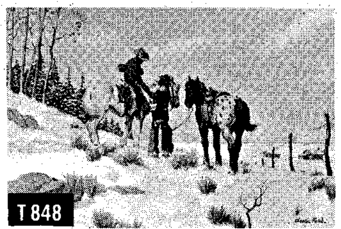
Christmas Day—May the Peace and Happiness of Christmas be with you all Year—**Lowdermilk**


T 844

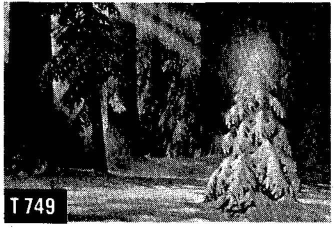
A Good Day For Visiting—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year—**G. Harvey**


T 845

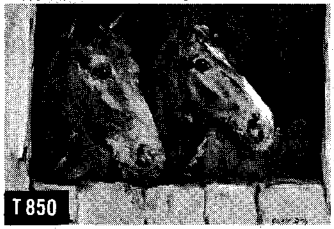
Christmas Eve Callers—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year—**Bernard Thomas**


T 848

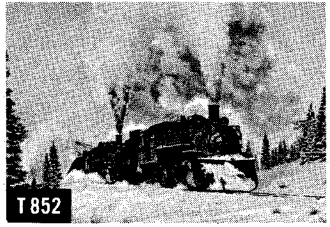
When Neighbors Meet—Best Wishes at Christmas, etc. from Our Outfit to Yours—**Paris**


T 749

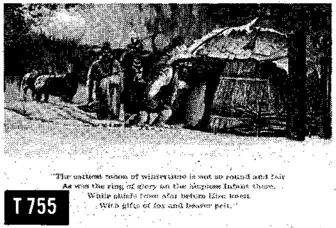
Forest Cathedral—May you have the Spirit of Christmas which is Peace, etc.—**Husberg**


T 850

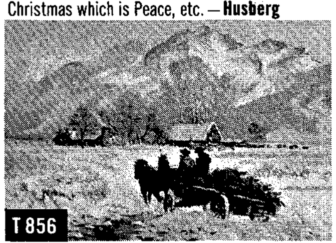
Stablemates—May the meaning of the Season be deeper . . . as Christmas comes, etc. — **Dick**


T 852

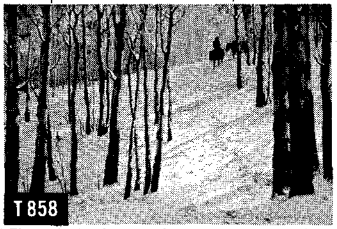
Frosted Steam—Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—**Howard Fogg**


"The earliest moon of wintertime is not so round and fair
As was the ring of glory on the helpless Infant there.
While chiefs from afar before Him knelt
With gifts of fox and beaver pelt."
T 755

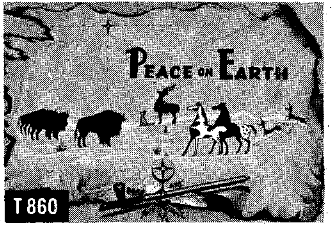
An Indian Christmas Carol — May Christmas bring you gifts of Peace, Joy, etc.—**EchoHawk**


T 856

Tree Cutting Time—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year—**Robert Meyers**

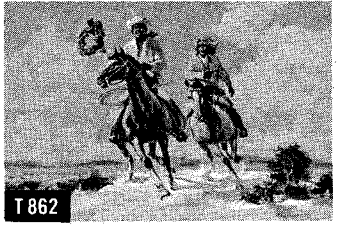

T 858

Through the Aspen—Greeting is an appropriate, merry and cheerful western verse—**McLean**

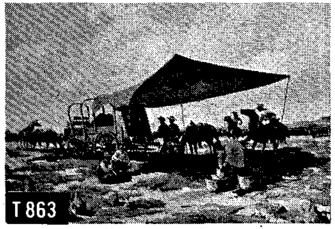


T 860

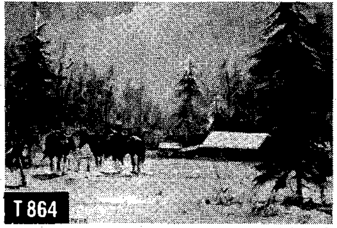
An Indian Pictograph—May Peace be your Gift at Christmas, etc.—**Brummett EchoHawk**


T 862

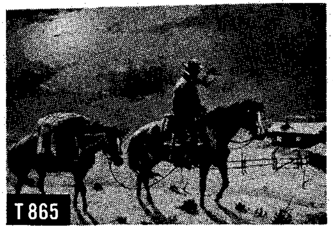
A Happy Pair—Christmas Greetings from the two of us, double Good Wishes, etc.—**FitzSimmons**


T 863

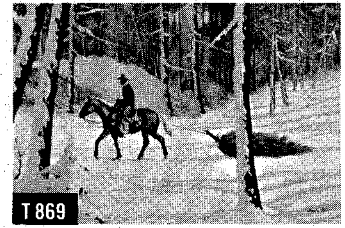
Chuckwagon Cheer—Greeting is friendly, appropriate verse by S. Omar Barker—**Walter Graham**


T 864

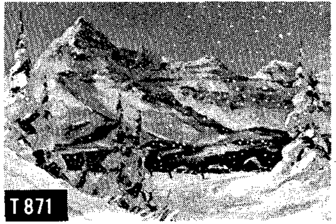
Cabin in the Pines—May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you all the Year—**Warren**


T 865

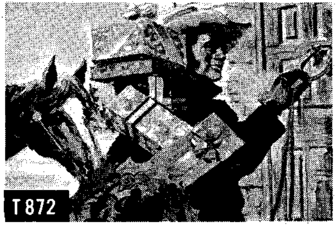
The Gift of Light—May the Peace and Happiness of Christmas be with you all the Year—**Lenox**


T 869

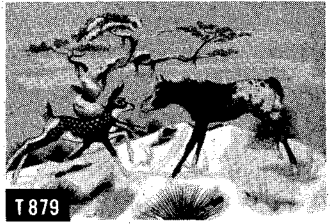
A Tree for the Ranch—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year—**Charles Paris**


T 871

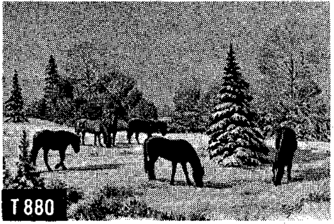
A Joyous Yule—Peace and Good Will at Christmas and through the New Year—**Kerswill**


T 872

Making Christmas Rounds—Christmas Greetings and Best Wishes for the Year—**FitzSimmons**


T 879

Friendship at Christmas—A friendly wish for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—**Lee**


T 880

Peaceful Morning—May you have the Spirit of Christmas which is Peace, etc.—**Thomas**

ALL NEW DESIGNS IN BRIGHT FULL COLOR

BEST QUALITY ART: Yes, these are the western Christmas cards you've been looking for! Heavy textured enamel paper folds to make a rich card, approx. 5 x 7. We can print your name, or brand, or BOTH in red to match greeting. Deluxe white envelopes—extras included. 24 hour shipping 'til Christmas. Our catalog of western stationery, notes, prints, FREE with every order.

HOW TO ORDER: Fill in quantity of each card you want in box beside that number in the coupon order blank. Circle total quantity and cost on order blank. Mix and assort at no extra cost. Order all of one kind or as many of each as desired. Canada residents please remit in U.S. dollar values. Colorado residents add 3% sales tax. You may order by letter or fill out coupon and mail with cash, check or money order. Thank you kindly, and remember, it's fun to buy from the Leanin' Tree.

WHY NOT HAVE YOUR BRAND IMPRINTED?

Add the personal touch for 1968. Let us print your own ranch brand on your cards at our low, low price! We will then send you FREE the zinc engraving of your brand, individually mounted on wood for handy, everyday use. Usual cost of this mounted plate is $4.00, but it's yours FREE with your order.

THE LEANIN' TREE RANCH

BOX 1500 • BOULDER • COLORADO • 80302

TOTAL QUANTITY	12	25	50	75	100	150	200	300	500
WITHOUT NAME	$2.00	$4.00	$ 8.00	$12.00	$15.00	$22.50	$29.50	$43.50	$71.50
WITH NAME OR BRAND	$3.00	5.25	9.75	14.00	17.00	25.00	32.50	47.50	76.00
WITH NAME AND BRAND	$4.00	6.25	10.75	15.00	18.00	26.00	33.50	48.50	77.00
RETURN ADDRESS ON ENVELOPE FLAPS	$1.00	1.25	1.50	1.75	2.00	2.50	3.00	4.00	6.00

FILL IN QUANTITY DESIRED OF EACH CARD IN BOX BESIDE THAT NUMBER	T 842	T 844	T 845	T 848
	T 749	T 850	T 852	T 755
	T 856	T 858	T 860	T 862
	T 863	T 864	T 865	T 869
	T 871	T 872	T 879	T 880

NAMES TO BE PRINTED ON CHRISTMAS CARDS (DRAW BRAND IN MARGIN) ______ 21W

SEND CARDS TO: ______

Rte., St., or Box No. ______

City ______ State ______ Zip ______

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE AND POSTAGE FREE FROM THE LEANIN' TREE . . . OUR 19th YEAR

FRONTIER POST

McCaleb's Last Fight

Dear Editor:

"McCaleb's Last Fight" by W. R. Andersen in your May, '68 issue of FRONTIER TIMES would have been even more interesting if he could have added all the facts I've heard from the oldtimers living in this area. Unmentioned was the Indian burial plot on the knoll above the reservoir where the eight or ten Indians killed were buried, or Joe Skelton's ranch eleven miles from Mackay with all the big corrals and sheds where he kept all the horses, oxen, and mules for freighters to make their changes for the trip over Willow Creek Summit.

Also how Joe Skelton once was gored in the neck by one of his own oxen and had to take his food and drink through a tube placed in his throat. Also he did not mention Frank Cook or Joe Horney as two of the drivers who were on that trip.

Jessie McCaleb ran a grocery store in Bonanza City. And the only Birch Creek of any importance around here is over by Howe, Idaho. Anyone hauling freight in those days came from Blackfoot or the Pocatello area. Malad, being south of Pocatello and the freight road, being on the west side of the big butte and going directly toward Arco past the Craters of the Moon, was at least twenty miles from Birch Creek. Drivers could have gone up Birch Creek into Leadore and Salmon City, but being on the road to Challis, they were more than likely headed for Yankee Fork and McCaleb's Store at Bonanza City.

Now before I cut up or saw down (for firewood) any more of Joe Skelton's ranch buildings and corrals, I'll take some pictures and send them to you.—Fred Friedl, Mackay, Idaho 83251

Monte Cristo

Dear Sirs:

Your July edition was to us your most exciting one of all. "They Called It Monte Cristo" article may be the means of finding a picture of my father that we have never seen. Jack (or Johnny) Morrison ran a packtrain carrying supplies to miners in the early days in that area. A picture of him and his animals hung for many years in a store in either Granite Falls or Darrington. This store is now closed and the pictures gone.

If any of your readers have this picture, we would like to borrow it just long enough to have a copy made. If all the pictures are owned by one person and he can't identify the one we want, my sister in Seattle would go to the owner to pick up and return the original. Our eleven-year-old son never knew his grandfather and this picture would be so appreciated by him and all of "Johnny's" family.—Mrs. Virginia Morrison Stone, Box 128, Wawona Station, Yosemite National Park, California 95389

Our July Cover

Dear Sirs:

The cover of the June-July issue of FRONTIER TIMES brought back boyhood memories of the Majestic Range, which was very familiar in the farming areas of southwestern Colorado where I was born and reared. The stoves were delivered by a stove peddler (as he was called) using a buckboard and a span of small Mexican mules. About the time sales were started, the mules made a jump and the stove was dumped on the ground, and lids and other parts that were loose were thrown all over. The stove was uprighted and taken into the house. This was a common occurrence. Victor Drake, the painter of the front page, no doubt was using a modern-day boot for his model—looks very much like a Tony Lama boot. Rubber heels were not worn on cowboy boots until in the '40s when city slickers attempted to copy the real cowboy. Boots that I can remember had an all-leather heel, the bottom much smaller than the rest and tapering from front to the back with the boot resting on the floor or as would be worn.—Walter C. Davis, Point Roberts, Washington 98281

More "Glimpses"

Dear Joe:

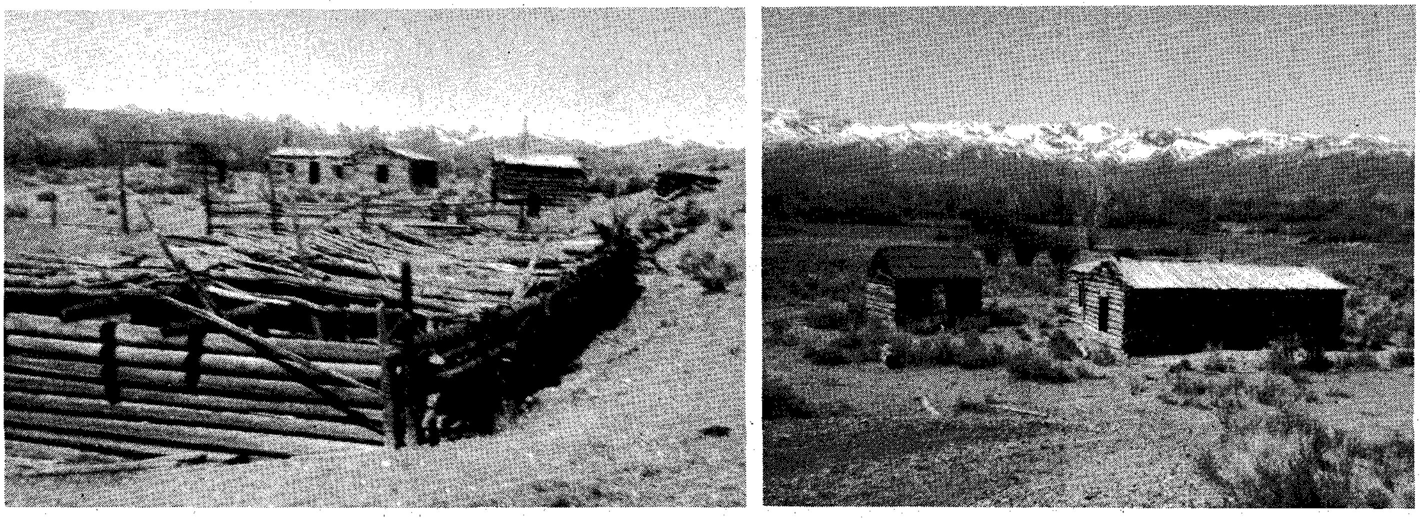
I just had to write you because there were three stories and two pictures in "Glimpses Through the Mists of Time" in the May 1968, FRONTIER TIMES of special interest to me.

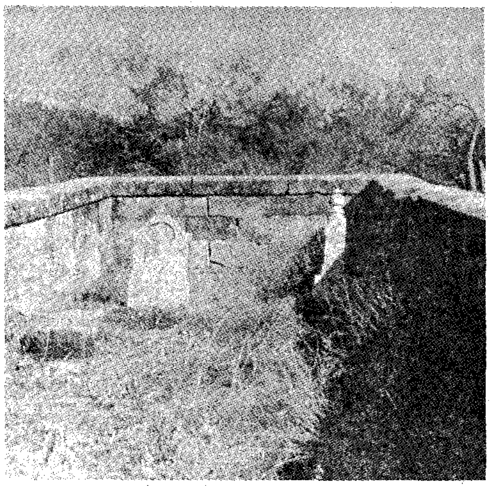
I was at old Mercur during World War II when it was a busy place. I was also there a year ago and only the smelter foundation and piles of tailings are left. I was at Gimlet and have seen these houses when they were in use. I was at Athol, Idaho, when Queen Marie's train went through. A stowaway boy was not mentioned, but he made headlines in the Spokane papers. I also have been to Maryhill.

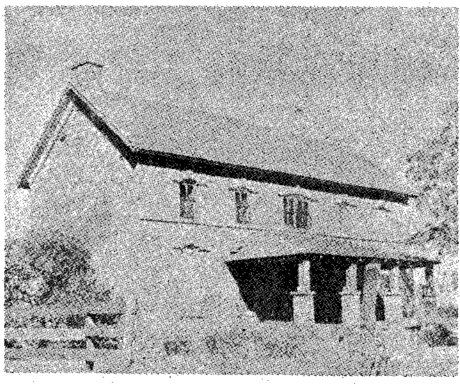
That was a fine story about Wong Sing. I met him once. I have stopped there many times and bought things that were not for sale in other towns during World War II and have been there many times since.

I have seen the old hotel mentioned in the story of Bayhorse Treasure and had a friend who spent many vacations trying to locate the gold. These particular stories have been very interesting to me. I read all four of your fine magazines and hope more people will. They are missing a lot if they don't.—Burt F. Berrier, 2553 Chadwick Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84106

Joe Skelton's old ranch near Mackay, Idaho.







This house and cemetery northeast of Henrietta, Texas, was built by Joe Campbell in 1883.

Oldest House in Clay County?

Dear Sir:

I thought some of the readers might enjoy reading about an old house that I lived in many years ago. And it would be nice to know just how many families have lived in the old place. It is the oldest house in Clay County, Texas, I suppose. And as far as I know it is still in use. In 1911 my first husband and I lived in this old place. My husband, John Garrison, had made a contract of cutting hay on the land. So we lived in this marvelous old house at the time.

I was born in 1888 in Grayson County, Texas. I was married in Jack County and my two sons, Eldon and Eulys were born in 1909 and 1910. We moved into the old Campbell house in 1911. Of course we did not use all the rooms. It was very cool in the summer and very warm in the winter. A young girl, Willie Simpson, lived with us. She helped me with the babies and housework. I also cooked for the men working for my husband in haying. The table in the old house was about twelve feet long.

I was not very old then, and being of a scary nature, I remember very well that one day Willie and I kept hearing a funny noise coming up out of the basement. We got so scared we gathered up the babies and ran to the fields where the men were cutting hay. I got my husband to go back to the house with me to see what it was. And the joke was on me. He found it was only a door loose on its hinges that was being blown to and fro.

The old Campbell House is one of the real historical landmarks of Clay County. It is located about one mile northwest of the bridge on Little Wichita River some sixteen miles northeast of Henrietta, Texas. The place was built in the fall of 1883 by Joe Campbell, who brought the lumber from Gainesville, Texas, in a wagon drawn by oxen. The Campbell house was built by a Swede known as "Little Swede." It is of native stone, quarried from a rocky bluff about half a mile southwest of the house. The stones are squared and trimmed, showing the mason was a skilled craftsman. The main building is twenty by fifty feet with a stone room adjoining. Two stories high, the old ranch house occupies a most prominent position on the 850-acre ranch. The walls are two feet thick, and windows are in good trim with keystone arches. In the early days the house had a large basement with a fireplace. There were fireplaces in all the rooms, including those upstairs. A post oak grove nearby furnished ample firewood.

The adjoining land is part of the old Stanfield Brothers Ranch, which was composed of some 22,000 acres lying between Little Wichita and Red Rivers. Prior to the Stanfield ownership, the land was owned by Joe Campbell. At the time the Campbells lived in the ranchhouse the cowboys in the area would come to the Campbell house, dance all night, and have a big time. The windowsills were large enough to form ample sitting room for the cowboys and their dancing partners.

Joseph Campbell and wife, Mandy Jane Campbell, are buried in the old walled-up cemetery which lies a few hundred yards south of the house. Other gravestones in the cemetery show "Sappolia," wife of Alexander Baker, died April 4, 1879, age sixty-eight years. Also, Alexander Baker, born 1811, died April 23, 1890—these two are in the rocked-up wall.

Outside graves include:

J. T. Vernon, born September 14, 1854; died February 23, 1892.

Infant daughter of T. D. and L. L. Campbell, born and died April 7, 1890.

Minnie D. Snelling, daughter of J. H. and M. Snelling, born May 7, 1890; died January 28, 1891.

George W. Walker, born January 20, 1860; died October 5, 1892.

Wm. G. Zim, born June 14, 1870; died May 1881.

Several other graves are not marked but have native rock headstones. The walled-up section is four feet high, twelve by thirty feet, and is very good native stone masonry.—Mrs. Zelida Garrison Watson, 17 S.E. 52nd Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73129

Memorial In Delta

Dear Sir:

On Main Street in Delta, Colorado, is a bronze plaque. I was reading it on Easter Sunday morning this year. This is what it said: "Here stood the Farmers and Merchants Bank of which Andrew Trew Blachly was co-founder and cashier. Across Main Street was the Simpson Hardware store. On September 7, 1893 the bank was held up by the notorious McCarty gang. Blachly, although covered by two guns, gave the alarm and was instantly killed. The bandits fled north on horseback along the alleyway back of the bank. W. Ray Simpson, Kentucky sharpshooter, hearing the shot, ran down Third Street with his single shot Sharps rifle where he was fired on by the robbers. He returned their fire and, although they were leaning over their horses' necks, blew the top of the head off one bandit 240 feet away. As Simpson reached the alley a second robber over a block away looked back. He got a bullet hole through his head from the Sharps, falling 345 feet beyond the first corpse. One robber escaped, most of the money was recovered. The murderer left Mary Adele Blachly with eight little boys. She moved to a desert ranch on Garnet mesa where, alone, she reared them all to manhood. This marker in memory of that day, and that Mother, is placed here by her sons."—R. C. Marshall, Box 1265, Hobbs, New Mexico 88240

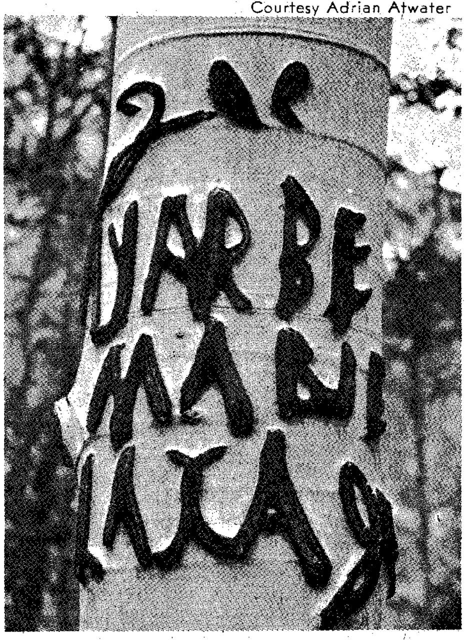
Remember Me, The Lonely One

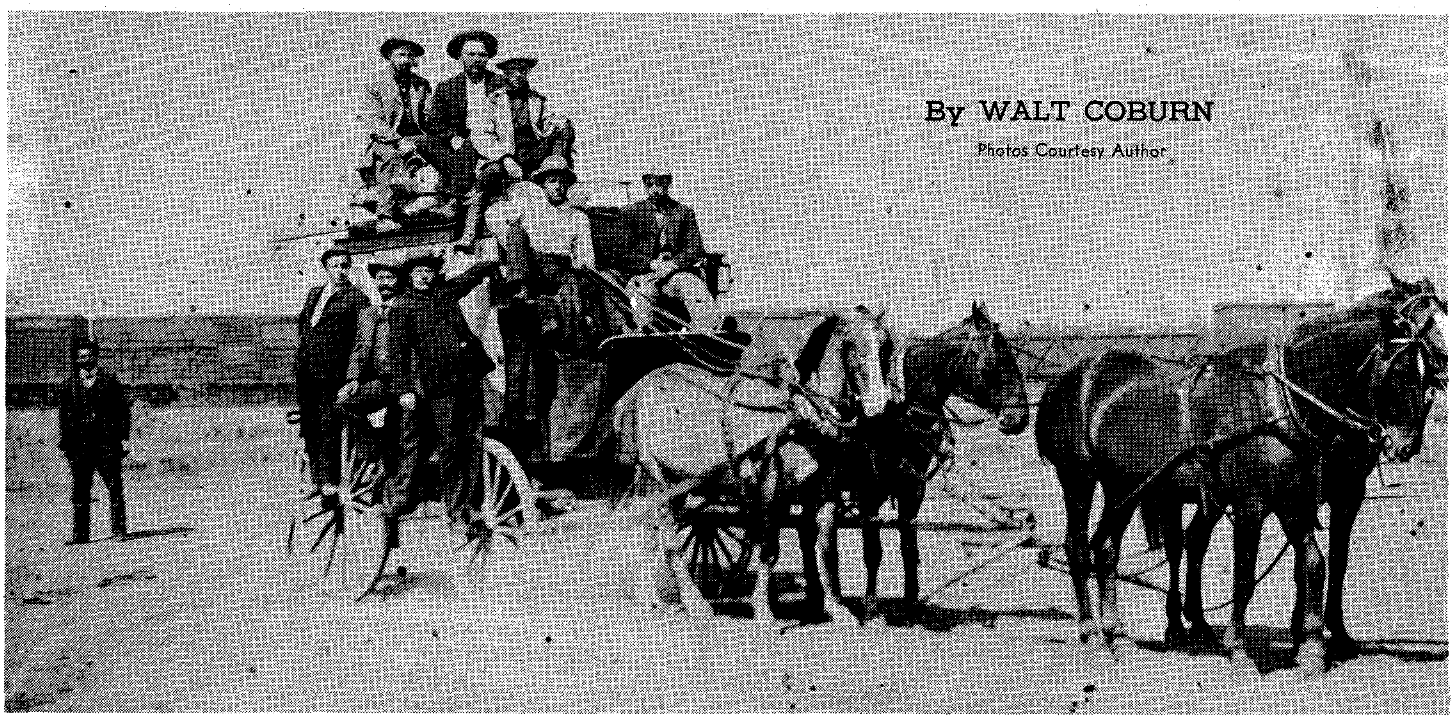
Dear Pat:

While looking through the September 1967 issue of FRONTIER TIMES, the article, "Remember Me, The Lonely One," written by Jane Atwater, was of great interest to me. On page 20 is a picture of a cottonwood tree with the name, Joe Ayarbe, carved into the white bark. Joe Ayarbe is my uncle. He and my father, Pete Ayarbe, ran sheep in the Schell Creek Range in White Pine County near Ely, Nevada. They both were French Basque immigrants (greater people never lived). Please express my appreciation to Jane Atwater for the article and the picture. Is it possible to pinpoint the location of the tree? Both my father and Uncle Joe Ayarbe, whose name is on the tree, are deceased. I am having this article framed to put in our den at home.—Joe Ayarbe, 775 Pennsylvania Drive, Reno, Nevada 89503

(Continued on page 72)

Courtesy Adrian Atwater





By WALT COBURN

Photos Courtesy Author

Ruel Horner, driver of the Malta Stage. At right, Max Sklower sits in front of his Great Northern Hotel in Malta.

Frostbite and Shenanigans
ON THE ZORTMAN-MALTA LINE

RUEL HORNER was a tenderfoot of twenty-two when he stepped off the westbound Great Northern passenger train, the Oriental Limited, at the cowtown of Malta, Montana, in 1903. The train always arrived at Malta about ten o'clock at night, stopping only long enough for the locomotive to take on water and coal about fifty yards or so from the station.

The business section of the cowtown was on the north side of the tracks. From the railway station a wide cinder path led to the plank sidewalk along old Main Street; another cinder path also led to Main Street from the tank that furnished water to the town.

When Ruel Horner, canvas telescope valise in hand, got off the train that night he was a stranger in a strange land. He stood there on the railroad bed alongside the passenger train while the engine took on coal and water and the engineer let off the white steam cloud and the brakeman's lantern glowed in the night. Then the train got underway and the glare of the headlights revealed the railroad bridge spanning Milk River, and the mournful blast of the locomotive whistle sent its flat echoes across the rolling prairie.

The pilgrim tenderfoot stood alone and watched the departure of the Oriental Limited, more commonly known as The Flyer. As the final blast of the locomotive whistle shattered the silence of the night, two or three cowhands leaving town emptied their six-shooters at the stars as they loped their horses down the deserted street, headed for their roundup camp or home ranch, with empty pockets and a town bottle in their chaps pocket to shorten the miles ahead. Their wild cowboy shouts were like a Rebel yell sounding through the crack of pistol fire and the pounding of shod hoofs.

From a distance the lamplit saloon windows along Main Street looked for all the world like jack-o'-lanterns strung along the length of the street.

Young Ruel Horner had a faint smile on his clean-shaven, tanned, country-boy's face. The sight and sound of those reckless cowboys, free as the wild wind, had its echo in his heart. During his boyhood Ruel had sat and listened to his father's stories of the great Texas trail herds. Ruel had learned to ride horseback and drive a team on his father's farm near Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. The urge to go west and be a cowboy had been gnawing at his heart and mind since memory began, but it wasn't until he reached the age of twenty-two that he was able to shuck responsibilities at home and make his dreams come true. On his journey west he had made a brief stop at Minot, Dakota, then a tough town in its own right, but nothing he had seen could compare with what he had heard about Malta, Montana, and that was his destination.

What he was watching now quickened his pulse beat and a strange inner excitement tightened his belly muscles. This is it, he said to himself, the end of the line. On the train he had heard talk of the gold strike in the Little Rockies, and the loose talk had put a touch of gold fever in his young, adventurous blood.

Ruel Horner lugged his laden valise that contained all his worldly possessions along the cinder path to Castleberg's Hotel. Phil Castleberg, the owner, was behind the desk when the young tenderfoot signed his name—"Ruel Horner, Gettysburg, Pa."

THE TALL, rawboned Phil Castleberg was a kindly man with a friendly smile. He could size up a man at first sight and that first judgment was seldom wrong. He knew every rancher in that

Outlaws didn't give Ruel Horner as much trouble as his boss's mail contract and the Circle C cowboys —especially the ones who were playing nursemaid to a third-class post office

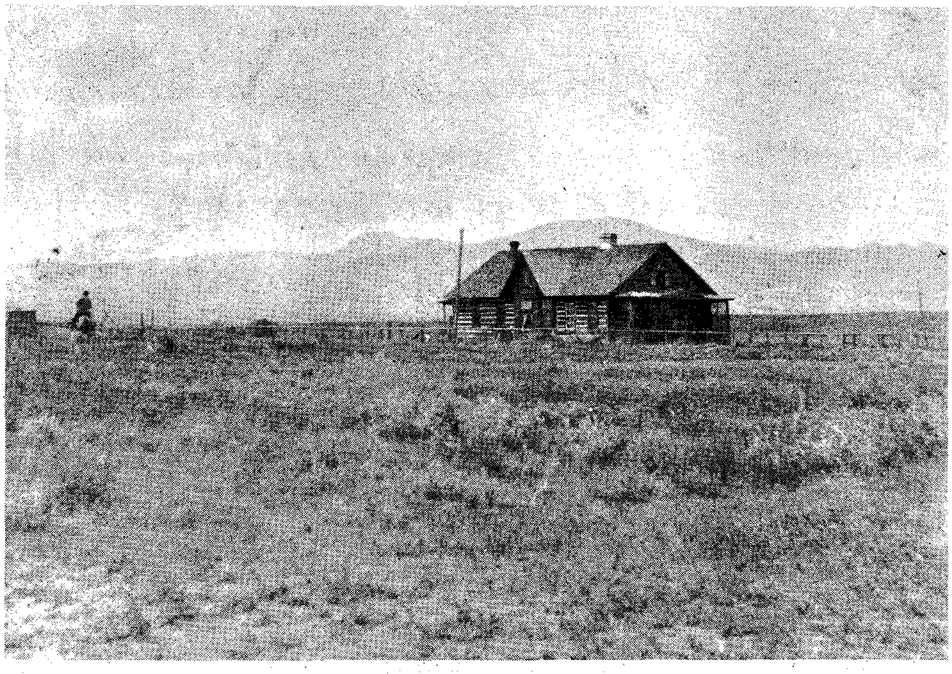
Circle C foreman Jake Meyers (left), and Tom Dewar in Zortman, 1909.

part of the country, both cattlemen, cowpunchers, and sheepmen. He kept a ledger on the back bar of his Annex Saloon, and on its pages were written the names of every cowpuncher in that part of Montana, and every sheepherder whose credit was good. Many of them cashed their pay checks at the Annex Saloon, knowing full well that when their money was squandered their credit would be good, up to a certain amount, and what money they owed would be deducted from their next month's wages and sent to Phil Castleberg by the ranch owner or sheepman. To the old-time cowhand it was a matter of prideful honor to pay off gambling debts and bar bills, and that held true of the lowly and often-despised sheepherder.

While Ruel Horner was not a drinking man, according to cowtown standards, he was quick to catch on that it was the cow country habit to buy drinks for the house, including both friends and strangers. As was the custom also, Phil Castleberg bought the first drink when he led the young pilgrim into his Annex Saloon, and Ruel knew enough to pay for the next round.

In the course of conversation Ruel asked questions regarding the gold rush in the Little Rockies, and Phil gave him honest answers, with sage, fatherly advice added for boot. He informed the eager youth that the stage left the hotel promptly at 6 a.m. for the mining town of Zortman, warning him that both Landusky and the twin mining town of Zortman were tough and rowdy and wide open—that the Little Rockies was the stomping ground of the Kid Curry outlaw gang. He advised the young pilgrim to mind his own business and ask no foolish questions, to speak easy and walk slow and he'd get along first rate and soon get onto the ropes.

Ruel Horner purchased a one-way ticket to Zortman, and Phil Castleberg advised him to sit on the driver's seat and that Harry Glover, the stage driver, would bring him up to date on any and



Walt's brother Bob's house on the Circle C Ranch. Outlined in the background are the Little Rockies.

everything he wanted to know, and Ruel took the advice of the older man and profited by it.

Ruel worked as a miner and in a month or so came to know everybody in Zortman and Landusky—the saloon men, merchants, miners and cowpunchers. He considered his hardrock miner's job as only temporary. The underground labor with miner's pick, single-jack, shovel, and miner's candle was not altogether to his liking. He longed to be handling horses, and he so bided his time until the opportunity offered itself.

Ruel Horner was now a full-fledged miner and was paid $3.50 a shift. He shared a miner's cabin with a couple of other miners and ate his meals at a boarding house. When on night shift he'd spent a lot of his daytime hours at Louis Goslin's livery and feed barn, lending an eager hand to help the barn man. When he eventually met Louis Goslin they at once became good friends. Goslin was quick to sense Ruel's inborn knack with horses and his knowledge of doctoring collar sores and other equine ailments.

Then one cold, blizzard-swept day when the stage pulled into Zortman and the driver said he'd had a bellyful of slogging through heavy snowdrifts with frostbitten hands and feet and wanted to quit, Louis Goslin had promptly hired Ruel Horner to take his place, and Ruel's long ambition to become a stagecoach driver came true.

There were three stages on the Zortman-Malta run. The smaller coach carried eight passengers. The two larger coaches would, in a tight, carry twelve. Goslin also operated a stage line from Lewistown to Harlowtown and Billings. Thirty stout, grain-fed horses were used on the Zortman-Malta stage line.

Besides the passengers Louis Goslin held the contract for hauling the United States mail, and according to contract the mail had to be delivered on schedule regardless of weather—snow, hail, rain and sleet, high winds or high water. And that high water would come every spring when the warm Chinooks melted the accumulation of winter snowdrifts. Creeks overflowed their banks, and muddy swimming water flowed in the big coulees.

There were times during the blizzards when it was impossible for the stagecoaches to roll, even on sled runners, and during those times Ruel Horner rode horseback, leading a pack horse with the mail sacks tied onto the pack saddle. There were also times during the spring freshets when Horner and his pack horse had to swim the swollen creeks and flood-swept coulees. Those trips were made between Zortman and Halfway House, known as the Hog Ranch, and another rider carried the mail from the Hog Ranch to Malta.

The distance from Malta to Zortman by stage road was approximately sixty miles. In mild weather the trip took from eight to ten hours, depending on the number of passengers, the amount of luggage, and whether it was the smaller coach or one of the two larger coaches. The wind was another factor. Bucking a strong head wind added to the time, while a strong tail wind was favorable. A forty-to- fifty-mile side wind would sway the top-heavy coach like a sailboat on a rough sea. Once or twice a sixty-mile gale had blown the stagecoach over, and countless conflicting and comical anecdotes resulted from these mishaps. The drivers had their versions and the passengers had theirs.

DURING the seven-odd years Ruel Horner drove stage on the Zortman-Malta run, the two of us became fast and lifelong friends, albeit it has been over fifty years since our trails last crossed.

To the best of my recollection the first time I laid eyes on Ruel was in June, 1904, when I was a freshman at the Great Falls High School. Every summer vacation I took my departure from Great Falls the first week in June and caught the train for Malta, and the stage from Malta to the Circle C ranch forty miles distant. Whenever possible I rode on the high seat alongside the stage driver, and I'd been doing that since I was six years old. When I was about ten the stage driver used to hand me the four lines, showing me how to hold them in both hands and keep the slack out, and other tricks of the trade.

Ruel Horner was one of quite a few stage drivers on the Malta-Zortman run over the years. Many good ones came and lasted a year or two, then quit to take up jerkline freighting or punching cows, or driving ore teams. But not Ruel. He stayed with his stage driving job until the automobile replaced the outmoded slower stagecoach.

From about 1910-1911, when I had finished high school and made my home at the Circle C ranch, until it was sold in 1916, was when I really became acquainted with Ruel Horner. Scarcely a day passed that we didn't meet briefly, either at the Circle C ranch or along the stage road, except when I was on the roundup or at some remote winter line camp.

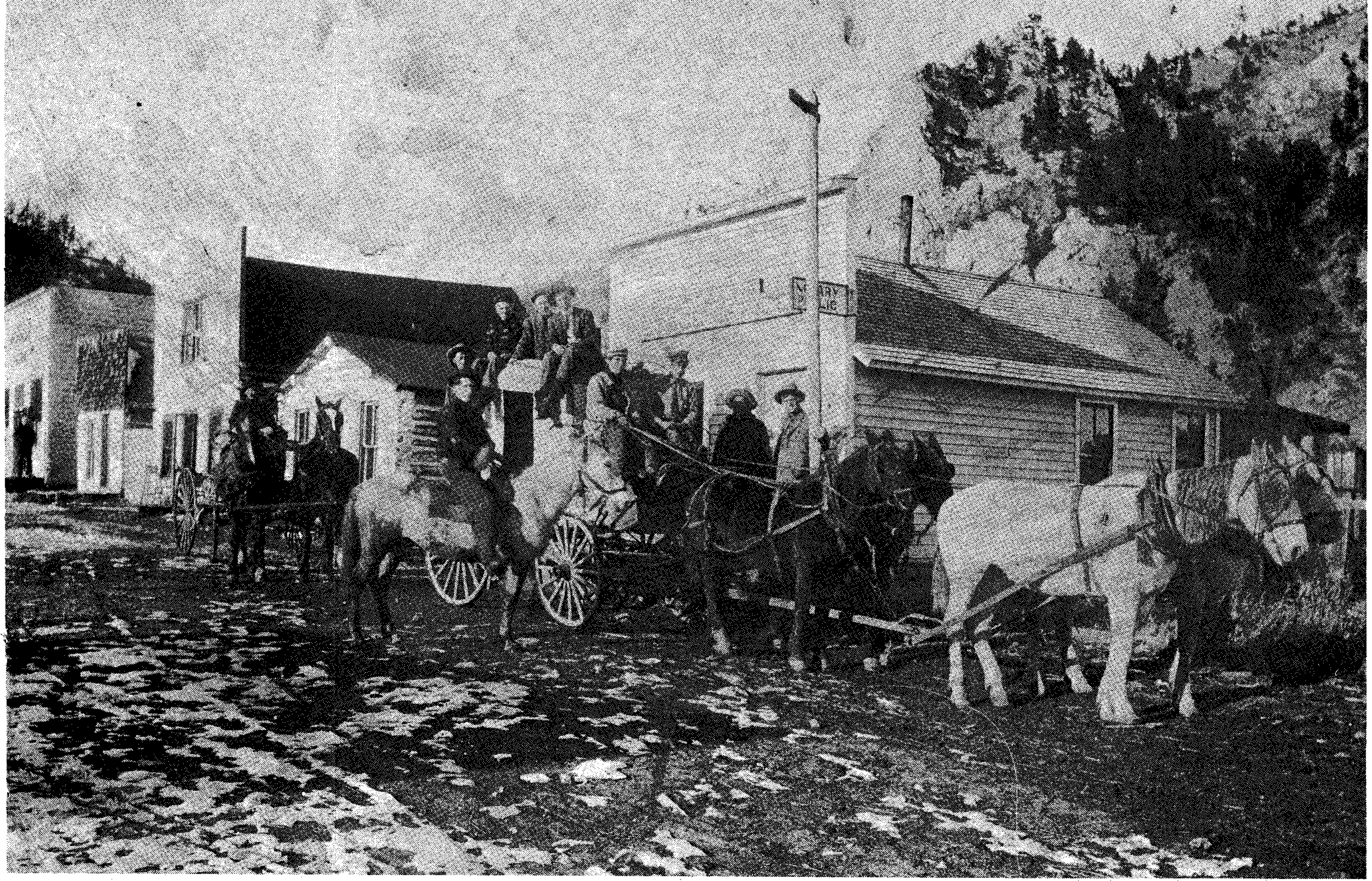
The post office at the Circle C ranch was named Brookside, and my half-brother Bob had been appointed postmaster. During his absence, and Bob was very seldom at the ranch, the job fell to the bookkeeper, and when he went on vacation I took over, or if I was away Jake Myers, the ranch foreman, acted as assistant postmaster.

As I recall, Brookside was a third-class post office, and that was the lowest class. Nevertheless, the postmaster on duty was required to keep an accurate record of all registered mail and money orders sold, keep a daily account of stamp sales, and keep the stamp money in a separate cash box which was kept in a pigeon-holed roll-top desk. From day to day the date had to be changed on the hand stamp for accurate cancellations.

All these postmaster small chores were as simple as A. B. C. Any kid in high school could get the job done in an hour's time or less. And it was especially easy for the bookkeeper, who acted as substitute postmaster, and also kept the ranch books and tended to the commissary store.

On a large cow outfit like the Circle C the job of keeping books was a full-time one, but for a competent bookkeeper it was easily done, with leisure to spare.

The stage from Malta to Zortman to the Circle C would reach the ranch around eight o'clock in the morning, in favorable weather. The following day the stage came directly from Malta to the ranch and would arrive about four o'clock in the afternoon. The driver would toss off two mail sacks. The locked one held the first-class and registered mail, the unlocked one that was tied with two stout cords and fastened with a metal-snap gadget, contained the second-class mail. Both sacks were carried in the large leather "boot" under the



Stage at Zortman, Montana, in front of Louis Goslin's stage office.

high-perched driver's seat.

When the daily stage pulled in at Brookside, the postmaster, or the acting postmaster, had to be right on hand to receive the mail sacks, by order of the United States postal rules and regulations. Regardless. Failure to do so for any reason whatsoever would bring a sharp reprimand from Uncle Sam's postal authorities, and required a full, complete, detailed written explanation.

ABOUT once a year the U. S. postal inspector would be aboard the stage when it arrived at the Circle C ranch. All records and money and stamps at the Brookside post office had to be in proper shape for a quick inspection, which required less than half an hour. Or else!

These yearly visits by the post office inspector were meant to be a surprise inspection, but usually it was Ruel Horner who saved the day. There was a telephone line between Malta and Zortman in the Little Rockies. There was a wall phone at the Phillips ranch where the stage stopped, one at the Hog Ranch stage stop, and one at the Circle C ranch. If Ruel spotted the U. S. postal inspector on his list of passengers at Castleberg's Hotel at Malta, he made some excuse to phone the Phillips ranch and the Circle C before leaving town. B. D. Phillips' eldest son, Benny, was official postmaster at the Phillips post office. Ruel would tip off Benny, who would in turn call up Brookside. If Ruel only had time to make one call from Malta, then Benny would also warn the postmaster at Zortman.

On rare occasions when Ruel had not been able to identify the postal inspector, the postmaster at Malta would pass the warning by telephone. So before the Malta stage had been gone an hour the word that the inspector was on his way would be passed on to all concerned. Other stage drivers cooperated the same way.

By the time the stage pulled up at the log commissary-postoffice building at Brookside, the bookkeeper would have the ledgers and all paraphernalia set and ready for inspection. But ready or not, it was something of an ordeal. Everything had to be accounted for and recorded to the last stamp. The small type of the day, month and year that was contained in a tin box, had to be kept polished to be legible, the metal stamp, with its round wooden handle, kept polished for official inspection. Even the ink pad enclosed in a covered tin box was supposed to be well inked and free from dust. The key to the padlock of the first-class mail sack, attached to the roll-top desk by a three-foot, light, dog chain had to be in place. The box of pigeon holes on the wall, into which letters were sorted, must be in proper order, and the ledgers kept in the fireproof safe that opened with a combination lock.

But even the bookkeeper had a bit of trouble keeping track of the small change that was kept in a cigar box with "Stamp Money" pasted on the lid. Because, almost every day, some rancher, Indian, halfbreed, or nearby homesteader would visit the commissary, which housed the post office, and hand over a silver dollar to pay for a sack of Bull Durham or plug chewing tobacco, or a pair of gloves, cotton sox or a bandana, and the change would be taken from the stamp money in the cigar box. And the busy bookkeeper would, a few days or a week later, try to figure out how much belonged to Uncle Sam and how much to the company. Keeping two cigar boxes to separate the money had been tried more than once, but somehow it never worked out and the contents of the two boxes were always mixed up.

Therefore, when Ruel Horner would call up announcing in a guarded voice that the postal inspector was aboard the stage, it was both welcome and nerve-wracking.

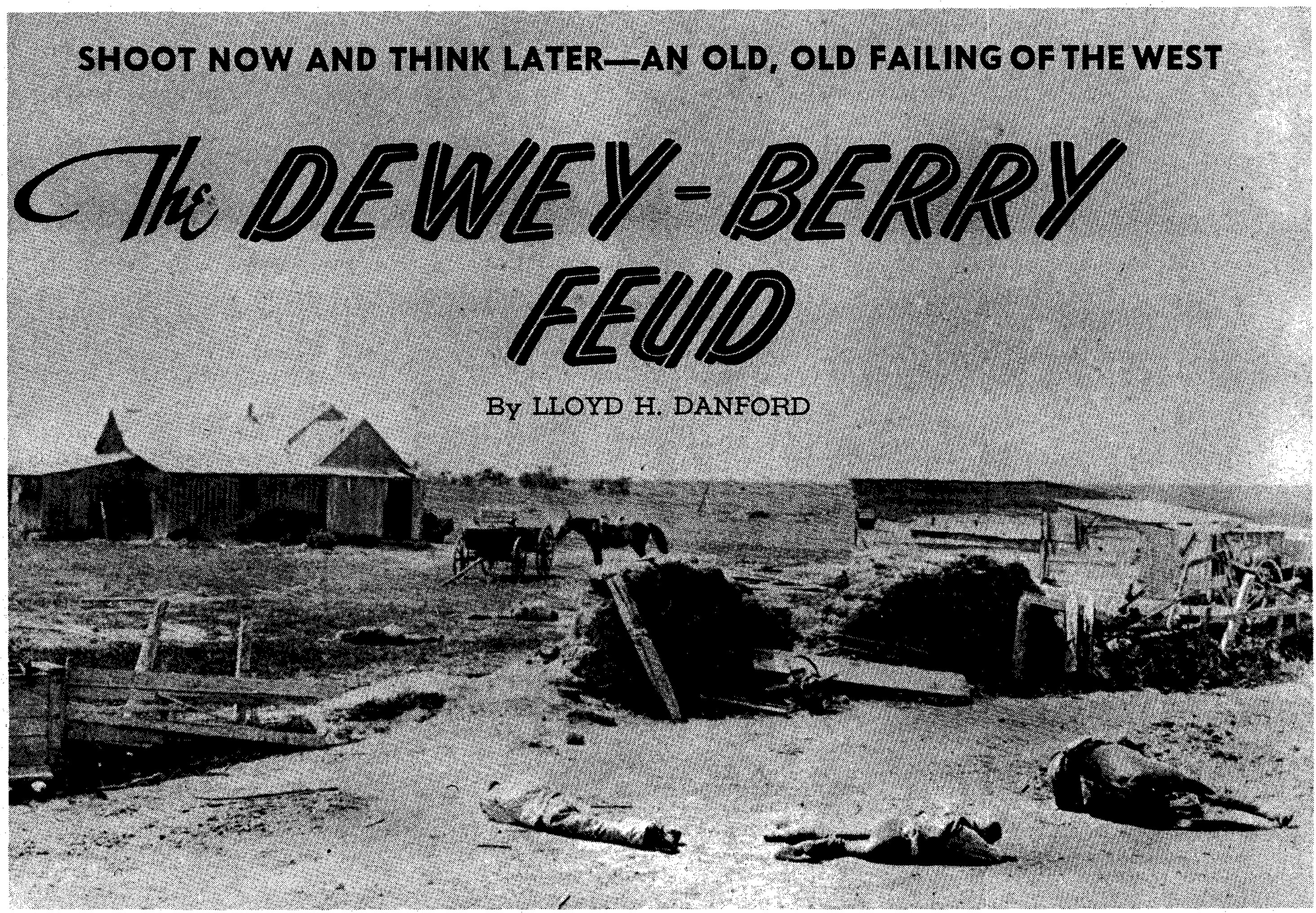
IT WAS when the bookkeeper took a couple of weeks vacation and Jake Myers, the Circle C foreman, handed the job over to me that both the bookkeeping chores and Uncle Sam's third-class post office at Brookside were more or

(Continued on page 64)

SHOOT NOW AND THINK LATER—AN OLD, OLD FAILING OF THE WEST

The DEWEY-BERRY FEUD

By LLOYD H. DANFORD



Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

The Alpheus Berry farm near Pentheke, Kansas, 1903. This is the actual scene where three men died and two others were wounded.

AS CHAUNCEY DEWEY'S ten-man crew reined in beside the watertank at the Alpheus Berry farm, two men came out to meet them. June 3, 1903, was a hot, muggy day—tornado weather in northwest Kansas—and the men in the work crew were anxious to get their job started. No one knows exactly what was spoken, although neither Alpheus nor his father, Daniel, seemed angry or belligerent. Possibly there was some discussion about moving the wooden tank, which belonged to the Berrys but when put up for sale had been purchased for Dewey by a friend.

All of a sudden, Roy, Beach and Burch Berry came riding up and leaped off their horses. Roy shouted to Dewey not to take the tank, and pulled his gun, but the bullet missed its intended target. Instead it hit Dewey's horse. Chauncey pulled his own gun and his men followed suit.

When the smoke had cleared away, three of the Berrys were dead and two others wounded. Chauncey Dewey had shot Roy in the face and the homesteader had crawled a few feet before collapsing and playing dead. Burch, Alpheus and Daniel Berry lay on the ground; the other boy, Beach, had hobbled to the barn. Wounded, he pumped lead at the Deweys but didn't hit anyone.

News of the shooting spread fast. We folks in Cedar Bluffs knew about it by noon through the C. B. & Q. Railroad telegraph service. Rumors followed. According to one report, Dewey and his men had barricaded themselves at their ranch headquarters near Pentheke and were daring the law to come get them.

Sheriff Robert McCulloch of Cheyenne County rode out to arrest the murderers. They received him without gunfire but refused to leave the ranch without visible means of protection, since they feared mob action. I was told, by good authority, that a mob actually formed and rode out to the ranch. McCulloch was there and announced from the porch that Chauncey Dewey, Clyde Wilson and William McBride were under arrest. He also said that he had deputized twenty-five of Dewey's cowboys to protect the prisoners and advised everyone to go home without molesting anything. His good advice was taken.

WHEN THE crisis had passed, McCulloch rode into Colby and wired the governor, requesting assistance. Militia G of the Kansas National Guard was sent to receive the prisoners. In the meantime, the twenty-five "deputies" escorted Dewey and the two other men accused of murder, Clyde Wilson and William McBride, into Colby to wait for the militia. The armed men created quite a sensation. Not since the days of Jesse James and the Dalton gang had people seen so many men carrying firearms.

When the militia arrived, Sheriff McCulloch released his deputies, who then became a little nervous about their own safety. They decided to stay out of sight for a few days in a deep canyon north of Colby, but in the rush, they forgot to take any food with them. Finally they concluded that a lone rider would create less suspicion than several, so one was delegated to ride into a nearby village and ask one of the train crew to have a grocery store at Colby send them a few supplies. The next day Earl Dean delivered a gunnysack of groceries.

The trial was scheduled for the following February. Naturally there was a lot of curiosity centering around the outcome and a lot of talk about who the Deweys were and what their relationship with the community had been.

Chauncey was the son of Charles P. Dewey, a Chicago industrialist who had made a fortune in real estate after the Chicago fire. Chauncey was a little arrogant and this attitude did not help him in northwest Kansas society. He had been twenty-five years old when his father set him up in the ranching business.

The elder Dewey had moved his family to Manhattan, Kansas, and operated a summer resort for the upper bracket of society. Manhattan was a small, cultured community, the seat of Kansas State College.

C. P. Dewey, as he was called, had reinvested his money in Kansas real estate mortgages. At that time the Kansas pioneer farmer was having a tough time and many farms were lost by default on taxes or the inability to meet mortgage payments.

C. P. Dewey was not much on compromising; whenever he saw an investment in jeopardy, he would exercise his legal rights and foreclose. This caused bitter feelings. Some of the settlers even felt that Dewey had had something to do with causing the hard times.

Through foreclosures and the buying of additional land at tax sales, Dewey accumulated about 11,000 acres, in a checkerboard pattern covering a large area in Cheyenne and Rawlins Counties.

When the Deweys decided to fence their land, they included some they did not actually own. The total spread came to around 80,000 acres providing a sizeable pasture that would accommodate 10,000 head of cattle. The Alpheus Berry farm was caught inside the big fence (Dewey also held a mortgage on the Berry farm).

WHEN THE TRIAL finally started, the prosecution was headed by Kansas Attorney General C. C. Coleman, assisted by the county attorneys from Cheyenne, Rawlins and Norton Counties and the Berry brothers' attorney, General L. W. Colby of Beatrice, Nebraska. Colby was one of those "pizen" attorneys who never overlooked anything that might win a case. He was a friend of the poor farmer and a great showman and orator.

The Deweys hired enough lawyers to fill one floor of the Grieg Hotel in Norton. John C. Hessin of Manhattan, Kansas, was the chief defense counsel for the Deweys.

My father was a country lawyer and at the time of the Dewey incident was Justice of the Peace in Cedar Bluffs. One day George W. Norris, a practicing attorney at McCook, Nebraska, drove into our yard looking for Papa, and I told him that I would go find him, which I did. They sat in the kitchen and drank a lot of coffee and talked about the Dewey-Berry duel, as they called it. That was around two or three o'clock in the afternoon.

Norris decided to stay overnight at our house, then accompany Papa to Norton, a distance of approximately thirty-five miles, the next day. They told me about the proceedings when they returned.

Roy and Beach Berry were the first to testify and both told the same story. Accompanied by Burchard, they had approached the watertank and had seen three men engaging Alpheus and their father in conversation. Dewey, they declared, had risen behind a sod wall and shot Roy while McBride had jumped from behind the watertank and shot Burchard. Beach Berry said that he had run for the barn as Wilson shot at him and missed. Roy said that he had started to crawl toward the house but had stopped and played dead when two more shots were put through his hat.

Both claimed the Dewey men had opened fire without warning. Daniel's widow testified that both Daniel and Alpheus were unarmed, since their belief was that only cowards carried guns.

Chauncey Dewey was then put on the stand in his own defense. He testified that he had been compelled to arm his men because they had been constantly confronted by members of the Berry family with drawn guns; that the Berrys had chased him off his own barley field in April 1902; that he often found his wells caved in and his fences cut; that two of his houses had been burned and 2,000 acres of grassland fired. He went on to say that on the day of the battle, he had taken McBride and eight other men to remove the watertank from the Alpheus Berry premises.

While discussing the matter with Alpheus and his father, they had been approached by Roy, Burchard and Beach Berry with a shout, "You are not taking anything off this place!" Dewey said when he had shouted at the three brothers to stop, he had been answered by two shots, one of which had killed his horse. Only then had he and his men drawn their arms and returned the fire.

McBride admitted killing Burchard Berry, but claimed self-defense as Berry had fired two shots at him, forcing him to take refuge behind the disputed watertank. From that protecting cover, he had dropped Burchard Berry.

W. H. Carpenter, attorney, and Mels Olson, agent of a threshing machine company, testified that the Berrys had also shot at them and the Rawlins County Sheriff while they were rounding up horses on which the threshing machine company held a mortgage. It began to appear that the Berrys had a habit of shooting at people, and this went against them.

On March 19, 1904, the jury announced that they had reached accord. After the judge had taken the bench, the clerk read the verdict; Not guilty on both counts against all three men.

Additional charges were preferred against the defendants, but all three were released on bail. Later the charges were dismissed by the Kansas Supreme Court.

CHAUNCEY REACTED to this violent tragedy by going into a shell. He seldom appeared in public and then only when necessary. His father passed away shortly after the trial ended. When his will was probated in Manhattan in 1905, the ranch was divided up.

The final chapter to this affray was written twenty-nine years later. In May 1934 Roy Berry decided to return to Rawlins County from Colorado, where he had been living. On the streets of Atwood, the county seat, he met an old friend and they stopped to talk. In the course of the conversation they discussed the hard times they had both seen and Roy said, "You know, I was talking to Beach the other day. We're both getting old and we figure we done Chauncey dirt enough and ought to make it right. Do you know we started that shootin' that day?"

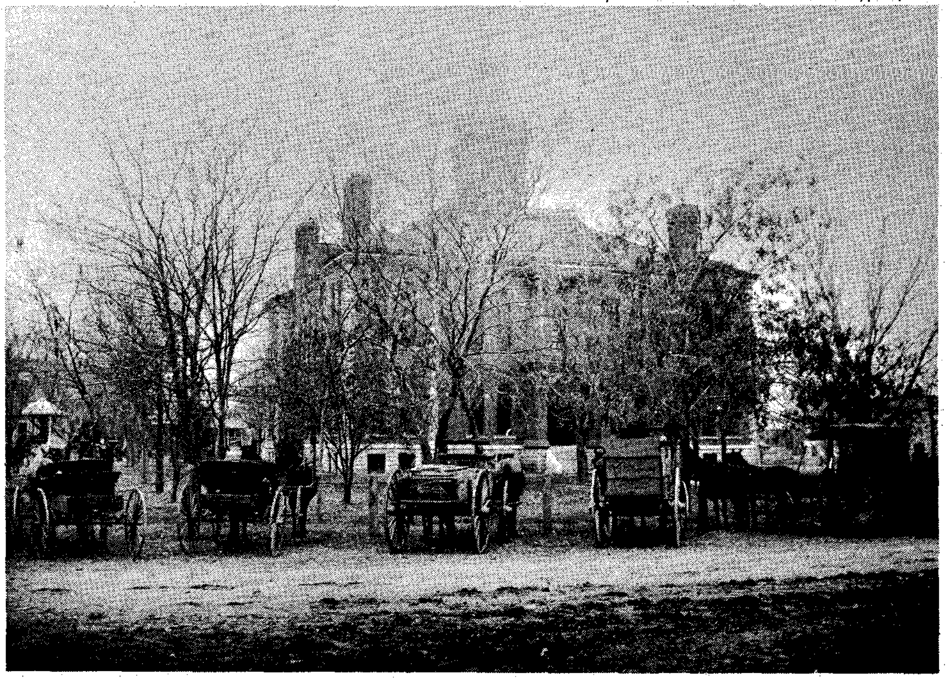
In a few days the friend told Chauncey what Roy had said. Immediately Chauncey suggested they go out and talk to Roy. Everybody shook hands, then Roy told Chauncey the truth. He said they had lied because their attorney General Colby advised it.

Chauncey asked if Roy would put that in writing. Roy said that he would, and that Beach would, too, and they both signed an affidavit.

When Beach got ready to sign, he hesitated and asked if he could make one stipulation. Chauncey asked what it was. "For thirty years," Beach said, "I been wantin' to fish on Dewey Lake. You give me the right to fish there and I'll sign this."

Chauncey agreed, settling forever the disputed circumstances which had surrounded the Dewey-Berry gunfight.

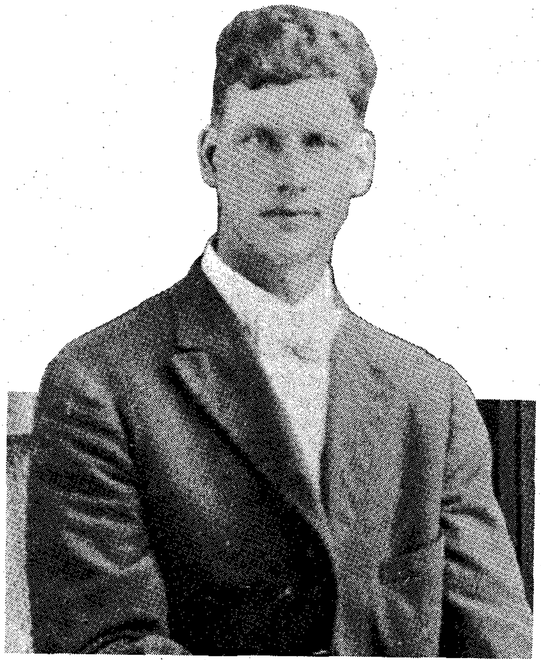
Courthouse square at Norton, Kansas at the end of the 19th century.
Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka



BONES GUARD

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author



Courtesy Mrs. S. I. Richardson

Norman Coombs, friend of the murdered professor, about 1898.

WHEN human bones were exposed by his digging, Zacharias Whitlow knew that at last he had reached the treasure. His long quest had ended. Sweaty and tired in the late afternoon sun, he sat down to rest against the mud and rock wall.

No particular excitement or thrill beset him. The fifty-year-old man had shrewdly used history and keen deductive intellect to arrive at the final conclusion. Though he had not yet seen a piece of the metal, he knew it was there. The unknown *patron*, the murdered man, was buried on top of the cache, as a spirit warden to protect it forever.

It would soon be dark. Wiping perspiration from his forehead with a bandana, Whitlow rose and finished shoveling out the bones and refuse from the five-foot-deep trench cut into the steeply sloped hillside.

Before the bones were fully exposed, the shovel blade scraped on metallic bars. The last few pounds of dirt were removed by hand, revealing the stacked bullion. The bars were three inches in diameter and approximately eight inches long. Picking up one, he leaned against the higher portion of the excavated wall to examine it.

The bar would, at a guess, assay better than fifty per cent gold. Ancient smelting methods had not been able to remove all alloyed metals. The silver bullion would either be under this cache, which he could see was a huge one, or in a second pile next to it. Where, hardly mattered. On the morrow he would obtain help in the village to bring it out.

Whitlow did not even suspect that glowing dark eyes watched him from an adjacent hillside. In them burned murder as a short-barreled rifle slithered into the hands of one of the several men observing his every movement.

Whitlow shoved the small bar down into a hip pocket of his denims and retrieved the shovel. He intended covering the treasure lightly for the night. But he never started. A bullet slapped into his right shoulder, throwing him off balance against the wall. Dropping the shovel he clutched at the rocky surface, trying to stay on his feet. A second hunk of lead into the left side of his chest drove him to the ground badly addled. More bullets whined and smashed against the wall above his head.

As shock passed and burning pain wracked his body, Whitlow crawled downhill behind the protection of the excavated portion of the wall. He realized that the would-be killer fired from the south hill. As long as he stayed down he would not be a target.

Clear of the rocky hill Whitlow turned north, reached a dry wash, and slid into it. The bank covered him, and Whitlow took a breather while deciding his best course of escape. He dared not try making for his rented adobe house across Chilili Creek. The rifleman most surely came from there—the tiny New Mexican village which had seemed so harmless.

No sound echoed through the heat of that late August day in 1888. A curious kind of dull silence held sway. Evidently no one was trailing to finish him off.

Managing to lurch onto shaky feet, his right arm useless, Whitlow hunkered over to remain concealed while moving up the wash. Each stumbling step drove pain through the right shoulder. Reaching Chilili Arroyo he turned along it, making his way through the foothills of the upper Manzano Mountains.

IN THE hills three miles beyond, Norman Coombs was holding down a line camp for the Romine-Sanchez cattle company. The young cowboy's job was to see that the outfit's stock did not stray east into the Salinas Lake country of Estancia Valley. Whitlow realized that Coombs represented his one chance for help. Not until now was he aware that in the Mexican-Indian village were enemies who would kill him.

Night slid down over a world of ancient beliefs and superstitions. Quite often Whitlow was forced to stop and rest. Somewhere his hat had been lost. After a period of velvety blackness the stars revealed themselves in the sky. Right after that he stumbled onto a trickling spring-fed creek. From a small gray shelter tent appeared Coombs.

Whitlow's wounds were bandaged as well as possible in the rude camp, and his arm placed in a sling to protect the shoulder. But an hour elapsed before he felt up to talking much.

"I found the gold and silver, Norm," Whitlow said, "in the place I told you where the covered walls of the pueblo are located. Perhaps it was in the church of three centuries ago. It is certain that I found it at last. The bullion you took out of my----"

"This?" Coombs lifted up the bar removed from the older man's pocket.

"It is gold."

"By golly, you sure enough did find some old Spanish treasure!"

When Whitlow tried to continue talking the cowboy told him, "Just lie and rest. Come daylight we'll get you out of here to Los Lunas. Nearest sawbones I know of."

Before dawn Whitlow was dead, passing silently in his sleep.

COOMBS had no problem packing the body out on a horse to the ranch west of the mountain, but on his arrival he found the owners gone. The two Mexican choremen were told only that Whitlow had reached Coombs' camp fatally wounded.

The foreman came home that afternoon. Hitching up a wagon he and Coombs took the body to Las Lunas for burial in the camp *santo* on the Rio Grande.

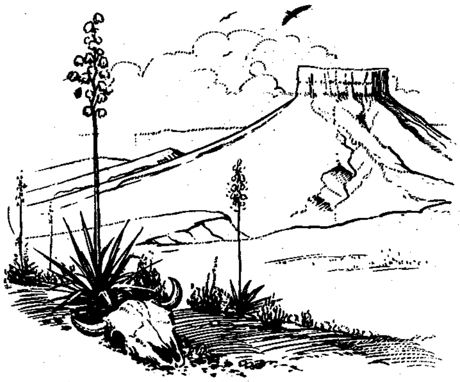
It had been Coombs' plan to show the genial Romine the bar and tell him about Whitlow's discovery. But the cowman was slow in returning from Santa

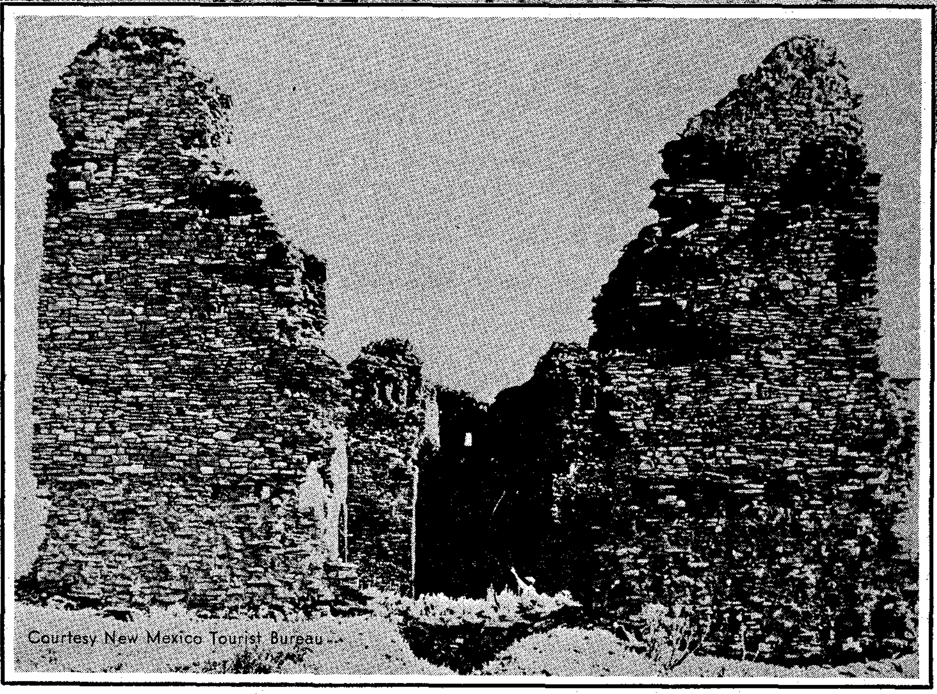
Should all this wealth belong for eternity to crumbling arms and sightless eyes? Long ago, the natives thought so . . .

CHILILI'S GOLD

Courtesy New Mexico Tourist Bureau

Above, the ruins of Quarai mission church of Spanish times. This church and that at Abo (shown at right) resembled the Chilili church under the floor of which gold and silver was buried.





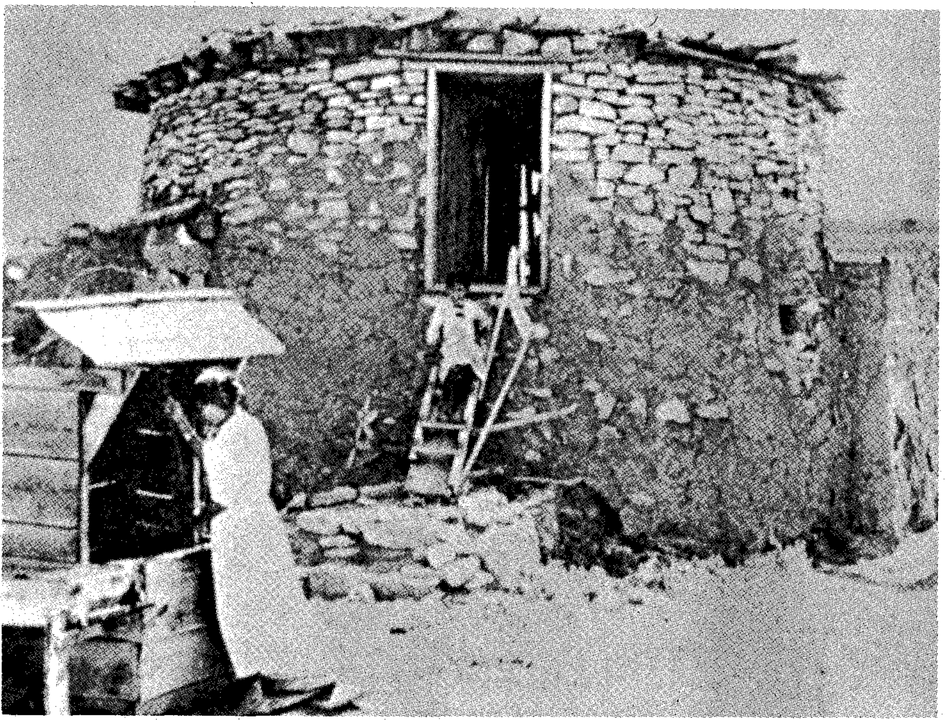
Courtesy New Mexico Tourist Bureau

Fe where he had gone on business, so Coombs started back to his lonely camp. He felt sure that some of the villagers had done Whitlow in.

On the way Coombs went by Chilili, stopping at the combined store and *tendejon.* The inhabitants knew him and acted as usual. He received the same wide grins in greeting when natives paused to talk to him. Going to the adobe Whitlow had occupied he found the front door wide open. Both rooms were devoid of all personal possessions.

Upon inquiring if the *gringo* had gone away hurriedly, Coombs received shoulder shrugs and "Quien sabe?" This evasion in itself didn't mean much but the direct stares of wonder did. Riding back to camp Coombs was absolutely certain the villagers combined to wipe out all trace of Whitlow's presence among them.

The cowboy knew the exact spot where Whitlow had excavated, but the open hole had disappeared and there was no exposed ruined wall. The disguises, not yet settled in place, revealed where fills



Courtesy New Mexico Tourist Bureau

Torreons like this one guarded the mineralized countryside and the pueblos.

had been made and rocks and vegetation used to camouflage the site.

Coombs speculated on how he could get the treasure without being shot too. Nineteen years old, he had grown up on a Texas ranch. The six-feet-two, rather handsome, blond youth had gone to work for Romine and Sanchez shortly after arriving in the territory.

Whitlow had not been a prospector, and was not a Westerner. He had come to Albuquerque from a New England college where he served as professor of history. That much Coombs learned from him. Whitlow had also talked freely of Chilili and the hoards of gold and silver buried all through the region following Spanish occupation. While researching very old manuscripts he had unearthed one clue after another.

In Spanish times Chilili had stood south in the hills across the creek from the present village established in 1830. It had been one of the "cities that died of fear," which included nearby Quarai, Tajique, Abo and Gran Quivira.

Fray Alonzo Peinado reached New Mexico in 1608. Later he converted the Chilili Indians and built the mission church, *Nuestra Senora de Navidad* (Our Lady of Nativity). At his death (about 1617) he was buried under the chapel floor.

Vicious Apache raids caused abandonment of the *pueblo* before 1676. After 1680 it was inhabited by Piro-speaking Indians. Then once more, with the other *pueblos*, it was deserted due to Apache and Comanche pillaging. Since the resettling of the area in 1830, the village had been occupied by a mixed population of Mexicanized-Indians.

As far back as Peinado's time the natives had been enslaved and put to work mining gold and silver. The ore was crushed in *arrastres*, and the recovered metals cast into bars. These were stored either in the church or in an outlying structure.

This operation continued all during Spanish control of New Mexico. A little of the gold and silver was removed from Chilili for specific purposes but most of it was buried for safekeeping.

Not only were the caches disguised, but the mines were sealed up and concealed. In modern times a few of them have been found and worked.

STORIES of Chilili's great wealth have been rife for 300 years. The treasure was put away in the usual Spanish custom. A selected man dug the pit, stored the bars therein, and was killed and buried on top of it by the overlords. The natives were warned that if they found such a cache and disturbed the *patron* in his guardianship, terrible calamity would befall them. Consequently they resisted all attempts by their own people or by anyone else to recover the treasure.

According to some records the mission church occupied a bluff south of the *pueblo*. But Whitlow had discovered evidence placing it on a hillside slightly to the west. It was surely the church site or an important added building serving the same purpose.

His evidence indicated that gold and silver had been buried inside the walls of this structure. Feeling quite sure that he could find it, Whitlow had come south from Albuquerque alone. Perhaps it never occurred to him that the peaceful natives would strongly resent his digging into the hill where the building had once stood. They did not seem even remotely resentful of his presence and his purpose.

Arriving in the spring, Whitlow became acquainted with Coombs when the cowboy put in the temporary line camp. Later they visited back and forth. After trenching for a month, Whitlow reported jubilantly to the cowboy that he had found base foundations and lower sections of the old walls. He began excavating in the southwest corner.

The walls, perhaps two centuries before, had been partially torn down and covered. At a depth of only a few feet he encountered evidence of the cache. Then, actual discovery of the treasure had cost him his life.

Coombs felt certain that the natives had watched him carefully from the first day of arrival. They had no intention whatever of allowing the *patron's* gold and silver to be removed.

Coombs felt compelled to make a try for the treasure, but realized that getting it out alone would be almost impossible. Months passed while he stewed with plans.

That fall the Romine-Sanchez cattle were gathered and moved to winter range. By this time Coombs had discarded any idea of taking Romine into his confidence. The doughty Irishman was married to Sanchez's sister. It was possible that through family connections his plans would be made known to the villagers.

Coombs was laid off until spring, and departed for Albuquerque. There he ran into a former Texas friend, King Algert, and decided to take him into his confidence. Algert wanted to leave at once for Chilili. Whitlow's bar of gold was sold to grubstake the expedition.

The two men slipped cautiously into the hills west of the village, and soon reached the site of the cache. They worked at night and slept during the day. One dug while the other hid on the above slope with a cocked rifle.

On the fourth day an old man who knew Coombs, and two boys, walked directly into their camp. Algert and Coombs cooked a meal and talked with the villager. As he prepared to leave, the old man asked pointedly, "What you do here?"

"Hiding out," Coombs replied evasively. "Heading south tomorrow."

"More better you go now," were the villager's parting words, an undercurrent of warning in them.

In considerable alarm Coombs turned to Algert. "King, we've got tonight only and maybe not that."

"Well, we don't need but a few hours. We're right on top of it."

Scarcely had darkness closed over the hills around Chilili before they moved in with one pack mule carrying panniers. Algert proved right. A few shovelsful of dirt exposed the bars. And scattered about were the shattered bones of the *patron.*

Algert and Coombs examined a number of gold bars in the bright moonlight. "Let's go!" the cowboy whispered hoarsely.

Each packing all the bars he was able to carry, the two men went to the mule and loaded them. As Coombs returned for more, he abruptly halted, sinking to the ground in a squat. Algert dropped beside him.

They listened intently for several minutes. Finally Coombs whispered, "I saw something moving down there. Right where we dug in the wall corner."

The rifle had been left near the hole, for Coombs had been unable to carry it along with the gold. Minutes passed while they lay doggo.

Said Algert, "Funny we don't hear nothing if somebody is around. I'll scout."

He started down the slope in a crouch and was halfway to the treasure hole when his boot heel knocked a stone loose. It rattled against another. A single shot spurted flame toward the sound. Then half a dozen or more crashed the night apart along the slope.

Moving back fifty feet, Coombs waited until Algert reached him. They had started around a high point of the hill when Algert fell. Bending over him quickly the cowboy discovered that his partner had sustained a bad wound.

Algert denied being seriously hurt, and was helped onto the mule. At camp they saddled the horses and started packing up hurriedly. They never finished.

Dark men in the night began firing from some distance away. Under the circumstances there was nothing to do but pull out quickly. Helping Algert into the saddle, Coombs forked his own horse and seized the pack mule's halter rope. A sudden burst of lead whizzed around them. Jerking his six-gun Coombs began shooting back to hold them off. Algert got a little ahead with the mule but was wounded a second time. Coombs took a bullet in the left thigh, yet he pounded on, overtaking Algert who was holding to his saddle. The two men rushed on for a mile or more before halting.

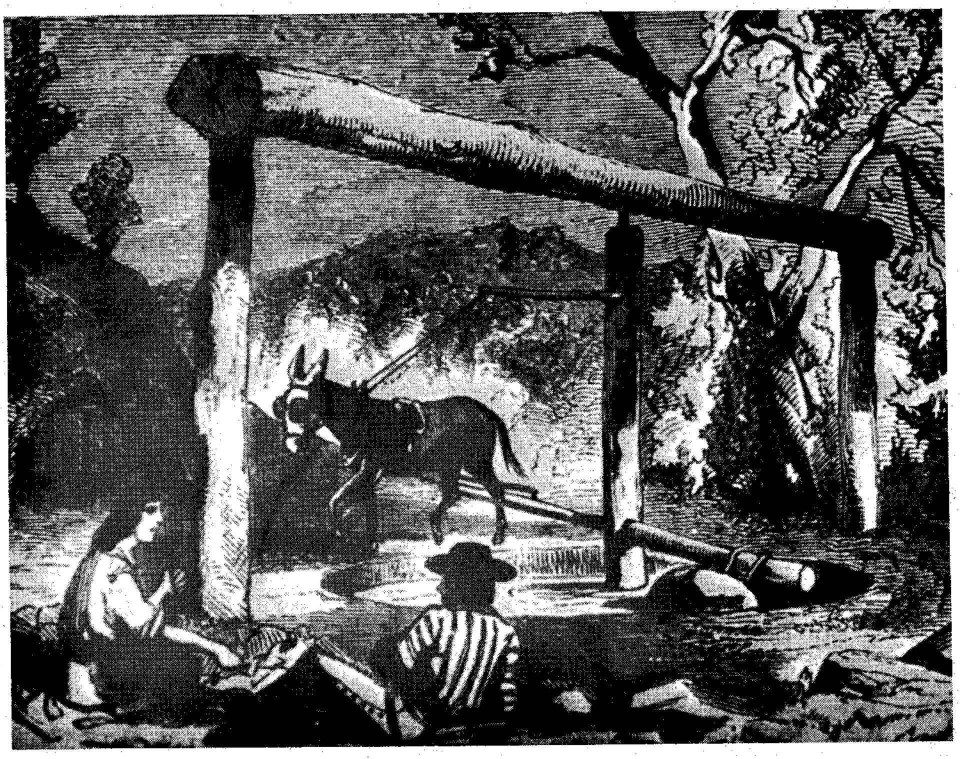
Shirts were torn into bandages as they tried to give themselves first aid. Algert was in a bad way. Obviously he needed a doctor and quickly. For that reason Coombs directed their course straight south through the uninhabited country of the Salinas. Before dawn he held up, to rest the semi-conscious Algert. Pushing on after daylight the two men reached Manzano still alive, but Algert died the next day.

Coombs disposed of the stock, and although suffering greatly from his leg wound, went on to Albuquerque where the gold bars were sold for better than $10,000.

After four months under a doctor's care, Coombs took the train home to Abilene, Texas, where two more operations were performed on his leg. Three years elapsed before he could get around well. In his memoirs, inscribed in a leather-bound ledger, he stated that only once did he return to Chilili. He went there merely to look around and hunted nothing.

BEFORE this one *known* recovery was made, many men had prowled the vicinity of Chilili because of clues to vast treasures they believed bona fide. There is a great possibility, in fact an almost certain one, that a good part of the fabulous treasure was recovered in 1896.

Juan Miguel Lacuerda arrived in Albuquerque in early summer, carrying a series of maps painted on goatskin. He asserted they had been made by Franciscan priests who shipped them all the way to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, for safekeeping. The waybills were to several buried treasures in and around the cities that died of fear—and especially Chilili—which he claimed were worth sixty million dollars.



An arrastre, as depicted by J. Ross Brown, used by the Spaniards to break up ore for extraction of minerals.

The Albuquerque *Journal* and the Santa Fe *New Mexican* described him as "a gypsy king, big, black-whiskered and ugly." Incensed, he retorted that he was the first son of a high Brazilian government official and a colonel in his country's army.

Proceeding to Chilili, Lacuerda engaged forty to fifty natives and began excavating the site of the mission church built by Peinado. According to his maps it was situated directly south of the pueblo below the creek. This was not the hillside area where Whitlow's information from Spanish documents sent him to ultimate discovery.

The stone base of a building was uncovered and graves were found in what had been the floor. One of them might well have held the remains of Fray Peinado. Pottery, some metal altar vessels and other artifacts were unearthed.

Lacuerda seems to have had no trouble with natives until the night he addressed the diggers before they went home.

"When you come back in the morning," he told the workmen, "we will remove the gold from beneath the chapel and divide it among you!"

Much confusion exists as to what happened next. It is certain some of the village leaders prepared to do away with the bombastic Lacuerda. While they argued late into the night over the method of execution some of the overly curious peons went to the diggings.

One look into the hole sent them rushing into the village shouting that Lacuerda had tricked them. He had sneaked back and removed the golden treasure. Instant search was made for him, but he had disappeared from Chilili. As the angry mob grew in size word came that the Brazilian had gone south.

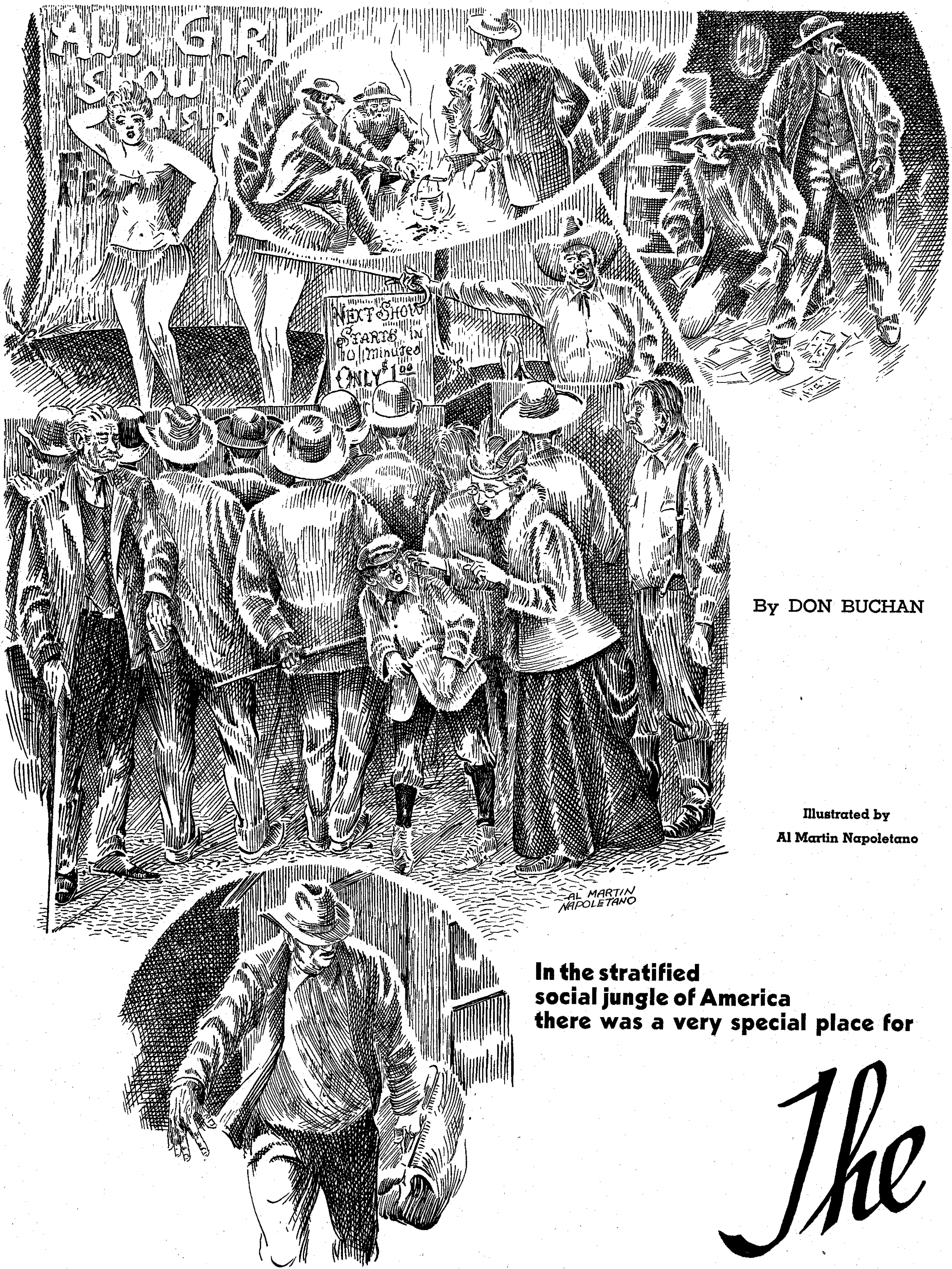
The information was accurate. The next day Lacuerda was traced in that direction, and was said to have passed through the village of Tajique. From that point Lacuerda was never seen or heard of again in the Southwest.

Today there are two stories told by the Chililians to account for what happened to the treasure. One holds that some of the workmen themselves cleaned out the cache, shot and killed Lacuerda when he caught them, and buried him in the ruins. This yarn is highly suspect since none of the villagers ever displayed any wealth thereafter.

The second story asserts that Lacuerda got away with the gold and silver bars. If there were only a small number of them, perhaps he did.

The spot excavated by Lacuerda now lies under the road before Chilili's small general store. Since that day treasure hunters have razed all old adobe and stone buildings, excavated every possible site of the ancient church, and pitted the hilly countryside generally for many miles in search of gold and silver.

The new town of Chilili, southeast of Albuquerque, is on New Mexico State Highway 10, seventeen miles from Highway 66. It seems certain that once great treasure existed at old Chilili and that a mere handful of it has been recovered, despite the large number of treasure hunters digging up the landscape.


ALL GIRL SHOW INSIDE
NEXT SHOW STARTS IN 10 Minutes ONLY $1.00
AL MARTIN NAPOLETANO

By DON BUCHAN

Illustrated by
Al Martin Napoletano

In the stratified social jungle of America there was a very special place for

The

Yegg

Author's Note: My dictionary defines a yegg as a burglar, especially a safe burglar, a cracksman. They were indigenous to the United States and the most difficult of all criminals to apprehend. They didn't register at hotels; they seldom, if ever, married. They traveled by freight car and lived in jungles.

Now, as a separate and distinct species, they are extinct. Many died in prison. Some turned to daylight robbery and were killed. A few managed to evade the law and died of natural causes.

One still lives. He no longer plies his old profession but holds a job with a degree of responsibility. I helped him get it; consequently, he confides in me. This is his story.

I TURNED OUT by hanging around with the yeggs that lived in Sheldon, Iowa. The natives called it the Jim Daly gang but Jim wasn't the head of it at all. There wasn't any real leader. I hung around with them and finally they accepted me and I got to going out on capers with them.

Sheldon was an all-right town to peddle swag. Some thieves would have a regular clothing and shoe store in an old house where they'd jungle up for the winter. The natives liked to buy clothes, silks, and shoes at half-price. We didn't bother anything there and the law didn't give us much trouble. One marshal, a fellow named Hudson, didn't care for us and did what he could to run us out, but outside of that we got along fine with the local people.

In those days stores and shops had locks we called hog-eyes. Every burglar had a set of screws—pick-locks you'd call them—and those simple locks could be turned off easy. Small towns didn't have night marshals that go around at night pulling doors to make sure they're locked. So, when the natives were tucked under the quilts, a-pounding their ears, we'd turn off a store. We'd carry telescopic keisters—suitcases to you—and we'd weed the store and fill them keisters. To weed is to take a little and leave a little. Everything nice and cozy, undisturbed, so the storekeeper wouldn't rank he'd been beat. We'd lock everything up tight when we got our swag loaded.

When the suitcases were filled we'd walk to the railroad to ketch a rattler. Sometimes we'd have a swift tied outside of the town. A swift is a horse. Sometimes we'd hike miles across country to some right town to peddle our swag.

Weeding was comparatively safe. Each one of us would have maybe a dozen marks and we'd weed each one of them every six weeks or so. If the owner missed anything he likely blamed boosters—that's shoplifters—or his own clerks. The danger came when two yeggs would be weeding the same mark without either one knowing about the other. Then there'd be so much stuff gone the owner would sleep in the store with a shotgun beside his cot.

Sometimes we weeded the same marks for years without a rank. Many an honest storekeeper went broke and never knew why. They didn't take inventory regularly back then. So long as we stuck to weeding we didn't have to give up our kissers—show our faces—and it was pretty soft.

SAFES—boxes or cribs we called them—were little more than fire protection in the early days. It was only a question of locating one with money in it. Later they got to making burglar-proof safes so we had to start using grease. We'd soap the crack around the door jamb and make a little cup of soap or putty to pour the grease into so's it would run all around the door. Then we'd put a bonnet on it— a percussion cap—and attach a fuse, light it and let her ramble.

That was shooting from the jamb. Sometimes we'd shoot it from the spindle. Different makes of boxes took different shots to fetch them.

Later they got to making safes with soft, spongy stuff between the door and the jamb that would drink grease. We'd have to shoot her once for space. Put a shot in it and let it ramble to jar the door enough so there'd be a little space to take grease.

Then they came out with the cannonball safe with a screw top. You couldn't get grease in them anywhere and they were hardened steel. They were a problem for a while; many an old bum got a headache trying to figure out how to get into one. But we soon learned they'd cut like hot butter with an acetylene torch.

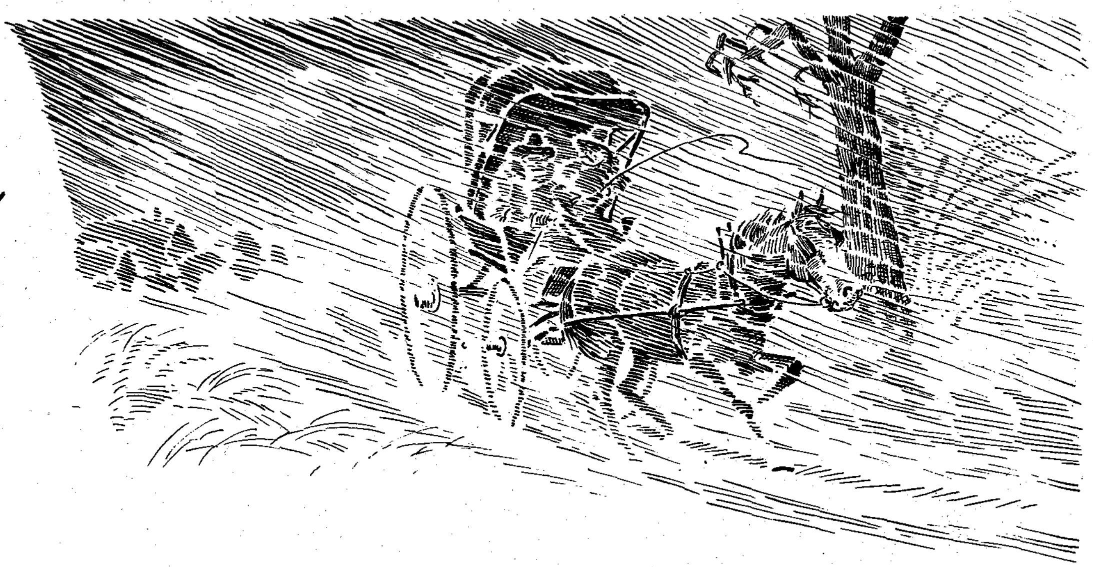
Scores weren't big in the early days. A few hundred dollars was a good touch. That isn't much if you put the knife in it three or four ways.

Likely you've read O. Henry's "A Retrieved Reformation" or seen "Alias Jimmy Valentine," the play based on it. It made people believe there are boxmen whose touch is so acute they can open a safe by feeling the tumblers drop. Bunk! Jim Valentine could stand and listen until his suit went out of style and never open a box that way. You don't need to be a Philadelphia lawyer to figure the odds against lining the tumblers in rotation.

I have got lucky and found a safe combo on day-cock—that is, not entirely turned off combination. A careful turn of the dial might flush the tumblers so the door could be opened. Maybe some yegg got lucky and convinced his goggle-eyed apprentice he was the mythical Valentine, but take my word for it, a peteman isn't a combo of Flash Gordon, Raffles, and Superman. All it takes is plenty of larceny, some stomach, and the sense of a Missouri farm hand.

Safes can be ripped open—we call it peeled—or the bottom beat in. A clamp can be fastened to the dial and the guts pulled out with a set of jack screws. Or you can knock the dial off and punch the spindle back with a drift pin and a hammer.

Another way is by explosives. I met an old-timer who puffed open the soft boxes with black powder but nitro is more often used. Nitro could be stolen from the oil fields. But usually we took dynamite and threshed out the grease with boiling water. That separated the sawdust and fuller's earth from the grease.



I've worked with dozens of different pete mobs from coast to coast and never heard anyone on the inside call it soup.

A PICKPOCKET is a guy on the whiz, or a cannon. The Jewish word for thief is *guniff*. From *guniff* to gun to cannon was an easy step, you see.

If you imagine a pickpocket as a little half-pint with shifty eyes and the hurry-scurry manner of a privy rat, you've been seeing too many movies. Such a character would be arrested on sight by the dullest harness copper in Axehandleville. The most successful cannons are big, well-groomed characters with pious ways. Honestly and dignity are written all over them. Otherwise, they wouldn't last.

When Len Purdy suddenly discovers his leather is gone while he is watching the ballyhoo for the girlie show at the county fair, he won't accuse the dignified-looking gent sauntering away through the crowd. Why, Len wouldn't want such a distinguished looking gent to know he was looking at the girlies. He might be the new preacher from over in Meadow Township.

Another thing people don't understand is the way we use the word "thief." When we speak of a thief we mean a pro—a guy who has served a long apprenticeship. We call him a long turn-out guy. When you talk about an author, you don't mean some lonely old country woman scribbling her life and loves on foolscap with the stub of a pencil. You mean a pro. Well, when we talk about a thief, we mean a pro, too.

A hoodlum or a racket guy is not a thief as yeggs use the word. When I read a book by Mr. J. Leffingwell Authorscribe, written under the *nom de plume* of Old Time Cracksman, I've got a right to expect facts. Of course, J. Leffingwell may protest that his stuff is the real McCoy because he got it straight from Joe Doakes. And Joe Doakes knows because he served three terms in the big house. But what Mr. Authorscribe doesn't know or understand is this:

His informant, Joe Doakes, stole a pig to get money to spend on the daughter of Elmer Blow who lives north of the east forty. He thought if he could put up a big front maybe the gal would fall for him. Joe wound up in stir. When he got out, he stole some chickens for the same reason. When he got out the second time, he gave up the gentle approach. There we have Mr. Joe Doakes. Bad. Incorrigible. A three-time loser.

The bums—that's what yeggs call themselves—gather with their own kind of cattle to cut up their jackpots. They don't trust Joe Doakes because they know that you can take the boy out of the country but it takes a long apprenticeship to take the country out of the boy.

Talk about the rigid caste system that used to thrive in India—it's nothing compared to the regimentation of the untouchables in stir. Joe Doakes and his ilk are untouchables as far as the yeggs are concerned. So, Joe Doakes can't get close enough to the thieves to learn the lingo and he can't spill it to J. Leffingwell. And J. Leffingwell can't pass it on to his readers.

PEOPLE don't understand the difference between old-time yeggs and the modern racketeers and hoodlums. We traveled in boxcars and jungled up to eat and sleep and boil the crumbs out of our clothes. Every town had a jungle. We'd run the gay cats and tramps out when we got there. They didn't like us but they feared and respected us.

Lots of yeggs begged when the going got boggy. Some were throwouts. That means they could dislocate a joint and be as a cripple. Some would take a tobacco sack full of lye and wet it on an arm or leg and leave it until it ate a running sore. They'd show that to the natives when they begged. Some begged on the ducat. That means they had a sheet saying they were deaf and dumb or something like that.

The places where yeggs met and cooked up were usually near a creek or river, down in some tangled underbrush. A few were elaborate and posh. They had tubs, pots, pans, spiders, and wash tubs. All that stuff.

Sometimes when we'd come in from a caper we'd get together and smoke a few pipes of opium. An opium pipe bowl looks like a doorknob and has a small hole running through it into the stem. After a pill was cooked it was smeared over this hole and held in the flame of a peanut oil lamp. The smoker took one long drag. That burned the whole pill—one smoke. One or two smokes would be enough for a beginner but a confirmed smoker might smoke a dozen before he got his habit off.

Opium smoking was a social habit. We'd get together, some guys with their girls. We'd spread a couple of mattresses down on the floor and we'd lay in a circle with our heads toward the center where the chef was. He was the one who cooked all the pills. The pipe stem would go around in a circle, each one having a smoke. When the next pill was ready the chef would point the stem at the next in the circle.

Before the First War, drugs were as common as chewing tobacco and thought little about. I have smoked a few pipes with friends—just sociable, you know. I never was hooked. A guy that likes greasy foods and gals and red whiskey isn't likely to get hooked on junk.

During the war, Liberty bonds became the thing. I remember walking into a certain landlady's joint in the Twin Cities and meeting an old yegg we called Hickory Bill. He'd rooted through the Dakotas for years and never had more'n one boot and a shoe. Called him Hickory because he wore a hickory shirt. He and another old bum made an "in" into a bank to weed the chip—the rack that sits behind the counter and holds the silver. Sometimes it would be left outside the vault.

Anyway, these two old bums got inside the bank and saw the box was a soft one, so they put a charge into it and fetched it. It was full of Liberty bonds that could be cashed anywhere. They didn't know anything about them but carted them to the city to find out if anybody could turn them in for money.

There was a guy up there that did a lot of mending—fixing—and he'd bankrolled a lot of old-timers from time to time. Anyway, they went to him and he said he'd take the bonds off their hands for sixty per cent. Old Bill and his pardner had scored more than $20,000!

So there Bill sat, with a bottle in his hand and his pockets stuffed full of fifties and hundreds. I heard he went out for his full end of the twenty grand inside two weeks and had to borrow a double sawbuck off the landlady to get out on the road again. All the bums went crazy for Liberty bonds then and thieves had more money than Carter had pills for a while.

ABOUT THAT TIME I got settled. That means I wound up in stir. I beat the joint. That means I got away. There was a little cannon from the East went with me. It's funny thing about them eastern cannons. They've lived in cities all of their lives and they're lost out in western country. Most of them can't even figure out a railroad timetable.

This guy thought I was a magician when I pointed out the North Star and told directions by that. I had hiked so much carrying swag back in the days when we used to weed that I could travel as well by night as by daylight. Finally we came near the river and I knew where there was a cave with a spring of cold water near it so I said, "Now, according to the stars, we'll come to a cave along the river. There'll be a spring of water so we can get a drink and we can hide in the cave all day."

Sure enough we came to it. He thought I was a wizard for sure and knew all that by the stars.

We made it to the Twin Cities. In those days you had sanctuary there if you reported to the chief and didn't touch anything in his town. Didn't have to give him a nickel. Just had to let him see us.

I went rooting in Montana with an old paddy guy with a long beard. He was foxy. He'd only fallen once and that was back East when he was a kid. He'd broken out of reform school and come west and never had fallen again. He was wiry as a weasel and could go through a transom like a cat.

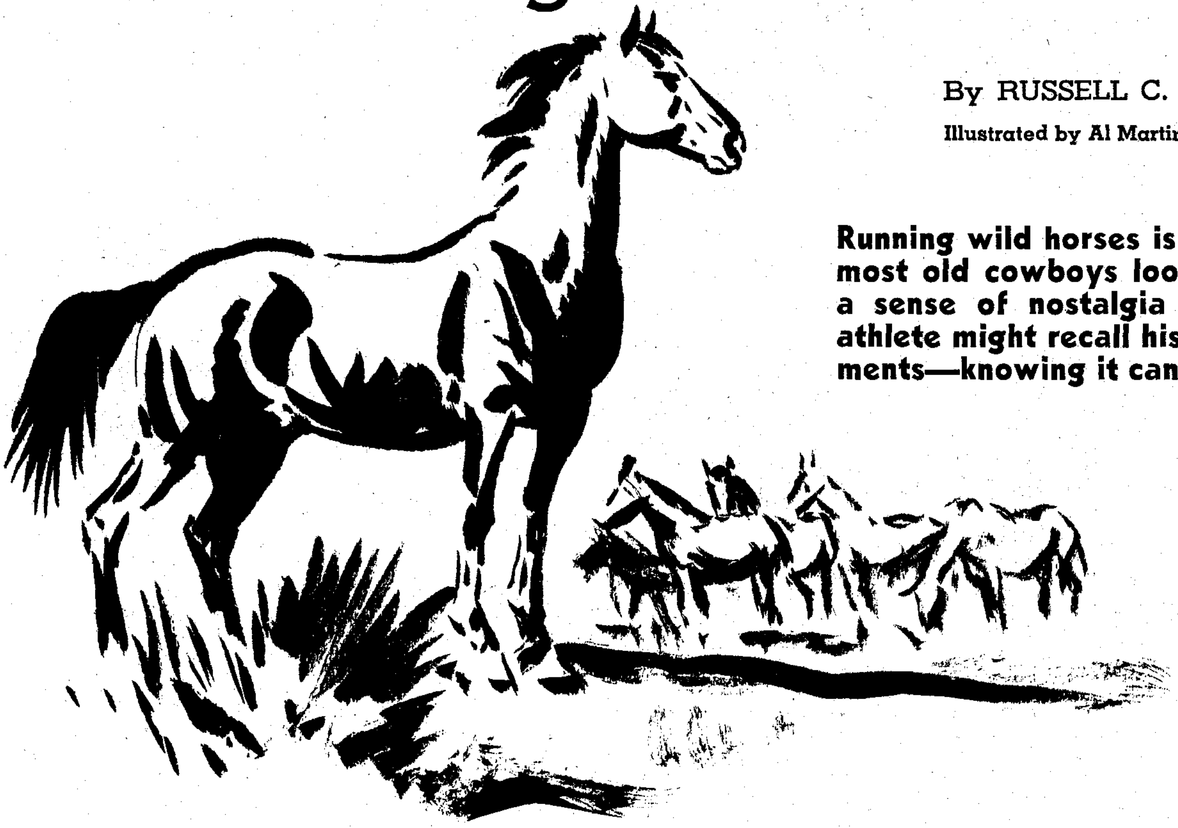
We'd drive into town and he'd hunt up the marshal. He always had a supply of good cigars—he didn't drink except for a glass of beer now and then—and he could tell the funniest old stories and keep everyone entertained.

Well, he'd find the marshal and maybe take him out for supper. Maybe he'd pretend to be a detective or an ex-U.S. marshal or anything he thought would be okay. He'd keep the marshal busy listening to his tales while I'd turn off a few stores and load up with swag.

I'd hike out of town and plant the swag. Along about daybreak Old Pappy would jog out of town and we'd load everything into his rig. Then we'd drive to some right town to peddle it. Some-

(Continued on page 42)

KING of the Stag Mountain Mustangs



By RUSSELL C. PRUNTY

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

Running wild horses is something that most old cowboys look back on with a sense of nostalgia as some great athlete might recall his finest achievements—knowing it can be no more . . .

IT IS HARD for anyone who has never seen a wild horse to realize how wild a horse can get. As I look back, I am sure that all the younger men thought of mustanging, as it was called, as much more of a sport than deer or mountain lion hunting. Each cowboy could show off his skill with the lariat, the performance of his top saddle horse, and his own horsemanship and daredevil disregard of danger in running down the steepest hill as fast as he could urge his horse to go.

When I think over the greatest thrills and pleasures of my life, I remember the year 1909, when I lived near Charleston, Elko County, Nevada. I was fifteen, the youngest of five brothers (all good cowboys). Haying was over and the time had come that all the boys looked forward to from one year to the next—the roundup of wild horses.

Plans had been made and we were on our way with twenty cowboys and a band of 150 gentle horses to use as decoys. If a stallion sees a horseman one-half mile away, he will snort or whistle, and woe to the mare that does not charge off in the opposite direction, as he is soon behind his harem biting the laggards.

In a basin some twenty miles across, between Stag and Lookout Mountains, ranged some 500 wild horses, among them about 100 studs. The old studs, four years and older, were boss. Each one had as many mares as he could hold against the competition. There was some bitter fighting among them, and each stud kept close watch over his mares.

Chief among the band was a buckskin with small head, arched neck and an all-around beautiful conformation that he had inherited from his Arabian ancestors. He had the largest bunch of mares of any stud in the country. The dream of every cowboy was to get his rope on "General Buck," as he was called. Time after time it had been tried with no results.

Young studs were always searching for gentle mares and took them willingly or unwillingly to the wild horse country. Somehow the General managed to appropriate a lot of these mares away from his younger rivals.

Some fifteen miles from home we came to the wild horse country and could see huge piles of manure, three feet high and ten feet across. Studs have a way of adding their bit to a pile of stud manure each time they go by, so where there are lots of stallions the pile becomes immense.

THE PLAN was to spread out the gentle horses on the trail and run the wild horses into a trap. The gentle mares in the wild bunch were always glad to stop and some of the wild yearlings and colts would get separated and stay in the gentle bunch.

Father took charge and said, "Now Guy, take Earl and Russell; they can ride and are light on their horses, and Dick Harvey." (Harvey was an Indian and knew all the tricks of a mustang.) "Go around Stag Mountain and spread out. That is General Buck's range and he's bound to have some of our mares but, remember, he can smell you a mile away."

We galloped along and were soon around Stag Mountain. We spread out—Guy and Dick on the outside, and Earl and I in the middle. We soon had a lot of horses running ahead of us. I was riding Old Roan, my best mustanger. He knew what was expected of him and I think was as excited as I was. He could run down the steepest hill as fast as the mustangs, in fact he could almost fly.

We were soon some 100 yards behind the bunch. If ever a boy was in heaven, I was, for there behind the bunch was General Buck! And was he something to look at, with his beautiful arched neck, biting the slower mares, trying to speed them up. I could see Earl on my right and Guy and Dick farther out.

We had run some five miles and I could feel Old Roan slowing, but I knew if I didn't crowd him he soon would get his second wind and run stronger again. When he got his second wind I moved up near the bunch. Other buckaroos had come out to meet us and help point the wild ones into the tame bunch.

The General had done all he could,

(Continued on page 46)

LAST RUN of the

The rich Cherokee named his paddlewheeler for his favorite racing mare. One was the fastest thing on land; he hoped the other would be the fastest thing on water!

Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

"Rich Joe" Vann, wealthy Cherokee Indian who emigrated from Georgia to Indian Territory in the 1830s.

THE TOWERING INDIAN, resplendent in frock coat and velvet vest, stood by the rail and idly watched the virgin lands dotted with forests of hardwood slip into the background as the steamer churned its way up the Arkansas River. A tall, cool drink was in his hand, and he dreamed of the past and planned for the future. The steady splash-splash of the stern-wheeler was not an unfamiliar sound to the Indian's ears. In the days that were gone, he had ridden many riverboats. Many of those riverboats had been owned by himself. Today, they were gone. Tomorrow, there would be more.

He had been known as "Rich Joe Vann" back in Georgia. This had been his name until the United States Government turned its attention to the Cherokees. Then as the steel bands of federal control grew tighter and tighter, Vann along with others of his tribe could see the inevitable outcome.

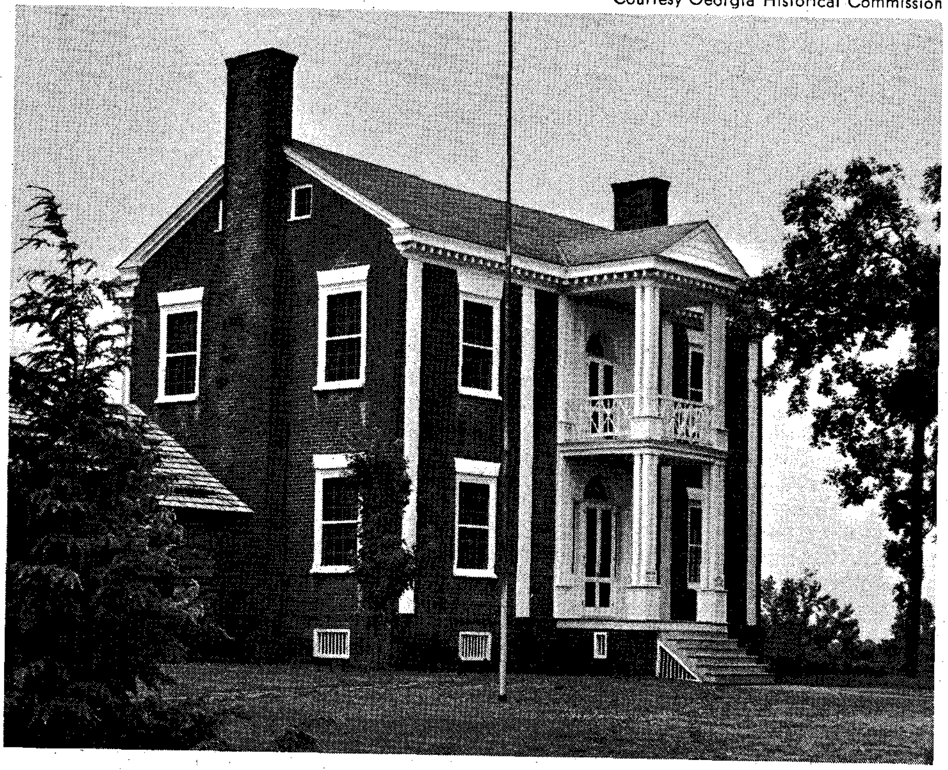
The handsome Indian put his holdings in Georgia on the block. His riverboats which ranged from the Ohio to the Gulf Coast were sold, as was his plantation of hundreds of fertile acres; his family home, which had been built in 1799 by his father, James Vann, near Spring Place, Georgia, was sold. Only his Negro slaves were retained, as he had plans for them in the new land beyond the Mississippi.

Rich Joe Vann he had been known as —yesterday. Today, he was plain Joe Vann. Tomorrow, if his plans for the future materialized, he would again be Rich Joe Vann. A locked strongbox rested below in his cabin. Several dozen Negroes were also below. They were his. The next steamer up the river would be hauling more of his slaves, for he owned about 300.

In less than ten years thousands of Joe Vann's fellow Cherokees would migrate to the territory west of the Mississippi. Many of them would walk the entire distance. Many would lose all they possessed to plunderers who followed the Cherokees on the infamous "Trail of Tears." It is estimated that 4,000 of the displaced tribe never reached the new lands, having died along the way.

The restored Vann House near Spring Place, Georgia. Joe Vann built a house in Oklahoma like this one of his father's, but it was destroyed during the Civil War.

Courtesy Georgia Historical Commission



There were no tears for Joe Vann, however, as he neared the end of his journey to the West. Perhaps it was luck, or perhaps he could see the shape of things to come. Vann, along with other Cherokees who became known as the "Old Settlers," migrated in the early 1830s to "Indian Territory." Laws laid down both by the federal and the State of Georgia governments hastened the departure from their homeland. Governor Gilmer of Georgia, for example, had issued a proclamation which prohibited Indians from digging gold on their own lands, although whites were free to do so. A law enacted in 1833 forbade Indians to employ white men, the slaves of white men, or Negroes who were not descended from Cherokee slaves, as millers or millwrights, on pain of forfeiture of all improvements. There were many similar restrictions.

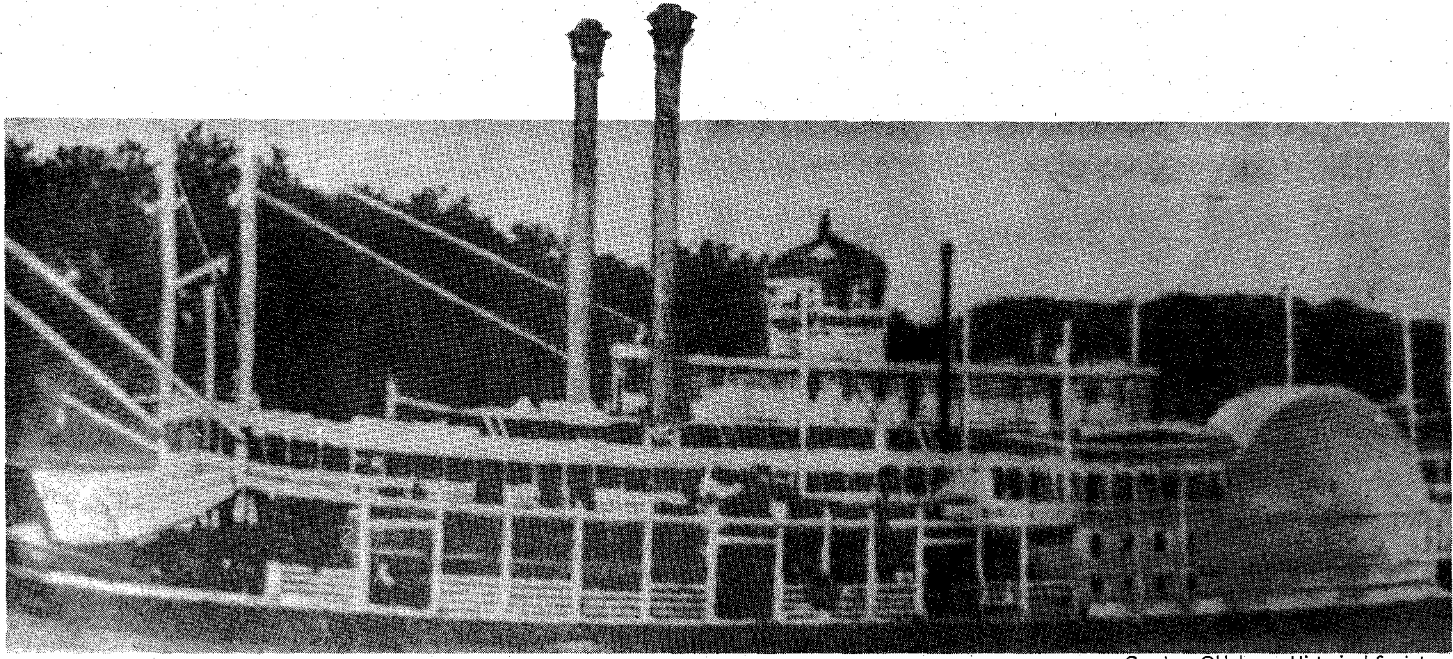
WHEN JOE VANN landed at Webbers Fall on the Arkansas River in present-day Oklahoma, he began carving a new life from virgin territory. And he was not alone. There was John Rogers, one of the Old Settler chiefs, who operated a salt deposit operation, making eighty bushels of salt daily at Grand Saline. In 1837 Major Ridge and his son John joined the western Cherokees, and immediately launched a successful merchandising, farming and livestock operation on Honey Creek.

By the time the mass migration of the Cherokees from Georgia began, Joe Vann had several hundred acres under his control, and a mile south of Webbers Falls had constructed a home which was a replica of the one which he had left in Georgia. With wide verandas on the front and the back, it was the showplace of the area. Vann's fertile acres

LUCY WALKER

By E. H. BREWINGTON

Photos Courtesy Author



Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

The riverboat *Lucy Walker*.

along the river produced great quantities of corn, cotton and livestock. He, along with other affluent western Cherokees, shared in the filling of government contracts to provide subsistence for the eastern Cherokees on their migration west. These government contracts amounted to more than sixty million dollars.

WITHIN a few years after the arrival of the major portion of the tribe, the Cherokee Nation (West) was dotted with homes and farms which were the equal of those anywhere in the States. Besides the Vann house, there was the Murrell House, which was known as "Hunter's Home," located a few miles south of Tahlequah. There was "Rose Cottage," the Park Hill home of Chief John Ross. The Lewis Ross home near Grand Saline (now Salina) was yet another imposing structure.

Homes such as these became the focal points for social activities. Rose Cottage had hitching posts which could accommodate as many as fifty horses. It is said that sometimes there were as many as forty overnight guests. One of the frequent visitors to the John Ross home was John Howard Payne, author of "Home Sweet Home."

As early as 1824, Matthew Arbuckle had established a garrison of troops in the area. Many officers who later gained fame served at what became known as Fort Gibson: Jefferson Davis, Nathan Boone, Braxton Bragg and Jeb Stuart, to name only a few. Resplendent in their dark blue coats with two rows of gilt buttons and white gloves and sabre, such officers were frequent guests at the social events of the Nation.

(All of these homes were destroyed during the Civil War, with the exception of the Murrell home which has been restored and is owned by the State of Oklahoma.)

By 1845 our gentleman farmer and plantation owner was again known as Rich Joe Vann. Although he would never be mistaken for a common man, and only fraternized with those whom he considered his equal, he was affable to everyone he met. A shrewd businessman, he liked to gamble, and his favorite sport was racing his horses against the best from nearby Fort Gibson.

Queen of the Vann stables was the mare, Lucy Walker. Her fame was known far and wide. She had never been beaten. Even in Nashville she had outdistanced the field. It is said that her colts sold for $1,000 each.

Although Vann had again accumulated a string of riverboats, it was for the finest he owned that he reserved the name *Lucy Walker*. Designed for the New Orleans run, the *Lucy Walker* was built expressly for Rich Joe Vann. There was cargo space, as well as luxurious cabins and salons for the passengers. She was a side-wheeler and a beauty. "She'll beat all the other boats," exulted Joe Vann, "just like my little mare beats all of the other horses."

AFTER the great rise of 1844, the Arkansas was again placidly flowing between her banks. Gleaming with a fresh coat of white paint, the *Lucy Walker's* twin smokestacks stood tall and stately, smoke pouring skyward. This was her first run.

Vann, standing proudly in the bow, smiled as the *Lucy Walker* swung downstream for her maiden voyage. Her holds were loaded with produce from Vann's own plantation and with hides and other products from the surrounding countryside. Her owner felt great as he listened to the old river chantey:

Come shake de ash, mah bully boys,
De captain's on de boiler deck;
Ah'm sure ah heard him say
He'd beat the Dan'l Webster
An' pass her on her way.
Ranjo, oh, oh! O, O, O!

The *Lucy Walker* was bound for Louisville, carrying the richest man in the Cherokee Nation, and the owner of the fastest mare in the country and the fastest boat on the river.

Captain Hadderman was the ship's master, a sturdy figure who had served in the U. S. Navy, and who kept himself and his crew in top shape. As Hadderman met Joseph Vann on the deck, he smiled slightly as they exchanged greetings.

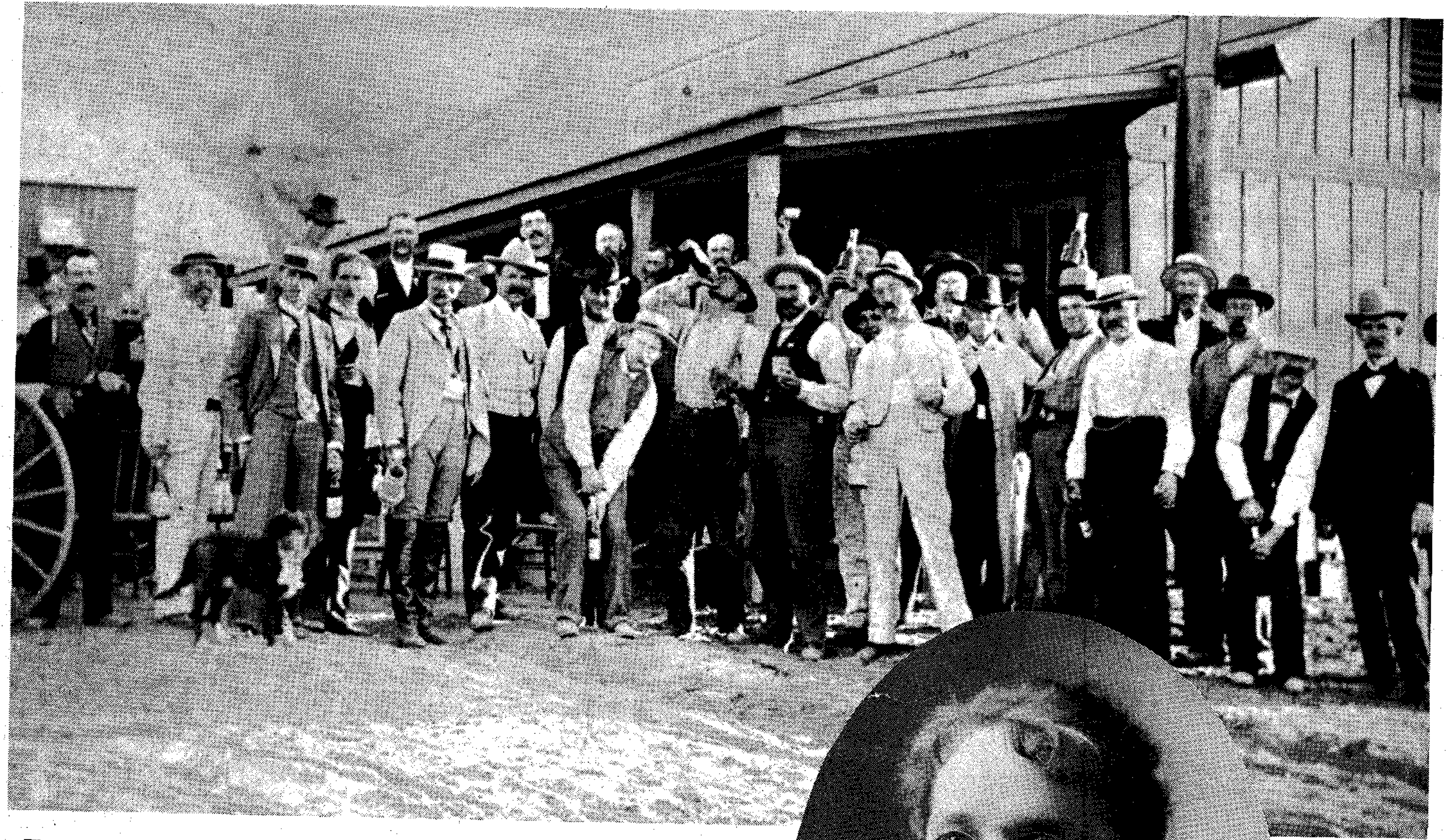
"She's a mighty fine boat, Mr. Vann," he said. "She handles beautifully. There will be few on the river to match her."

Vann politely thanked the captain, and made his way toward the saloon. The hours were whiled away with liquor and cards. Vann was a genial host, drinking a toast to everyone and sometimes in between.

The current was running strong, so little steam was needed as the *Lucy Walker* floated down the Arkansas. She made good time to Little Rock, where a small amount of additional cargo was taken aboard, along with a few passengers. There were two women and their husbands, two Negro maids, and three merchants who were bound for St. Louis to purchase goods. Part of the merchants' baggage consisted of several stout wooden casks filled with silver coins.

After the *Lucy Walker* swept into the

(Continued on page 42)

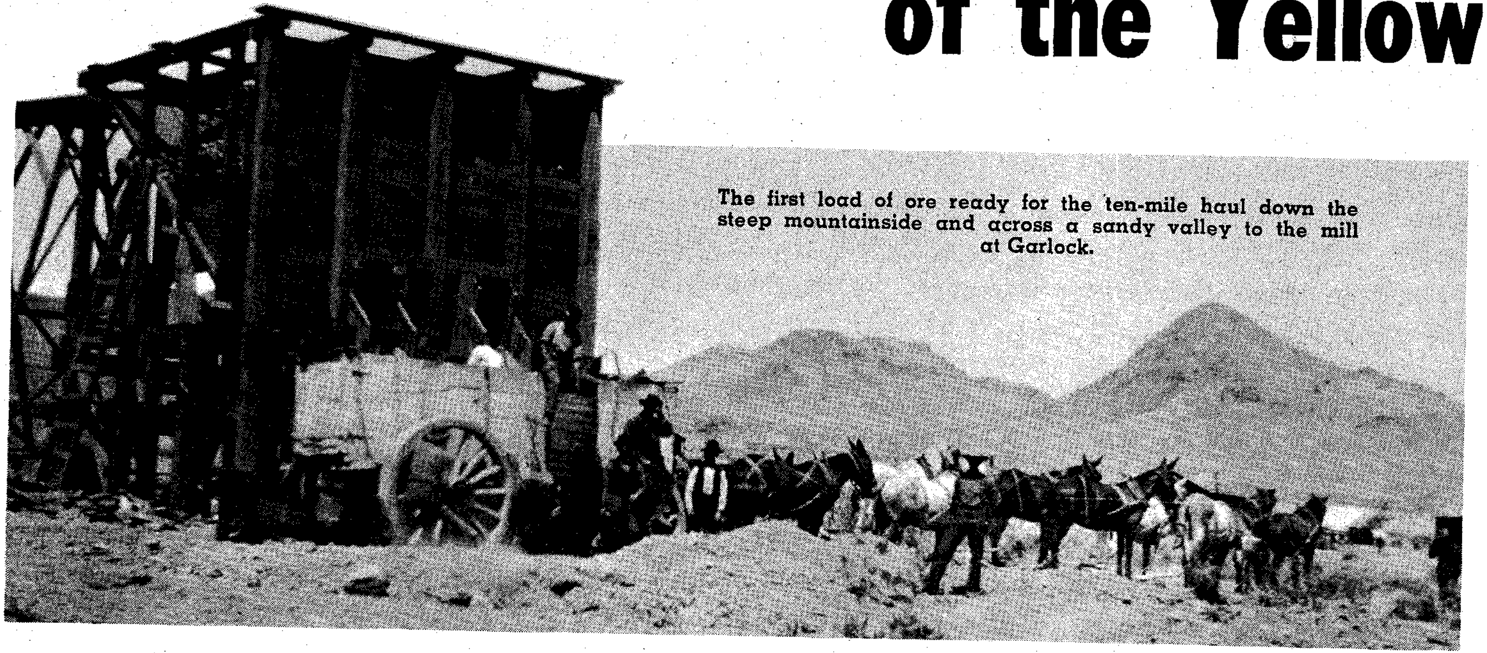


Flag Raising Day at the Yellow Aster Mine office, 1896. Fourth from left in white suit and hat, F. M. Moore, ninth from left in high boots, John Singleton, and center, Charles Burcham, leaning over to open a celebration bottle. These three men were the discoverers of the fabulous gold mine.

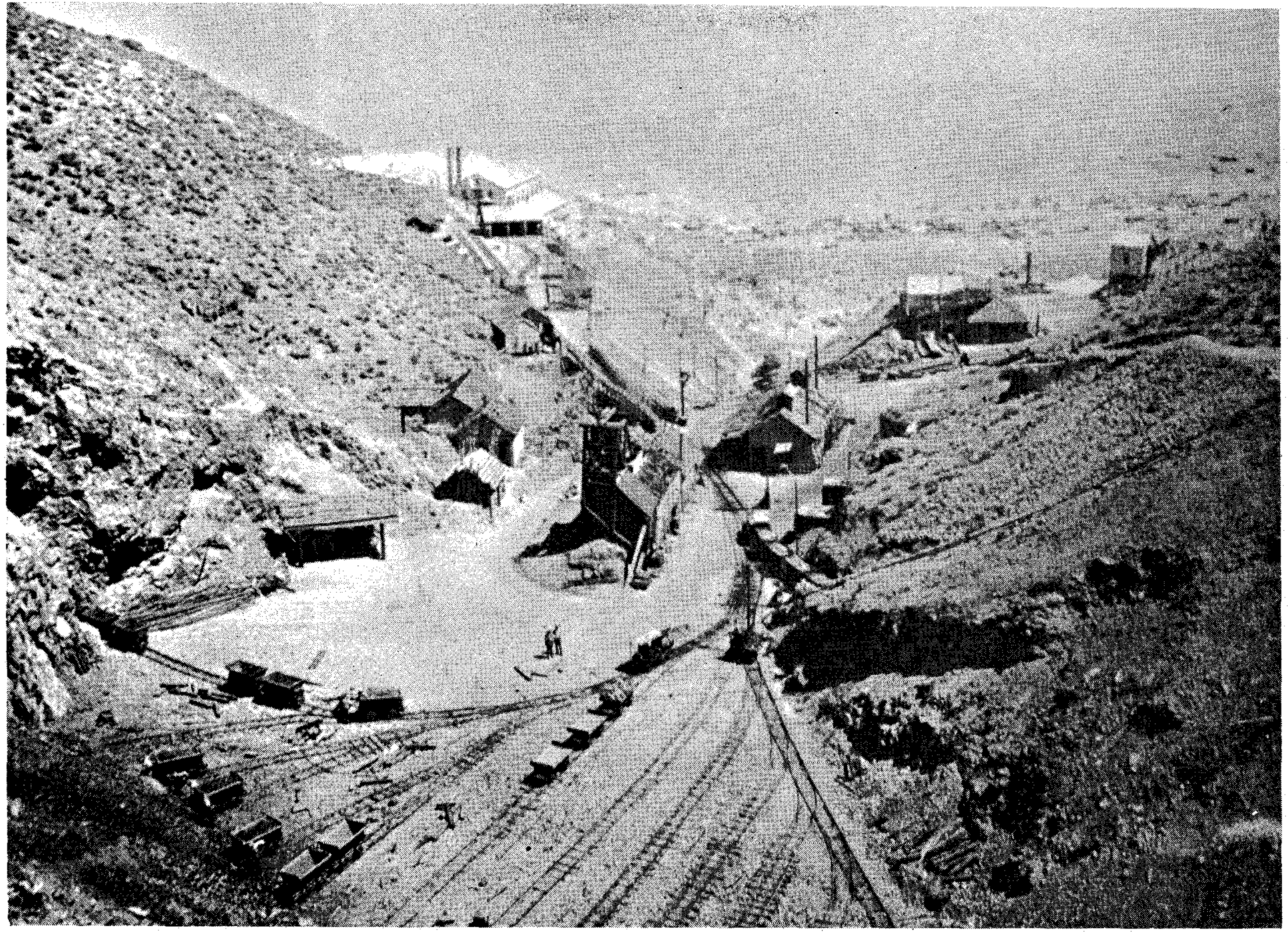
By ROBERTA M. STARRY

Photos Courtesy Author

Boss Lady of the Yellow



The first load of ore ready for the ten-mile haul down the steep mountainside and across a sandy valley to the mill at Garlock.



The Yellow Aster Mine had developed into this sizable operation by 1900. From 1895 to 1939 it had produced well over $25,000,000 in gold.

Rose LaMonte was a doctor turned miner, and what she'd learned about people's heart strings was deftly adapted to the company's purse strings. Both, she thought, could stand a bit of tightening

Aster Mine

LATE one fall night in 1882, a dusty train came to a noisy, smoky halt on the outskirts of San Bernardino, California. The weary passengers who stepped out into the chill night were all men except one. A well-dressed young lady, holding her long skirt just off the ground, moved toward the depot through a maze of what appeared to be logs in the dim light of the lantern which hung over the depot door.

The trip had been tiresome and uneventful for most of the travelers, but to the youthful Miss Rose La Monte it had been an exciting adventure. Each day the country and the people had changed until home in Rochester, New York seemed a world away. Now that she had finally reached her destination there was nothing to do but wait out the few hours remaining until daylight and then search for living quarters.

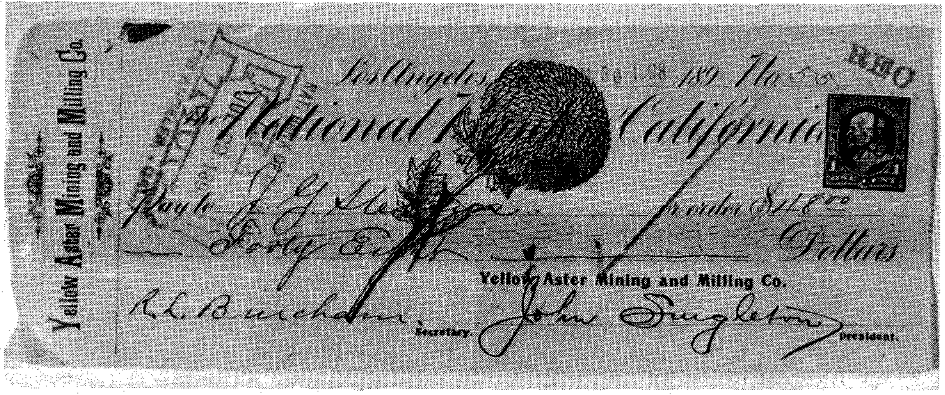
As the sun began to break into the early morning chill, Rose was shocked and then amused to discover that the logs she had walked around on her way to the depot were coming to life. An Indian near her rolled out of his blanket. In telling of the incident years later she would say, "My friends in New York predicted that I would be scalped before I ever reached California and here I'd walked between real live Indians without knowing it!"

The venturesome young lady had made her long journey to practice medicine. Eastern doctors had resented her trespassing on their all-male domain and had strongly encouraged her to go west "where doctors are much needed, even a woman doctor." To have obtained any kind of medical education in the 1880s was proof of Rose La Monte's determination and undeniable ability. That same determination outlasted her family's pleading that she not attempt so dangerous a plan as to travel alone through the unsettled Indian country to boisterous California.

DOCTOR ROSE in her one-horse buggy was soon a familiar sight on the dusty streets of pioneer San Bernardino as she went from Mormon home to Mormon home to deliver a baby or help a child through an illness. Not until she was elderly did Doctor Rose admit that in those early years she carried a small derringer in her lap as she drove to her patients' homes. "I didn't know the first thing about a gun, but if anyone had stopped my horse I would have fired that derringer whether I hit anything or not!"

Having been reared where convivial gatherings were an important segment of life, Doctor Rose became a part of what little social activity existed in her town. Single men vied for the favor of the pretty young doctor, but it was Charles Burcham, a cattleman with a captivating personality and a flair for dress, whom she married.

Doctor Rose proved to be not only a



Yellow Aster Mining and Milling Co.

Los Angeles, 189

National Bank of California

Pay to [illegible] or order $48.00

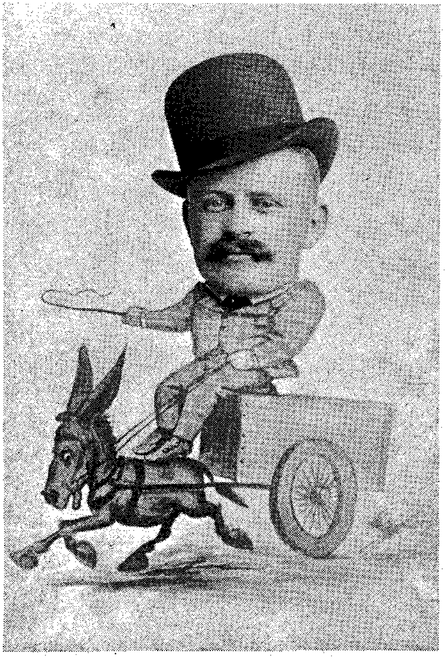
Forty Eight Dollars

Yellow Aster Mining and Milling Co.

R. L. Burcham Secretary

John Singleton President

No check went out without her approval and the signature, R. L. Burcham, Secretary. Company checks were a colorful blue-gray with a gold aster printed in the middle.



Charles Burcham often gave Dr. Rose moments of concern as he never passed up an opportunity to celebrate an event.

wife, but a real financial asset. Shortly after their marriage, Burcham began showing more interest in mining than in cattle, and eventually sold his business so that he could devote more time to his gold mine investments. Some of them paid their way but most of them failed. By 1893 Burcham's money was gone, but by then his wife had caught the gold fever too, only with a more practical approach. If Burcham wanted to search for his own gold mine, she would finance his hobby for two years, with the understanding that she was to have half-interest in whatever he found. That agreement between Charles Burcham and Rose was the key to the development of a gold prospect which was parlayed into a fortune.

Initially Burcham's search for gold produced nothing. The two-year grubstake period was drawing to a close and, as Doctor Rose commented later, "He hadn't found enough gold to buy beans, much less feed his team."

By April 1895 Burcham was getting ready to pull out of the desert 100 miles north of San Bernardino and return to the cattle business where he had always been able to make money. Two other prospectors working the area were of the same mind. All three were broke and owed the nearest merchant, Charlie Koehn, to the point of no more credit.

The older of the three men, former newspaperman Frederick Moores, had prospected a desolate mountain area some miles away the year before and had found a few colors. He and his partner, John Singleton, a one-time carpenter, wanted a last try at that region before giving up, but they needed a team to move their dry washers and camp equipment. Burcham was the only man with a team so they set about revitalizing his interest in prospecting.

When Burcham finally decided to go along with Moores and Singleton for that last try, he suggested that they move very quietly as others in the area were also getting poor returns for their labors and wishing for a new area to prospect. Any move on the part of a prospector was closely watched by the others. The location of a good gold deposit became common knowledge almost before the original discoverer could clean up his riffle board and be sure of what he had struck.

THE TRIO let it be known that they were going to give the once-rich Goler Gulch one more try just above the claims they had worked on previously. No one thought much about that as most of them had moved back and forth in the district checking and rechecking old grounds. Burcham turned his team toward the gulch and not until they were well out of sight did he turn them toward a red, unnamed and uninviting mountain.

They traveled slowly so that their dust cloud would not arouse curiosity, and set up camp in a wash which would help conceal their presence. The following morning each man started out to prospect the unlikely looking mountain with the hope that by some freak of nature gold would be found where all the rules said it wasn't likely.

On April 25, 1895 they discovered an unbelievably rich deposit, right where it shouldn't have been. Frantically they staked claims before the sagebrush telegraph could spread the news and cause a stampede. As much as the three needed funds and supplies they pushed ahead with location work.

Still, before Burcham could leave for San Bernardino to replenish their outfit, prospectors were coming by to see what was going on and staying to stake their own claims. Word traveled fast that a new strike had been made and while Burcham was in San Bernardino, O. B. Stanton, a speculator from Bakersfield, appeared with an enticing offer. He wanted a thirty-day option on a half-interest in the mine in return for spending $10,000 to develop the property and set up milling equipment. The agreement also carried a clause giving Stanton the opportunity to purchase the entire property in a six-months period for $500,000.

To Moores and Singleton this seemed an enormous fortune after the long, lean years of finding nothing. When they signed the contract they told Stanton that Burcham would have to sign the agreement, too, to make it legal, but they were sure he would be in full accord. This hurried decision was later deeply regretted by both men and was the basis of a long and expensive legal battle.

IN THE MEANTIME Burcham had reached San Bernardino and according to his agreement with Dr. Rose had signed over to her one-half of his one-third share in the new discovery. Rose's enthusiasm equaled that of her husband and there was no question but she would have provided funds for the needed supplies and equipment.

Many a rich mine had been sold for very little before its true value had been determined and with this in mind Rose cautioned her husband against being too anxious to sell. Of course she was unaware that Singleton and Moores had already become involved in a good-sounding proposition.

Burcham got back to the mine camp on July 4 and was met with the good news that their find had already paid off. Burcham didn't sign away his share, but did write Dr. Rose that speculators were making offers and with a little development they would be able to sell for at least $300,000. No mention was made of the paper Moores and Singleton had signed, but Rose sensed the pressures being brought to bear on the three men and decided that if she were at the mine there would be a chance to ward off temptation.

She answered her husband's letter immediately and asked him to meet her in Mojave which was as close as she could get by train. Packing a supply of medicines and durable clothing, Rose was ready for whatever the new mine camp had to offer and it had very little to offer except two tents clinging to the mountainside, a meager shelter against July heat on the desert.

Those who knew Doctor Rose in the later, more affluent years recall her account of that first trip to the desert. "The train ride to Mojave was slow, hot and dusty but I was too preoccupied with thoughts of the mine to let the temperature or discomfort bother. It was the light wagon trip of forty miles from Mojave to the mine that was eventful. Charles had known that we couldn't

(Continued on page 54)

Several men have already been cited as the one who killed the famous Bannock, and this story adds another

The Death of Chief Buffalo Horn

Submitted by A. C. SCHAEFER

I HAVE READ various accounts of the death of the Bannock Chief Buffalo Horn. Without questioning the veracity of any historians I would like to recount a story I heard around the campfires many years ago. Perhaps this retelling will interest those who still ponder Buffalo Horn's disappearance.

I spent much of my youth among the Indians, living as one of them. In 1925 I went to work on a Central Oregon cattle ranch for Mike Mayfield. One night when the moon was shining real bright and the juniper logs of my campfire on the Low Desert east of Bend were crackling, Mike rode into camp and shared my supper. When I came back from checking the direction our hobbled horses had gone, Mike and I started talking about Indians. It was then he told me, for the first time, his version of how Buffalo Horn was killed.

"The Indians gave us a rough time of it in 1878 and 1879," he said, "in what was called the Bannock and Pah-ute War. At that time their main chief was called Buffalo Horn.

"I was just a boy and had come over from Jacksonville, Oregon, with a meat-jerking crew. Miners had killed most of the game in the southern Oregon valleys, but on the desert east of the Cascade Mountains deer, antelope, bighorn sheep and elk were so plentiful one only needed to go half a mile from camp to shoot something for supper. Many times I saw hunters line up near a band of mule deer and listen as the captain pointed out the ones he wanted killed. I worked at the cutting tables that they had set up, and prepared the meat for drying.

"Early in 1878 I met a man named Foster who had established the Double O Ranch. He offered me a job as cavvy-wrango with his horseherd and I gladly accepted. Everything was running along quite smoothly until one morning Mr. Foster rushed into the cabin as the buckaroos were finishing breakfast and yelled, 'Grab your guns and knives, boys, and get to your horses as quick as you can. The Indians are coming!'

"As I mounted my horse I saw Mr. Foster lead out our most gentle horse for the Chinese cook and help him get properly mounted. We started out and I heard Mr. Foster shout, 'It's too late to make it to the old ford, boys; we'll cross at the new one!' The Indians didn't know we had built it and it was that new ford which saved us.

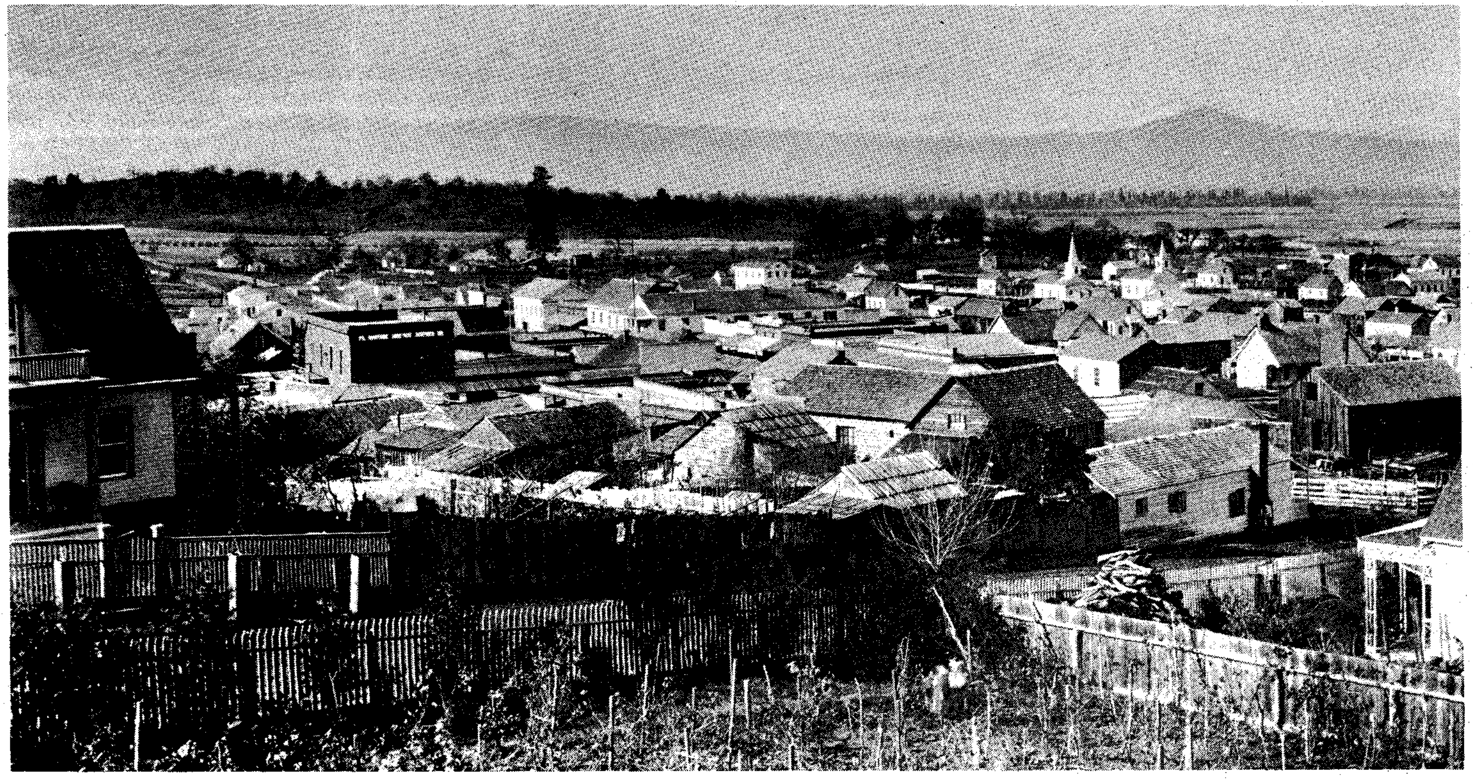
"I was loping along in the lead of the men when I heard a chorus of shouts. Looking back I saw that the cook had fallen from his horse. About that time a bullet from one of the Indian rifles dropped one of the buckaroos' horses. The poor Chinaman, instead of remounting his pony, panicked and crawled into a culvert to hide.

"The unhorsed buckaroo, seeing the cook's mount straying loose, made a dash for it and hastily mounted and spurred toward us at a gallop. Meanwhile the Indians came up at full speed, but two of them in the lead dropped from their ponies and rushed to the culvert. Even though the cowboys fired at the Indians I saw them drag out our cook, stand him up and tomahawk him, scalp him and throw him down. We didn't have a chance to save him.

"The Indians were crowding us now and our horses were tiring from the pace so we began looking for a place to make a stand. At last Mr. Foster called, 'We had better stand them off right here! Dismount, get in a circle, and keep your horses between you and the Indians!'

"The Indians rode around us in a circle, then started closing in. We were all pretty scared, especially when the

(Continued on page 34)



Jacksonville, Oregon, circa 1878.

Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

CARRY NATION'S OTHER

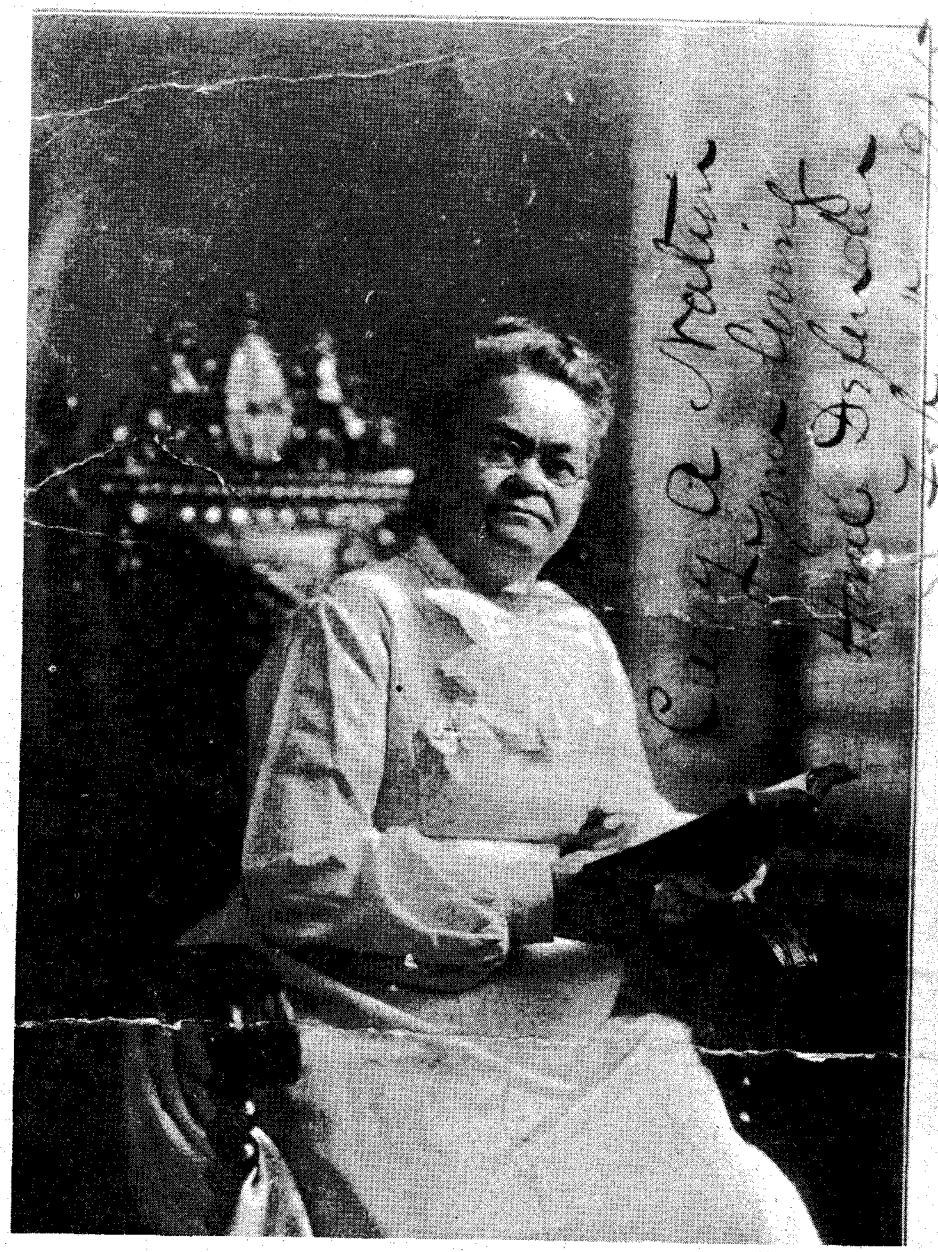


Photo Courtesy Author

Photo of Carry Nation with her autograph in the upper right-hand corner for her friend Jessie W. Hood.

THE IMPRESSION most people have of Carry A. Nation ranges from amusement to contempt. She is stereotyped as a crusading, fanatical woman who used the destructiveness of her hatchet against Kansas saloons shortly after 1900. Such behavior was generally frowned upon even in her own time, and few delved into the reason why this woman was so determined to destroy drinking and gambling.

Besides her personal reasons, she had great concern for the innocent victims of broken homes. It was my father's gambling that first linked us to Carry. Her natural love of humanity and deep compassion for the families of men who frequented saloons made her determined to do something about the vices which brought only trouble to the community.

When my Grandmother Sally Hood, a widow with four young children, traveled all the way from Missouri in a covered wagon to settle in a dry area of Comanche County, Kansas, she endured the typical hardships. Later she joined in the "run" of the Cherokee Strip and staked a claim just across the line in what is now the State of Oklahoma. Here she spent the rest of her days, struggling to make the best life possible for her family. Because every penny had to count for necessities and taxes, there were no luxuries whatever. Yet, mockery of such frugality was to form a strong bond of friendship between Grandmother and Carry Nation.

Luke Hood, elder of her two sons, rebelled at the meager circumstances and privation of his youth. He grew up to be a farmer in Barber County, Kansas, where he married Jessie Winters. I was their second child, born March 12, 1894. With the necessities of life ever mounting, Father moved to a farm near Kiowa, Kansas, better to provide for his family. Here he tried to raise corn and hogs; but the hogs got cholera and died, and the hot winds burned and wilted his corn. Year after year, reverses were his lot until in desperation he turned to gambling in the saloons.

Although Father was well thought of because he was not a drinking man, nevertheless, he often left the team in the field for Mother and us children to care for while he walked miles to town to gamble. When we drove into Kiowa to trade, Father would head straight for the saloon—and the cards and chips.

One day after we had waited for hours in the wagon for Father to finish his game, Mother's patience came to an end. In exasperation she leaned toward me. "Son, run over to the Lewis Saloon and tell Papa we are ready to go home." I was only five years old, but I well knew where to go. Respectable women avoided saloons.

Shuffling my feet along through the thick sawdust, I went through two sets of swinging doors, past the customary crowd of drinking trail drivers, to the back room which was the secluded retreat of the gamblers. As I crept closer to his side, Father kept playing cards until his attention was gained by the creak of a loose floor board. He glowered at me. "What are you doing in here?" His tone of voice gave him away. Again he was on the short end.

Mustering up my courage, I took a deep breath. "Mama says we are ready to go home now, Papa."

As usual, he did not return with me, and I sensed Mother's deep despair as I climbed up into the wagon seat.

UNABLE to put up with this kind of life any longer, Mother decided to take my sister Ruth and me to the home of her father, James Winters, near Deerhead, Kansas.

Uncle John Hood loaded the hayrack

SIDE

By JAMES G. H. HOOD

Co-author
EVANGELINE AMES HOOD

with our belongings very early in the morning so we could reach our destination before dark. For miles we jostled along over deep dusty ruts in the country road, relieved at the end of our journey by Grandfather's warm welcome. We stayed with him until the end of summer. Then he moved us into Medicine Lodge where the schools were good, and we set up housekeeping in the Bisby House directly across the street from the one occupied by Carry Nation.

Mrs. Nation, a stocky woman with a broad face, snub nose and pleasing manner, lost no time calling on us and making us feel at home. Mother, of course, told of our troubles brought on by Father's gambling and of her subsequent divorce, an uncomon thing in those days. Because Carry had suffered through a brief marriage marred by the drunkenness of her first husband, Dr. Charles Gloyd, she and Mother felt a kinship.

We children were considered orphans by Mrs. Nation, who often supplied us with old clothes and shoes, the latter of which I doubt that I ever wore. She often invited us over for meals served in her basement kitchen, entrance to which was gained from the outside. The air was permeated with the tantalizing aroma of her specialty, pot roast cooked in an iron kettle lined with ripened grain-straw. A familiar sight in Carry's parlor was that of clean folded sheets in her favorite rocker, placed there not as a cushion, but to be "ironed" while she sat on them for hours, reading and studying her Bible.

When Mother's step-father, Henry Asher, and brother Fred came from Illinois, Mother, short of food, wondered how she could feed them. She did not have to worry long, for presently a knock on the door announced our neighbor, Carry Nation. Realizing the circumstances, she had brought along her already-prepared dinner and shared it with us. Hers was a practical type of Christianity which demanded involvement.

About this time Mrs. Nation was proclaiming her beliefs at a schoolhouse in Pixley, a few miles from Medicine Lodge. On Sundays she often took Mother, sister Ruth and me with her to church, preaching against the corruption of saloons all the way to Pixley. She drove the same horse she used on other trips that made her famous.

We children sat on the floor of the buggy near the dash. Prince, a sorrel horse with a small star on his forehead, seemed to find the constant sound of her voice soporific, for his gait became slower and slower, until Mrs. Nation would give him a quick cut with the whip.

Although much has been written about Carry Nation, the reasons behind her overt aggression were never made clear. From the conversations I often heard between Mother and Mrs. Nation, I am very sure our family's plight from Father's gambling had as much to do with her first smashing in Kiowa as did her own unhappy life. Mother spoke of it often during later years.

AS president of the W.C.T.U. of the county, Carry's long-subdued anger kept smouldering and, spurred by her wrath over my family's neglect, Mrs. Nation became convinced that it was her duty to go to Kiowa and smash up the saloons. I was just past six years old and all ears for what was going on.

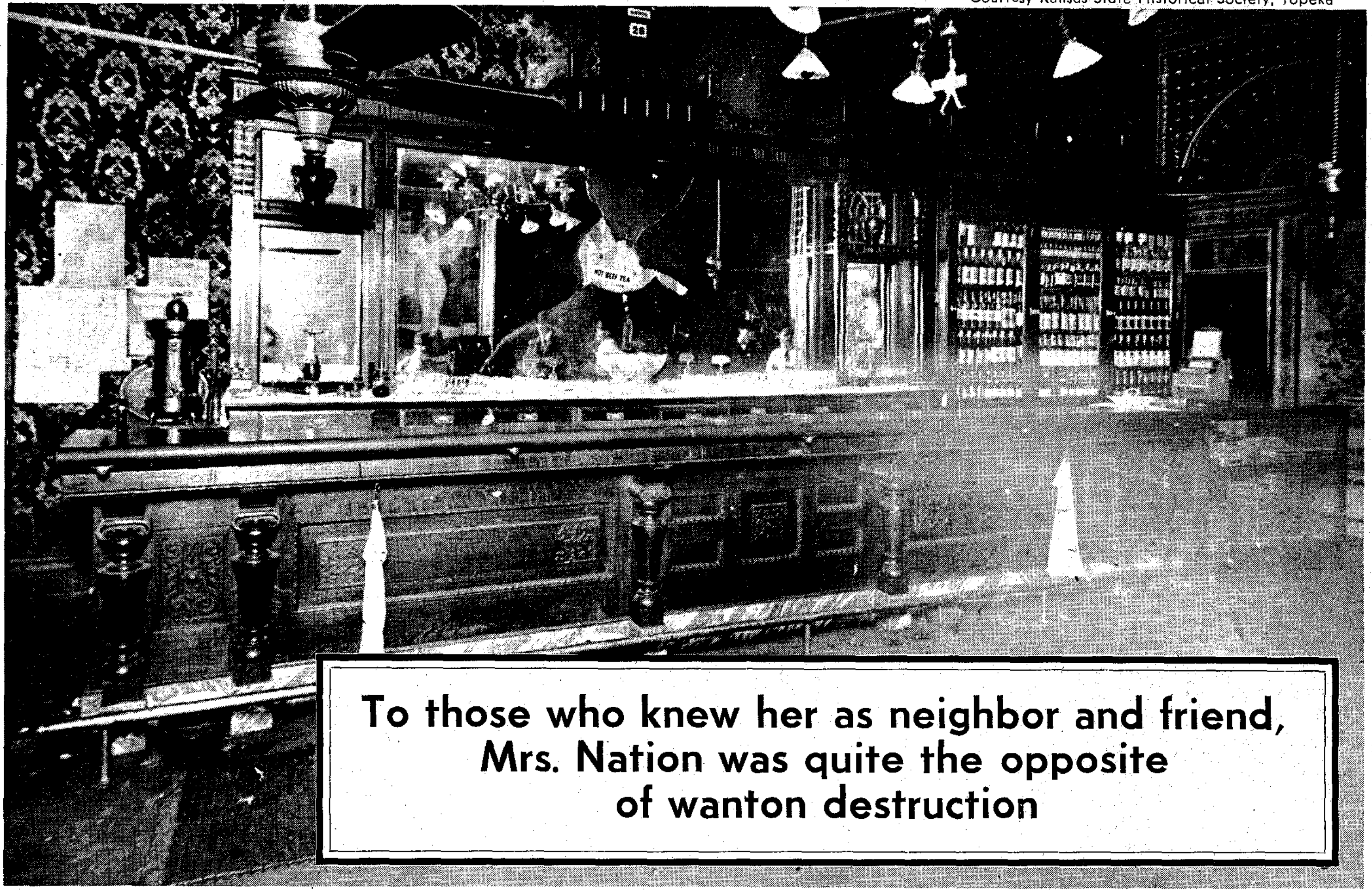
With the help of Mother on an early June morning in 1900, she hitched up and drove to her destination without announcing her intent to anyone else.

The *Barber County Index*, Medicine Lodge, Kansas, Wednesday, June 6, carried news of the event:

(Continued on page 58)

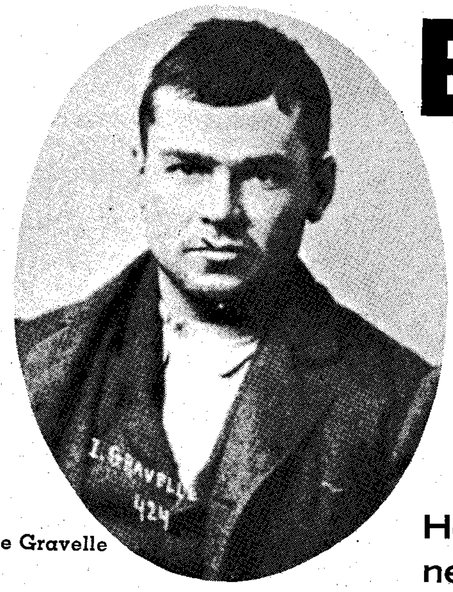
Carey Hotel Bar, Wichita, Kansas, 1900. The damage to the mirror was done by the famous prohibitionist.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka



To those who knew her as neighbor and friend, Mrs. Nation was quite the opposite of wanton destruction

The Man Who BLACKMAILED A Railroad



Ike Gravelle

By CHARLES D. GREENFIELD

Photos Courtesy Author

He had been pretty successful in browbeating his neighbors, but an intimidated rancher was one thing and the Great Northern Railroad quite another!

Below, Anton Korizek who died of three bullet wounds inflicted by Ike Gravelle in his escape from jail.

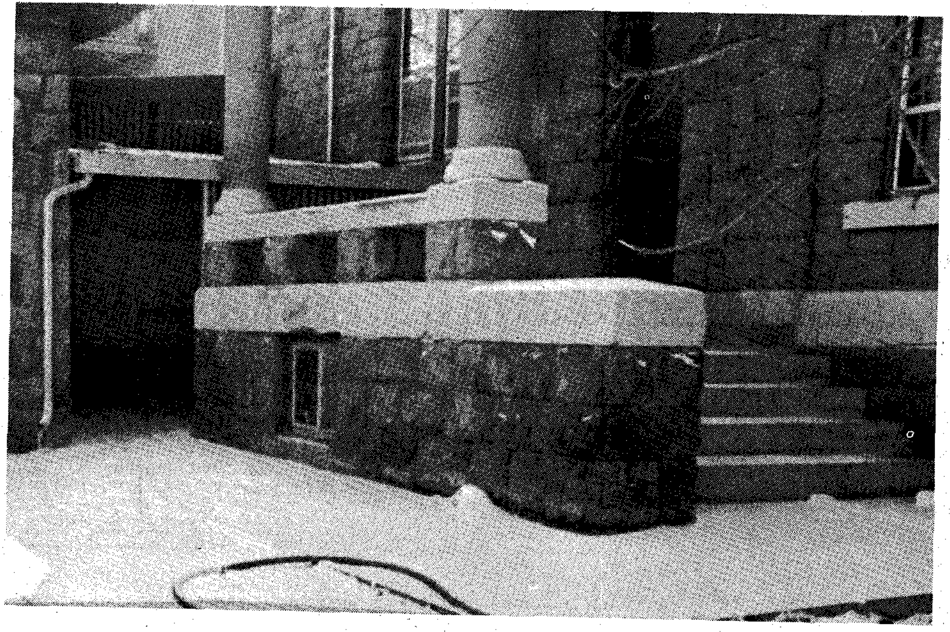
ON THE NIGHT of September 2, 1903 a light engine pulled into the Northern Pacific freight yard at Missoula, followed a few minutes later by another engine pulling two cars. The first car was filled with armed, tough men; the second car with saddled horses and bloodhounds. The unusual cargoes aroused immediate curiosity and speculation. Soon reporters were on the scene asking, "How come?"

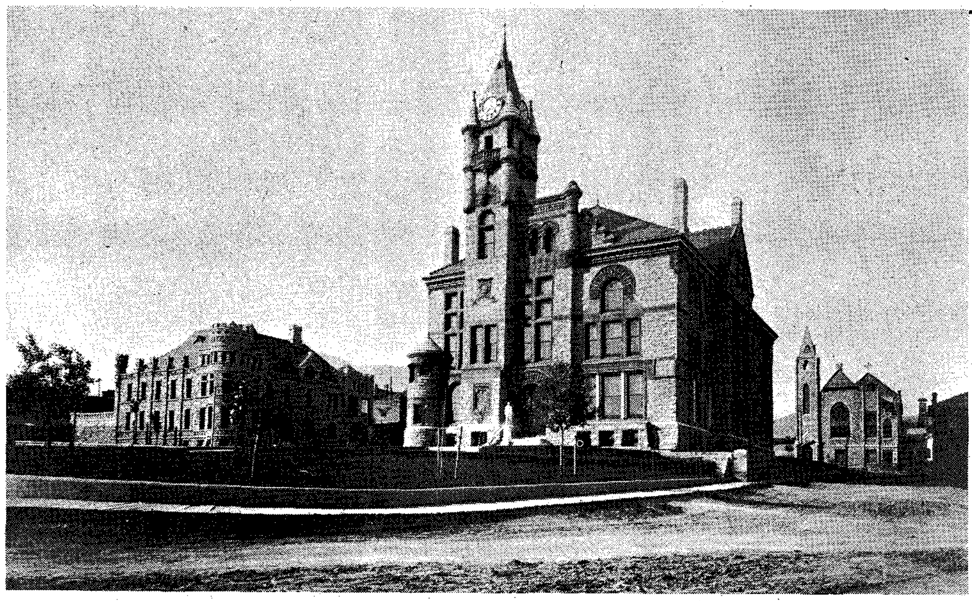
The railroad company, they were told, had received a tip that one of their passenger trains was going to be held up that night and a plan was devised to capture the robbers, but they failed to show.

This explanation omitted the information that for more than a month a reign of terror had existed along the 250 miles of track between Livingston on the east and Missoula on the west. Almost nightly Northern Pacific tracks were bombed and attempts made to destroy bridges. To prevent the loss of life and property which derailed trains might cause, 500 men were employed to guard the right of way. The bombings continued.

Finally, late in September, the North-

The entrance of the basement where Gravelle ended his own life.





Taken in 1889, the photo at left shows the Lewis and Clark County courthouse (center) where Gravelle went on trial, and the county jail (far left) from which he escaped. The clock tower, chimneys and cornices on the courthouse were removed after the earthquakes of 1935. Below, W. J. McFetridge, chief of the Northern Pacific special agents, who was in charge of the hunt for the dynamiter from start to finish.

ern Pacific revealed the true story. Blackmailers were demanding thousands of dollars from the railroad or else.

The first "shake-down" letter had arrived in midsummer. It read:

July 16, 1903

Board of Directors
Northern Pacific Railroad Co.
Dear Sir:

We write you this letter to notify you we hold the Northern Pacific for $25,000 ransom and if necessary we will destroy your property until the same is paid.

We will give you fifteen days from this date to think this matter over and if at the expiration of that time you have decided to comply with our demands you can notify us of your decision in the following way: tie a piece of white cloth to the drawhead of the last coach of each of your passenger trains running between St. Paul, Minn. and Spokane, Wash. Carry this signal until you are notified how to deliver the money. If at the expiration of fifteen days (15) you have not carried the signal mentioned above we will begin destroying your railroad property and will continue to do so until the signal is carried . . . as we do not want to be held alone responsible for the possible loss of lives, we will notify the traveling public through the leading newspapers that we hold your road for this ransom and until this matter is settled traveling will be dangerous. We only ask a very small part of what rightfully belongs to us and when you people settle up we will call it square.

Hereafter give the working man more justice and you will avoid this kind of trouble. If we have to go to extremes in this matter we will increase the amount of the ransom.

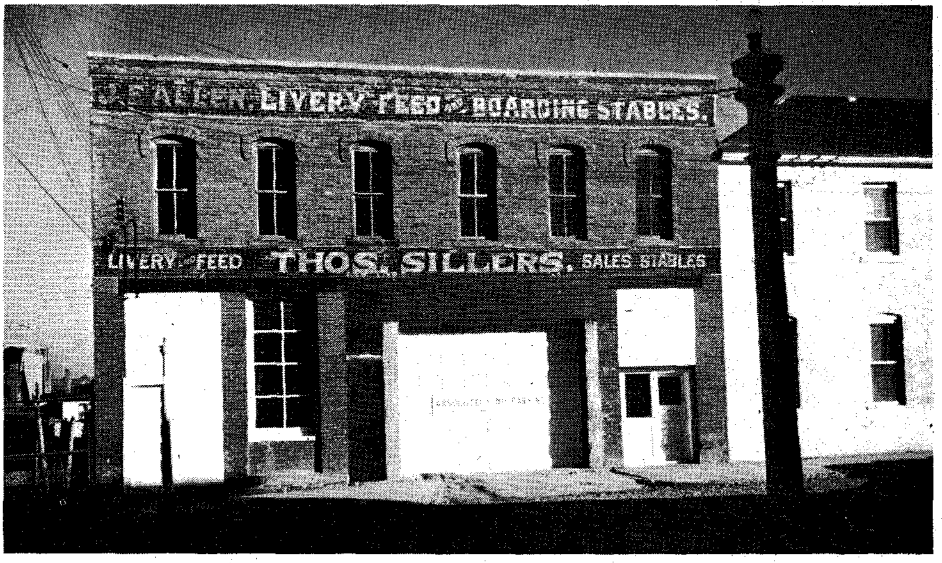
This letter must be delivered with the money. Yours truly.

(No signature)

ALTHOUGH suspecting the work of a crank, Northern Pacific officials took care to see that passenger runs across Montana carried extra guards. They did not comply with the ransom request, however. But on August 2 a bridge over the Yellowstone River was dynamited and the NP decided to play along with the blackmail attempt, displaying the signal as directed. Identical letters postmarked August 11, Butte, Montana, instructed them:

"At 7 o'clock PM on the evening of August 23 leave Livingston Mont. with it on board an empty engine and travel west at the rate of 30 miles an hour by way of Helena and Missoula Mont. When they see a red light along the track stop the engine and one man take the sack containing the money and deposit it under the red light only one man must leave the engine to deliver the money and there must not be over

(Continued on page 46)



Bullets flew around Gravelle as he fumbled to untie a horse in front of this livery stable. It was here that unarmed Deputy *Sheriff Joe Spurzem* rushed within *easy* killing distance of the desperado who refrained from shooting him.

AMARILLO BOOTMAKER

By MABEL C. WRIGHT

IT was twilight one November evening in our home in St. Paul, Minnesota, when I chanced to pass the open door of my grandmother's room. The shades were up on the front windows and Nana stood behind a table, lighting a candle. Then she began saying her rosary.

"Nana," I exclaimed, "why are you praying?"

Startled, she turned. "Because 'tis the feast day of Saint Martin. I am praying to himself to guide your Uncle Martin home. Now, run along, girl."

To the cowboy of the early West, riding the plains from Mexico to Canada, Martin McLoughlin was well known as the Amarillo Bootmaker — but I had never heard of him before, not even the mention of his name.

I hastened to find my mother and described what I had just seen. Breathlessly, I asked, "*Who* is Uncle Martin?"

Mother gave a deep sigh. "Your Uncle Martin left us in Dayton some thirty years ago. He was a headstrong boy and would take no discipline from Nana. Martin went off in a huff one night with only his kit of cobbler's tools. He had finished his apprenticeship. Some months later a card came from him postmarked St. Louis—that was the last we ever heard, but Nana never gives up praying that he will return."

Again, I was told to run along, but I did a great deal of speculating about the missing uncle. I already knew that Nana, a widow, had come in 1868 from Kilkee, County Clare, Ireland, to join relatives in Dayton, Ohio. With her were her children, my mother and her sister. Nothing had ever been said about a third child, a son.

ONE Sunday morning several years later it was the telephone, not the doorbell, that announced the arrival of Uncle Martin. Nana had lit her last candle to her son's patron saint the year before, and had left us. Mother was hatted, ready to go to early Mass. She paused to answer the phone.

"Hello, is this Mrs. Cooper?"

"Yes."

"Were you Mary McLoughlin?"

"Yes."

"Hello, Mary, 'tis your brother Martin!"

"Martin! Why, Martin! Where *are* you?"

"At the St. Paul Hotel, Mary."

"Oh? Oh, yes. Well, now. I am on my way to Mass, Martin. Come to see me at noon."

I asked Mother why she had refrained from asking him to come at once.

"It was a shock to hear his voice," she replied, "and I need time to collect myself. There is no better place to do that than in church."

Later she admitted that she hadn't the remotest idea of what might turn up, but felt a certain relief because Martin was staying at the best hotel in town!

From the moment Uncle Martin stepped out of the taxi, he needed no identification papers. He was Mother all over again—ruddy cheeks, twinkling blue eyes and the same short, springy step.

He stayed with us for several days, the first of many visits exchanged between Amarillo, Texas, and St. Paul and later, Southern California.

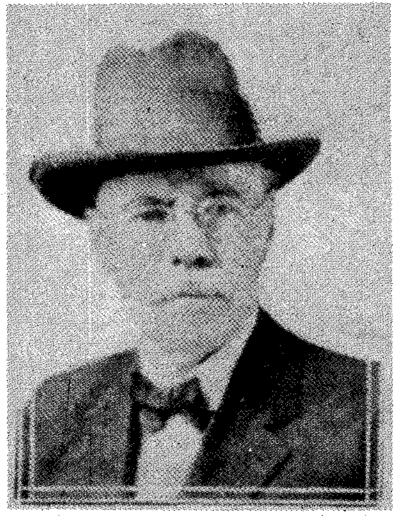
Happy-go-lucky Irishman though he was, in all fairness it must be explained that he had tried to keep in touch with his family. After the card from St. Louis he had written many times from the Panhandle of Texas, but had had no reply — understandable as postal service in the '80s in that unsettled land was sketchy, and at the Dayton, Ohio, end, the family had scattered. My mother had married a Scotchman in the 3rd Infantry of the U. S. Army. Nana was with them as they moved from one frontier post to another. As soon as he could scrape together the train fare, Uncle Martin had gone back to Dayton, but could get no trace of them. It was not until 1908 that he made another effort. From an aged former neighbor he obtained the clue which brought the wanderer home.

What follows I learned from Uncle Martin's own lips, from chroniclers of the Panhandle, from newspaper interviews, and best of all, from old-timers. To bring up his name always evoked a warm chuckle and a good story.

Perhaps no one has better described the role of the pioneer bootmaker than Ramon F. Adams in *The Old-Time Cowhand.*

"Like the good hat he wore, the cowboy was mighty proud of his boots, and they were generally the most expensive part of his riggin'. When he had the money to match his pride, you'd see 'im wearing boots so fine you could nearly see the wrinkles in his socks. If he couldn't put his feet into a decent pair of boots, he shore wasn't going to put 'em into an entire cow.

"But no matter what style he wore they were high-heeled, thin-soled and of good leather. The tops were made of lightweight high-grade leather, and all the stitchin' you see on 'em wasn't jes' for fancy decoratin'. Up to a certain point this fancy stitchin' had a practical value. It helped stiffen the leather so the tops wouldn't break down at the ankles where they contacted the stirrups; and preserved the tops and kept 'em from coming to pieces after they got old.


Courtesy Amarillo **Globe-News**
Martin McLoughlin

"His boots were custom made, that is, handmade and made to order. When a puncher once got a fit that suited 'im, he never changed bootmakers. Them old bootmakers took a heap of pride in their work. A man who knowed the cattle country could tell, almost at a glance, who made 'em."

IN 1882 Martin McLoughlin was in Fort Worth, Texas, working for Mayor Sam Frye. Business was dull. Unexpectedly Martin heard of an opening for a bootmaker at the flourishing Matador Ranch in the Panhandle. At that time they were running about 150,000 head of cattle. Room, board and a shop were offered in return for two-days-a-month working on harness. The rest of his time was his own to make boots. It sounded good. He might even get in some hunting and fishing. Martin took the train to Harrold, and another 120 miles by buckboard brought him to the Matador.

He arrived at spring roundup time, and not only Matador hands but cowboys from all the neighboring ranches were there. They crowded around the new bootmaker to be measured. Out of his kit young McLoughlin took a sizestick and a measuring strap, and soon had jotted down in his little notebook

Courtesy H. H. Campbell

H. H. Campbell sits between two directors of the Matador Land and Cattle Company. At right is Matador cook Ben Brock.

An Irish "wizard with leather" showed up at the Matador, and every cowboy for miles around started saving up his money!

fifty or sixty orders. All the time he was wondering how he could fill these orders without leather! The following morning he took his predicament to the manager, H. H. Campbell.

"Can you make good boots?" Campbell asked.

"Yes, if I have material to work with," returned McLoughlin.

"That's all I want to know," said Campbell. "Make out a list of what you need and give it to the bookkeeper."

The list totaled $600.00! Surely Mr. Campbell had not anticipated any such amount. Martin hastened back to the manager's office.

Campbell glanced at the proffered list and casually remarked, "When I send for that, Mac, it will take a special wagon. The trip to Wichita is expensive. Better double the amount."

Thus the Irish immigrant had his first insight into the ways of big men, and considered the confidence placed in himself, a total stranger, a challenge.

Fortunately, the Matador's manager became so proud of his resident bootmaker that Campbell insisted one day that a guest of his, Charles Goodnight, a giant figure in Texas, be measured for a pair of shoes. Goodnight was one of the few cattlemen who did not wear boots.

The next time Goodnight dropped by the Matador Ranch, the shoes were ready. He tried them on, wriggling his toes. Always a man of few words, he looked up gravely at the anxious cobbler.

"How soon can you make the other eleven pair?" he asked.

McLoughlin is quoted as saying later, "It was Old Paint (H. H. Campbell) who started me off in the Panhandle. I will never cease to thank him."

AFTER four busy years at the Matador where he turned out an average of five pairs of boots a week, with only occasional help from an itinerant cobbler, McLoughlin decided to open a shop at Tascosa, the "maverick" town. He arrived with $4,000 in cash, complete shop equipment, fifteen to twenty horses, buggies, and—most valuable of all—notebooks filled with measurements of satisfied customers. The list grew to over 20,000 names before he retired.

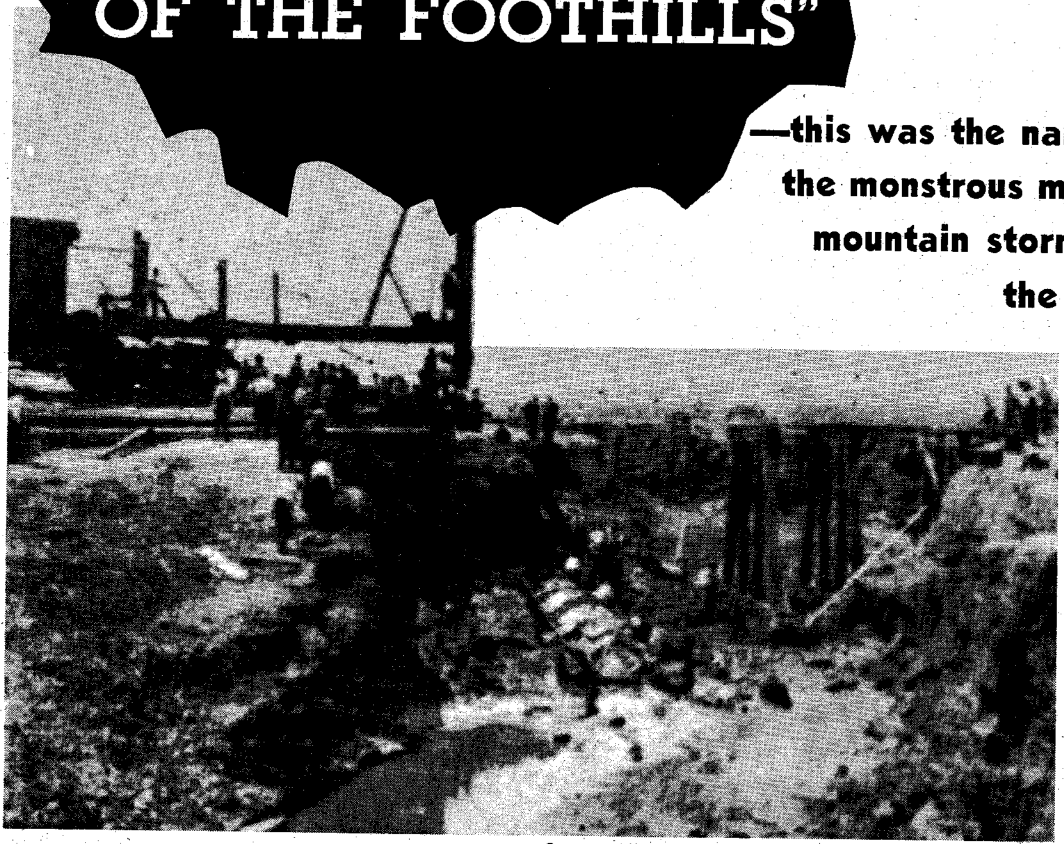
Among them were Billy the Kid, a fastidious dresser; Jim East, sheriff, the first man to arrest Billy; Tom Mix, who toured Europe with thirty-one pairs of McLoughlin boots; Tex Rickard, fight promoter; Belle Montana, noted cowgirl; Will Rogers and his pal, Charles Russell who used to send a sketch with his order, showing the design he wished the stitching to follow; Joe De Yong; Will James; Harry Carey; Douglas Fairbanks; William S. Hart; Tex Austin; rodeo's Foghorn Clancy; Sheriff Toby Robinson; Texas Ranger Bill Willes and so many others.

Once his shop was set up at Tascosa, McLoughlin inaugurated not a door-to-door sales campaign, but a ranch-to-ranch campaign. He had five or six wagons traveling to ranch headquarters 150 to 250 miles apart, and he was dubbed the "circuit-riding bootmaker."

(Continued on page 49)

"FIEND OF THE FOOTHILLS"

—this was the name given the monstrous mutation of mountain storms and twisting rivers—the flash flood!



Courtesy Library State Historical Society of Colorado

The destroyed Dry Creek bridge at Eden, Colorado, where 97 passengers died, August 7, 1904.

By
JOAN REESE

Photos Courtesy Author

As KATE GARTLAND dished up breakfast, she repeated to her husband what she had said at least twenty times before, "Now, Ed, if you don't want me to go, just say so. We can always unpack, you know."

Nine-year-old Walter groaned. Not go? After all the days of cleaning house, ironing clothes, packing trunks, of talking about the great St. Louis Exposition, about the uncles and aunts whom they would see, Mama *couldn't* intend to stay home.

At eleven, Edward was a better judge of human nature. "Don't worry," he said, "we'll be on that train tonight."

Kate had roused her family early that Sunday morning of August 7, 1904. The chill of late-summer mountain showers could still be felt after sunrise in North Denver. For weeks she, who at thirty-seven had never left any of her family alone before, had worried about the proposed trip to St. Louis. She would take the four younger children—Edward; Walter; Lillian, six; and baby Ralph, only two. This would leave fourteen-year-old Frank home to batch with his father until they could go to St. Louis, too, for the return trip. Mr. Gartland, no man for vacations, was loath to leave for even a few days his job as superintendent of the gas company.

With breakfast and Kate's uneasiness brushed aside, the family, in Sunday best, walked the twenty blocks to Mass at St. Dominic's. After church, a festive mood took hold of the Gartlands. Suddenly the day, after its hesitant start, seemed to rush headlong into the 5 p.m. traintime. By mid-afternoon, with trunks, satchels and a basket of lunch, the Gartlands left the big, nine-room house on West 38th Street to board the streetcar.

Little Ralph, his navy and white sailor outfit topped by a jaunty white sailor hat, toddled along. As he walked over the wooden bridge crossing a narrow irrigation ditch he stumbled into the water, getting both feet wet.

Young Frank Gartland was to remember for the rest of his life what his mother said as she scooped up the baby, "If we take him back home now to change his clothes we'll miss the train."

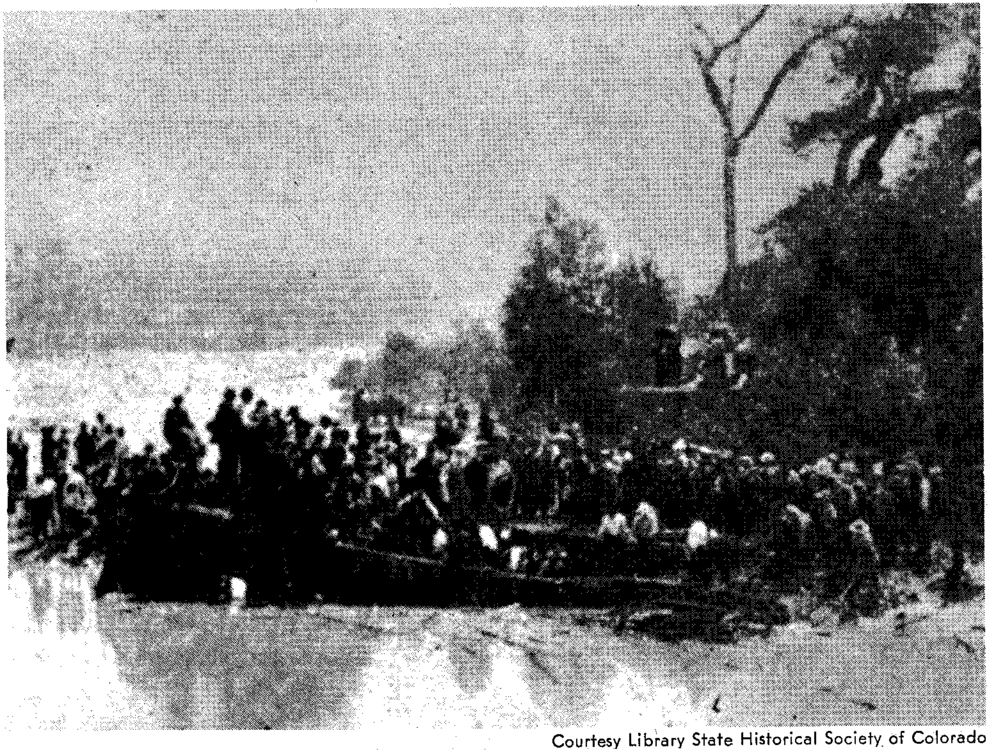
THE STREETCAR swayed its way to Union Station which was crowded with the usual Sunday night mob—people from the weekend mountain excursions, many of them waiting to board the Missouri Pacific's World's Fair Flyer. Special excursion cars were filled with Colorado Springs and Pueblo people homeward bound from a holiday. Because of the cheaper rate, the Gartlands were going as far as Pueblo by coach, switching there to a Pullman on the Flyer.

None of the children had ever been on a train. Ed Gartland, with Frank's help, settled the family in their seats and returned to the platform to converse through the coach's open windows. Edward asked his older brother to run up ahead and report the engine's number to him. The engine, newly built and the pride of the Missouri Pacific bore "Number 1009," assigned only to a crack train.

"Is that an unlucky number?" asked Edward.

"None of that stuff," his father said gruffly and, with that, the whistle blew, the "All aboard!" sounded, kisses were thrown, goodbyes called, and the train moved out of the station toward the first lap of its long trip.

The Gartlands, father and son, took the streetcar home, walking the last few blocks in the cool twilight. Already they were a bit lonely. Looking south toward Pikes Peak they could see the big roll of thunderclouds piling up across the Front Range, the clouds which, unbeknownst to the Gartlands or anyone else, would send torrents of water to engulf the packed chair car and smoker of the



Courtesy Library State Historical Society of Colorado

Crowd surrounds the train's car on its side in the river. The rushing water carried bodies as far as nine miles below Pueblo.

fabulous World's Fair Flyer.

The trip, except for crowded conditions which served only to add to the carnival atmosphere, was uneventful through Colorado Springs. But crews had been warned of storms ahead and were watchful. As one reporter in this florid period wrote, it was that "fiend of the foothills," the flash flood, which was to be their undoing.

As the train wound southward through the rainy night out of Colorado Springs, water from small sprinkles, heavy rains and mighty cloudbursts was gathering for its onslaught against the dry arroyos which fed into the Fountain River ten miles north of Pueblo near the Eden station.

To the engineers the Dry Creek bridge, a ninety-six-foot span on three piers over a dry gulch fifteen feet deep, looked all right. Actually the bridge was hanging on nothing, so weakened had it been by the battering of the nearby highway bridge which had washed downstream. The time was 8:12 p.m.

Melville W. Sales, a porter on the Pullman car Wynta, later told a Denver *Post* reporter his story.

"We left Colorado Springs about fifteen minutes later and the engineer ran pretty fast until he struck what is known as a 'soft track' and he slowed up some. When rain got really heavy he reduced speed more—to about fifteen miles an hour.

"I was sitting in the front section of my car," he continued. "The smoking compartment was forward . . . the emergency brake was in the small hallway leading to this. All at once I felt a terrific lurch. I rushed to the emergency brake and grasping the cord, I threw all my weight against it and held it until my car had come to a stop. I then ran to the hand brake at the rear and there saw W. Vance, the porter of the St. Louis sleeper, setting his brake. . . . The front wheels of the forward truck of my car were resting on two of the piles which had formerly supported the bridge."

MEANWHILE, up ahead, Fireman D. A. Mayfield related that he was coaling up when he felt a jerk. The next thing he remembered was struggling in the stream and managing to crawl up the bank because the engine, in falling, had listed to the right.

The roar of the water, the hissing of the escaping steam, and the shrieks of the dying passengers drifting away terrorized him. He found himself calling, "Harry! Harry!" for Henry Hinman who was known as one of the finest engineers on the road. He suspected, rightly, that Hinman was dead. He ran in panic to the Eden station and gave his garbled story to the agent there who sent the first news of the wreck to Pueblo.

At the scene, the Pullman loomed impersonally on the north bank above a mass of indescribable death and destruction. More than half the train had fallen into the chasm. With no warning, passengers were upended into the roiling, terrifying wall of water cutting down the Dry Creek Arroyo with brutal directness into Fountain River. The rushing waters were already carrying bodies as far away as the Arkansas River where by noon the next day twelve were found nine miles below Pueblo.

By the time the storm had cleared and rescue teams could be recruited, debris was scattered for miles. The engine was found at the scene of the wreck. Downstream a quarter of a mile, on end and minus trucks, was the chair car in which nearly everyone died. The smoking car, half-covered by sand and with its roof torn apart, was found fifty yards below the chair car, bottom side up. Another 200 yards farther down, and badly splintered, was part of the baggage car. The rest of it was found two and a half miles away. The engine tender was buried in sand some distance below the first section of the baggage car.

In this mess, of the 150 passengers, 97 died—more than 50 from Pueblo alone and 12 from Denver. At the time it was described as the worst train disaster in this country's history and today ranks a close third.

Pueblo was stunned. The Pueblo *Chieftain* called it the greatest single blow yet to fall on the city. Disbelief was the first reaction until the wagons and drays began to creak into town with their macabre burdens. Stores did not open on Monday, some because their owners had perished, others out of respect.

One Puebloan and one of the few to survive in the chair car, W. T. Henry, only remembered being by a window and feeling the car unaccountably sinking. Later found to have a concussion, he was washed out of the car, hurled downstream and tossed up on a bank. In semi-delirium, he wandered across the prairie into Pueblo and somehow to his hotel room. There, he was found and taken to the hospital where he recovered from his injuries but suffered for the rest of his life from a morbid fear of water.

FAMILIES and friends came from all over the state to the accident scene. Among them were Ed and Frank Gartland. Sunday night had been lonely but uneventful for the Gartland men. Early Monday morning, Ed and his son walked into the gas plant and spoke to the night foreman, James Horan. Horan looked up in surprise.

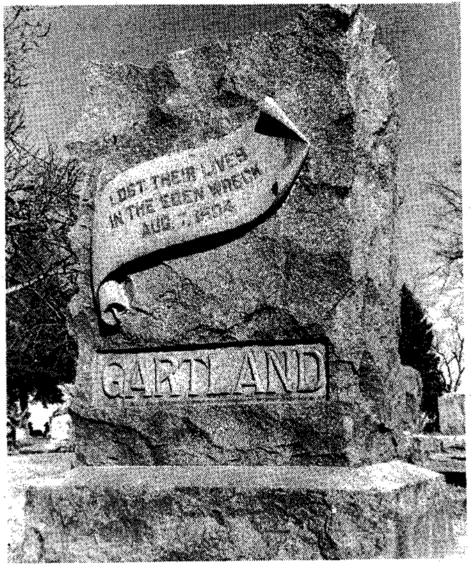
"What time did your folks leave last night?" Horan asked.

Gartland sensed some undercurrent of

(Continued on page 34)

Headstone in Mt. Olivet Cemetery, Denver, Colorado.

Courtesy Bob Schnelling



The Death of Chief Buffalo Horn

(*Continued from page 25*)

shooting started. We saw an occasional puff of smoke burst among the circling Indians, so we knew they had a few guns, but most of them were armed only with bows and arrows.

"BRAVEST of all the Indian warriors was Buffalo Horn. He was a good-looking Indian and didn't seem to be very old. He rode so close we could hear him cuss and swear at us. Some of the men said he had learned to swear while he was a scout against the Nez Percé the year before. Believe me, he could swear like a parrot. He dared us to come out and fight him man-to-man. We were riled up by the cussing we were getting but we couldn't help admiring his nerve.

"Finally Mr. Foster shouted, 'I'll give $250 in gold to anyone who can bring that s—o—b down!' The next time Buffalo Horn swerved in, thumbing his nose at us and swearing, quite a few shots were taken at him, but all were quite wide misses.

"Somehow I got to noticing the buckaroo with the Sharps; he was monkeying with the sights of his gun. The next time the chief split off from the circle he really rode in close. This man with the Sharps fired and I saw a puff of dust burst under the belly of Buffalo Horn's horse. The buckaroo went back to monkeying with his sights as the Indian rode fast for the circle.

"Again Buffalo Horn swooped in and again our man missed—but he made just a slight adjustment with his gunsight then and was ready for the Bannock chief when he charged us again. I watched the man with the rifle draw a careful aim. At the crack of his gun Chief Buffalo Horn fell from his horse. Almost at once a couple of Indian warriors charged in full speed and grabbed Buffalo Horn's body by the belt and carried him off.

"Soon after this the yelling died down and the Indians left. We cautiously returned to the ranch, where we had left 300 head of cattle corralled. When we got there all of the cattle were dead, shot by arrows and bullets. It was a terrible sight for a cowman to see.

"A year or two later, another rider and I discovered a cave not far from the spot we had taken our stand against Buffalo Horn. We dismounted and looked around. Just inside the entrance lay the remains of an Indian. I would guess at least three bushels of loose beads were poured over the Indian's remains. I am positive this was the grave of Buffalo Horn, and I believe that the shot that brought down the chief had something to do with ending the Pah-ute and Bannock War.

"Even after Buffalo Horn was killed, the fear of Indians was still upon us and there were some small parties of raiding warriors riding in the country. One night we had bedded down in a fairly safe place, so we thought, and with the bridle reins fastened to our hands, hunkered down to sleep in the sagebrush. After a while, one of the boys jumped up and said, 'Boys, I hear Indian horses. Listen!'

"Although none of the rest of us heard anything the boys decided to move. After saddling up and mounting, we left and came to a quite safe location to bed down again, although warily.

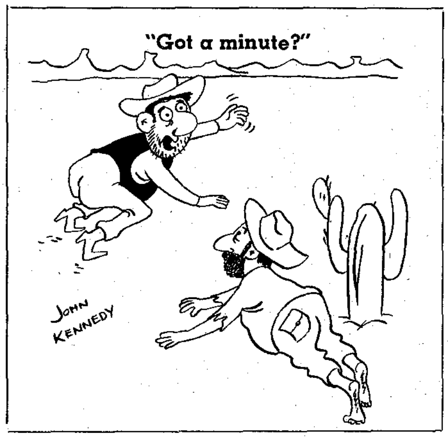
"'What was it you heard, Billie?' one of the riders asked.

"'Why it was a drumming sound, just like the sound of an Indian pony galloping.'

"'Aw shucks,' the questioner laughed, 'that was me drumming with my fingers on the cantle of my saddle.'

"'We ought to knock you in the head!' one of the boys said, disgruntled at having to move.

"However, the next day, having put in a safe night and returning to the flats to ride, some of our buckaroos cut the fresh trail of a raiding party of Indians. Believe me, we were sure glad that man drummed on his saddle that night, as the Indians had ridden right across our first bedground!"



"Fiend of the Foothills"

(*Continued from page 33*)

tension and responded to an otherwise normal question with, "What made you ask that?"

"I hate to be the one to tell you, Ed," Horan replied, "but I think that train was wrecked down at Eden last night."

Dazed, Gartland went into the office to call the railroad but could learn only that there had been a wreck—no particulars. He did learn that a special car was being made up which would take people down near the Eden station. Father and son made the long ride down, becoming more certain as they rode that the news at the end of the trip would not be good.

The special train pulled up just behind the stranded Pullman and its apprehensive passengers spilled out. They were unprepared for the horror. No water was left in the arroyo—just puddles and the shambles of what had been a train. A gunshot sounded violently. A member of the militia had shot a man. Why? The man had bitten off a woman's finger for her rings.

The father and the fourteen-year-old boy watched the rescuers pull bodies from the sand and mud. "Guess you know everybody in that chair car died?" None of the bodies was familiar.

Ed Gartland's inertia began to leave him. He rented a surrey to drive himself and Frank into Pueblo where they were told all the funeral homes were improvised morgues. The prairie dust had risen again from the mud and had settled on their clothes and faces.

In Pueblo they looked at bodies for the rest of the day. First they found Kate, sturdy Kate, identified by the chamois bag holding her money, her diamond earrings, and her engagement ring—all pinned inside her clothing. A couple of blocks away in another mortuary they found Edward, an expert in the water, who had already received recognition by sports writers in Denver for his swimming and baseball prowess. His arms were around his little sister Lillian and his face and hand were cut. Had he broken a window trying to rescue her?

Walter, the chubby, quiet one—the one whose hated chore it had been to keep the base burner filled—was never found. Ten days later and sixteen miles down the river, the body of baby Ralph was recovered.

Ed and Frank Gartland gathered together mother and children and kept watch that Monday night, bringing them home the next day by train.

Women crowded the empty house on West 38th Street, and they sobbed and said, "Wasn't it terrible?" One woman came to Ed Gartland, held his hand, and wept as she said, "I just don't see how you can stand it." Ed Gartland ordered her out of the house. Young Frank never felt very young again. When the sodden trunks came home, his father went through them piece by piece and burned the contents himself. To him the case was closed long before the endless hearings and coroner's inquests which followed the wreck.

Some people blamed the Missouri Pacific for the accident; others blamed the Denver and Rio Grande over whose tracks and over whose bridge the Flyer ran; some people blamed nature and that "fiend of the foothills."

There are old-timers down in the Eden area who say that during periodic flash floods on Dry Creek pieces of debris come to the surface. Now and then someone will tell you the engine sank in the quicksand and is still there. The engine, whose Number 1009 little Edward Gartland requested, actually was hauled out of the sand later in 1904, refurbished, renumbered "758" in 1908, and ran efficiently until it was scrapped in 1936.

The big, flat, yellow arroyo at Eden is as ugly today as then, but not frightening. And the road crew in the houses nearest the old Eden station are friendly, but they never, never heard of the terrible train wreck of 1904.

One day I spent several hours with elderly Frank Gartland, the only surviving child. He talked at length about the tragedy and seemed excited to think anyone still cared. As for himself—he had spent a lifetime remembering the night that Eden became Hell.

Reputations can be made—or lost—in a fleeting moment. Joe Phy's grew from spending

FOUR HOURS IN HELL

By HOMER WILKES

Photo Courtesy Bernice Martin

Mules and freight wagons similar to the ones Joe Phy defended.

JOE PHY became famous throughout Arizona Territory for the time he outfought the Indians and saved his cargo. Joe had no intention of doing anything unusual that day. He merely was performing the normal tasks of a teamster.

The twenty-year-old, clean-shaven youth appeared younger than he was. His hair was brown. He had hooded, blue eyes, and a broad, hooked nose. Joe approached fame casually on the back of the near wheeler of a ten-mule team. In his left hand he held a jerk line. A brake rope was tied to his saddle horn. Clad in ordinary work clothes, he carried a Colt high on his right hip.

Behind the teamster was a four-inch tire Studebaker wagon. The second wagon was a three-inch Studebaker, and the trail wagon was a light weight Shutler. On the spring seat of the trail wagon sat "Mac" McNulty, the swamper.

A military escort consisting of a sergeant and twelve troopers from K Company, First New Mexico Volunteer Cavalry, rode along in proper positions for security of the wagons. However, since the only vegetation large enough to conceal Indians was sparsely located mesquite trees, there seemed to be no need for intense vigilance. Each trooper gazed at whatever struck his fancy, while his thoughts wandered from the rigors of escort duty to more pleasant ways of passing time.

The men had hauled 8,000 pounds of freight from La Paz, on the Colorado, and were on the last day of the trip to Prescott, Arizona Territory. The date was October, 1865; time, eight o'clock in the morning.

The rig was approaching Woolsey's Hill on the east side of Skull Valley. Teams, wagons, and escort moved slowly, peacefully, across the valley. The wagon wheels made deep clunking noises; the fronts of the wagon beds swayed from side to side, bolsters touching the front axles at the end of each oscillation.

Mac sat on the right side of the trail wagon seat silently smoking his pipe. His head made no perceptible movement, yet his hips moved laterally with the motion of the wagon. The scene was so tranquil that the cavalry escort seemed out of place.

Joe halted his mules at the foot of the grade. Looking about, he noticed with annoyance that all the escort had dismounted. It certainly was an unlikely place for Indian attack, yet the cavalrymen's languid indifference made Joe uneasy.

Ten minutes later Joe moved his left hand up and down causing the jerk line to tug gently at the leader's bits, and said, "Eyaup!" The rig started up Woolsey's Hill.

After six strenuous hauls, and five rest stops, the outfit topped out and the youth halted his teams for a well deserved rest. The mules shook heads, blew noses, and switched tails while their flanks heaved rapidly.

WHILE resting his mules, Joe looked at the off pointer mule's hames. Even as he idly gazed at the hames, an arrow passed from left to right just clearing the backs of the pointers. Several shots were fired from the mesquites north of the wagons.

Joe vaulted from his saddle and ran forward on the near sides of his mules to the leaders and grabbed their bits.

Next Joe's attention was attracted to the rear guard. It passed at a dead run heading east. He looked for the rest of the escort. They all were stampeding. There would be no fight between the escort and the Indians.

"Haw!" ordered Joe.

The mules moved quickly to the left. Joe led them in a circle until he reached the front wheel of the first wagon. He tied the leaders to it.

McNulty, when the shooting started, had grasped his rifle and leaped to the ground. He landed on his feet beside the trail wagon where he crouched ready to fire from the hip at any and all Indians. But instead of seeing a war party he saw the rear guard dash past in panic-stricken flight. Mac then ran toward Joe, who was tying the leaders to the wagon wheel.

Joe, who had unharnessed the near leader, said, "Mac, get on this mule and

(Continued on page 56)

NUGGETS

TWO-GUN TEACHER

By Olevia E. Myers

IT WAS ONLY a couple of months after statehood and new-born Oklahoma was wild and woolly. There wasn't a ten-year-old boy in the state who wasn't an old hand with a gun. Girls did pretty well, too.

I could take "Ole Betsy," Papa's twelve-gauge, double-barrelled shotgun and mow down a sack of quail mighty easy, or take my little rifle and pick off squirrels from the topmost branches without much trouble. Of course, I always had a black-and-blue shoulder and usually I braced myself against a tree or something else to keep from being knocked down, but I knew how to handle guns just as all the other kids did.

Boys were resourceful and self-sufficient, most of them doing a man's work in the fields by the time they were around fourteen. I think perhaps this is why we had so much trouble with the early-day schoolmarms.

The Indian Territory woman had her place all right, but it was in the home. Here she reigned supreme, although she did not join in her husband's conversation with other men. She was treated with the utmost respect but she must never, never try to boss menfolk. From this custom sprang the trouble with lady schoolteachers.

Our first teacher in the little one-room log school with the split-log benches was one of these young, pretty schoolmarms who had felt the call to educate the poor pioneers in Indian country. We called her Miss Mary. I'm sure Miss Mary tried, but her eastern methods were just no good for people who were beginning to feel the restraint of law and order for the first time.

Ben was a big old overgrown boy of fourteen, not overly blessed with brains, and he soon exhausted Miss Mary's patience. He simply would not, or perhaps could not, follow instructions. On this particular morning when we all trooped into the school we found the teacher had a good-sized switch on her desk. She announced in a very firm voice that the first person she caught not studying would be whipped.

Within ten minutes she caught Ben drawing pictures on his slate. Teacher marched back to her desk, got her switch and commanded Ben to stand up.

"Now teacher, if I's you-all I reckon I'd not try that," Ben drawled.

"Stand up, Ben," she said.

"Nope. I ain't takin' a lickin' offen no woman," Ben replied.

"I said stand up!" Miss Mary said in a voice trembling with rage and frustration.

"I ain't takin' no licken' offen you, Ma'am, and you-all jest better get back up thar to you-alls desk 'fore there's some trouble 'round here."

Teacher was white as chalk. But I guess she had gone too far to back out, because qu-whack-qu-whack, the switch came down across Ben's shoulders. Then, quick as anything, Ben's hand caught the switch and he threw it across the room. His face was livid with shame and he said in a thick rage, "Now I reckon I'll have to teach you to act like womenfolk."

He literally picked Miss Mary off the floor, shook her like she was a rag doll, then bent her over his knees and spanked her hard.

"Help me! Please someone help me!" she begged, but the big boys had already left the room and it didn't take the rest long to follow. My own big brother said disdainfully on our way home, "If she'd tried that on me I'd whipped her harder than Ben did."

The teacher quit and left Oklahoma.

WITHIN a short time we had a new one—a great big husky Irishman with muscles like a wrestler. He was a laughing, good-natured fellow and the boys all looked up to him because of his strength and size—all but Ben. Ben looked up to no one.

I remember one recess we had gone to the well for a drink of water before "books." Teacher was passing the old gourd dipper around to the smaller kids first. Yes, we all drank from one old gourd dipper but our teacher would caution us, "Don't put your hand on the dipper"—being real sanitary, you see.

I didn't notice what Ben did, but all of a sudden Teacher had him by the nape of the neck and none too gently shoved him toward the school, commanding him to go on in and study for the rest of recess. Ben went but he was mighty sulky about it. Teacher's coat had been pushed up while he was shoving Ben and I saw the black handle of a six-gun sticking up out of his belt. But this was nothing, all the men wore guns.

When recess was over we marched into the school to find Ben apparently hard at work, but on the blackboard was an ugly picture and the word "Teacher" under it. The teacher walked up to the blackboard as if to admire the drawing then turning, with a smile on his face, said pleasantly, "Ben, I didn't know you were an artist."

Ben just frowned and went on reading his book. Suddenly Teacher's hand darted out like a striking copperhead and he fairly lifted old Ben off the floor with one hand. He half-marched, half-pushed Ben ahead of him up the aisle to the blackboard and, taking him by the scruff of the neck and the back of the head, used Ben's nose as an eraser and wiped the picture from the blackboard.

When Ben had been marched back to the seat, Teacher dusted his hands and, still smiling, said, "You're a pretty good eraser, too, Ben."

Up to this point Teacher had been smiling and seemingly in good humor, as if all this were a childish game of some kind, but suddenly his eyes became cold and serious. In a low voice, he said. "You're not dealing with a little weak woman now, Ben."

Our school bell was an old cowbell which sat on the teacher's desk. It was solid brass, heavy, and a very dangerous weapon. Suddenly the schoolroom was too quiet. There was no scratching of pencil on slate, no whispering, no noise at all. I looked up and froze with horror. Ben was stalking the teacher! He was slithering down the aisle as silent as a cat and you could feel the hate in him. Teacher was engrossed in paper work and never realized that Ben was coming for him. Ben reached out as quiet as could be and took up the heavy school bell—and with all the strength he possessed brought it down on the teacher's head.

I think he would have died instantly

Westerners 1947 meeting at the "Trails End" home of Charlie Russell which had been bought by Homer Britzman. Note the Russell art on the walls. Seated side by side are (1) Percy Bonebrake, (2) author Walter Gann. Also present were Arthur Clark, Homer Boelter, Iron Eyes Cody, Noah Beery, Jr., Frank King and many others.

had he not, by some sixth sense, been warned and looked up just as Ben struck. The bell struck a glancing blow on the forehead and blood spurted everywhere. Teacher collapsed toward the desk and Ben ran from the school, thinking he had killed him.

Wiping blood from his eyes, Teacher staggered up from the desk and tried to run after Ben. He was wobbly and almost collapsed in the aisle but struggled up again and made it to the open door. Teacher threw back his coat and in plain sight for all to see were two wicked looking .38s.

His hands went to both guns and suddenly they were not in his belt but pointing directly at Ben as he fled down that dusty road.

In an instant Teacher was master of himself again. No longer was he torn between his urge to kill and his realization that he could not shoot a running boy in the back.

Mopping blood from his face and hands, Teacher said quietly, "I am going out to the well to wash up. I expect you all to get back to work." He went to the well, washed the blood off the best he could, while we pupils bent our heads over our studies, scared stiff by the thought that violent death had come so close to our little log school.

Ben left the country thinking he had killed the teacher and several years later I learned he had joined an "Owl Hoot" gang.

PERCY BONEBRAKE

By Walter W. Gann

WHILE it might be said that Percy Bonebrake was born to riches, he was no pampered poodle by any means. Around the turn of the century his father was rated among the wealthy men of California. It was said that by zigzagging his course, a man could ride horseback from the Mexican border to the Oregon line and spend each night on Bonebrake property. If he looked long enough and hard enough, he could count eighty thousand cattle in the Bonebrake brand during his travel.

Besides the immense land and cattle holdings, Bonebrake, Sr. was a major stockholder and president of one of the large Los Angeles banks. But Percy was not impressed by wealth. He preferred the strenuous life of a cowboy to the comforts of town living and school. And he absorbed a high degree of independence from his contacts with men who were noted for their independence.

Percy's mother died when he was quite young. His paternal grandmother kept house for him and his father. In his late teens, the boy and his father were not hitching very well, so Percy took off on his own. He saddled one horse, packed his bed and grub on another, and rode over into Arizona where he punched cows for a year.

He said crossing the desert on horseback was no problem. Before starting, he filled a few gunnysacks with feed for his horses. He took the feed to the railroad depot and waybilled it to blind-siding stations along the line. He spaced them from forty to fifty miles apart which he considered to be a fair day's travel. The local trains unloaded the feed at the designated points and it was waiting for him when he arrived. The pumping stations and water tanks along the railroad furnished sufficient water for himself and his horses.

While crossing an Indian reservation he observed ordinary precautions. After cooking and eating his supper each night, he would ride down the trail for a mile or so, then turn off for a short distance before bedding down. That was just in case his campfire might have attracted the attention of prowling red or white renegades who might like to take his horse, his grub and what money he had on his person—and perhaps his life.

(Continued next page)

AFTER a year in Arizona he returned to Los Angeles the same way he had left. He rode up to his father's bank shortly before noon and went inside. He said the janitor was the only one who acted like he was glad to see him.

It was in the days when national banks were allowed to issue their own currency by depositing a corresponding sum of government bonds with the Treasury Department. When the signatures of the bank president and cashier were affixed to the bills, they became legal tender. Percy recalled that his father was sitting at his desk signing a stack of those bank notes. He walked up and said, "Hello, Dad."

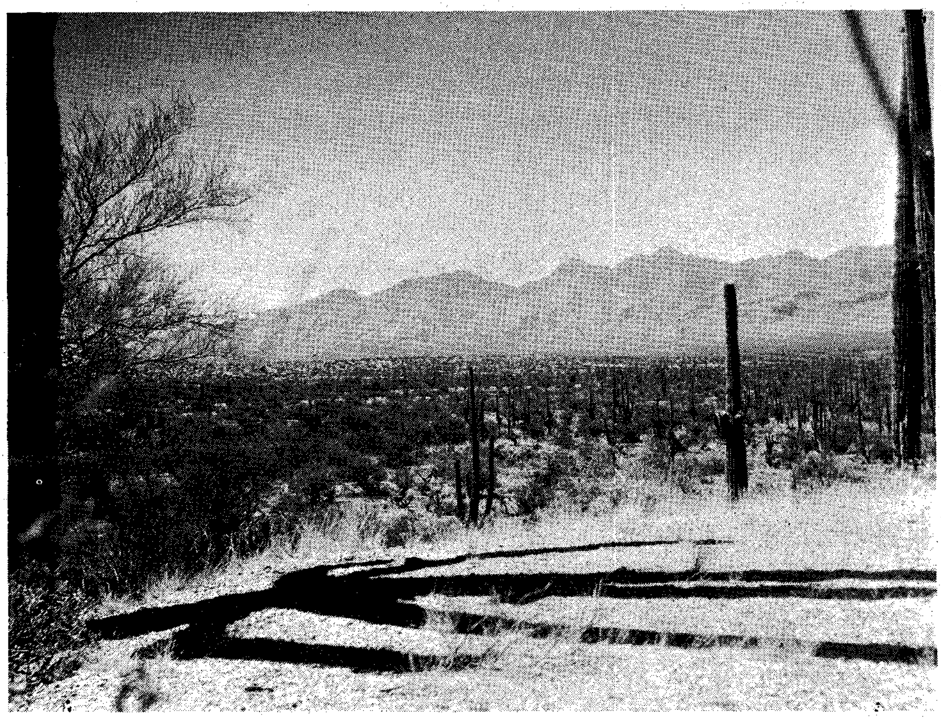
His father looked up and replied, "Oh, hello," and then resumed his work.

"How is Grandmother?" Percy asked.

"She's fine," his father answered, without looking up. That was the sum total of their conversation. Percy stood there for another minute and then walked outside.

He rode to a livery stable where he put his horses up for feed and rest. Then he hired a rig, drove home, and had lunch with his grandmother. He visited with her for an hour or so and returned to town. There, Percy saddled up again and this time he rode down to the cattle country east of San Diego along the Mexican border. He got another job punching cows. It was another year before he saw his father again.

In time they managed to reconcile their differences, and Percy became active in the cattle-end of his father's business. From 1910 through 1912, he bought a considerable number of steer cattle in Jeff Davis, Presidio and Brewster Counties in Texas, shipping them out of Alpine and Marfa to the Bonebrake feeding and finishing lots in California's Imperial Valley.

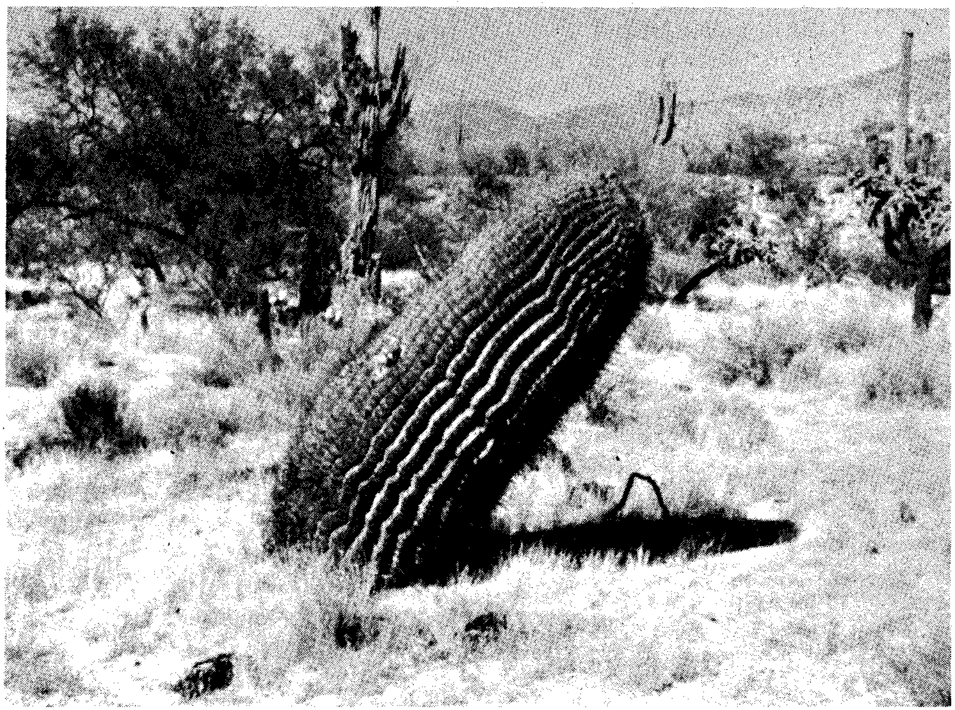


Crossing the mesquite belt and cutting through the saguaro forests in the vast Southwest was a tremendous challenge to the pioneers in the 1860s.

Like many other fortunes before and since, the Bonebrake wealth became dissipated over the years. Percy inherited very little from the huge estate which his father built up and lost. It is a shame, too. A man of Percy's experience, integrity, and cheerful outlook on life was entitled to the best of all things good.

He spent his last years at the home of his daughter in the beautiful setting of the Sierra Madre community contiguous to Los Angeles, and we would see each other at Westerners' meetings. Percy and I had a great deal in common. Besides being old cowhands, we both worked for the Union Pacific Railroad in the same department in Denver. Percy still carried his employee's pass which, of course, was thirty or more years out of date. I wish now that I had kept my first one.

The compass cactus, pointing southeast, was a welcome sight to the weary traveler lost between waterholes on the desert.



THE COMPASS CACTUS

By Arizona Bob Kubista

NOT MANY cowboys carried a compass in the 1860s and fewer still knew how to read one. There is no way of guessing at exactly what shape so fragile an instrument would be in after being jounced around for fourteen hours in the saddle every day.

Surely too, the first travelers in the early wagontrains rolling west literally "broke trail" guided only by the stars at night. But what of the daytime? The wagons moved at dawn and all the long day the blazing sun changed position hourly until it finally set at the other end of the sky. The sun was better than nothing, but not much.

In the beginning the trails were not yet worn down into ruts which could be followed blind. Scouts who were signed up for the long journey to the West Coast led the way through the sections with which they were familiar, but changes in guides were many, and mistakes were all too common. History is filled with tragic tales of stranded wagons and lost columns, of confused parties dying on the trail for lack of water or freezing to death in winter's snow. Maps were little more than rough sketches of the trail ahead, with the simplest of directions—not nearly accurate enough to stake one's life on.

The long trek was especially perilous in the Southwest where the slow-moving wagons had to make their way from one waterhole to another. It seems strange nowadays to read of men dying of thirst just a few short miles from water, it seems they could have struggled on somehow. The trouble was, they did not know exactly where they were or which way to go to reach the water. Unknown numbers of men died trying to cross the Great American Desert until they found the "compass cactus" and learned to read its directions.

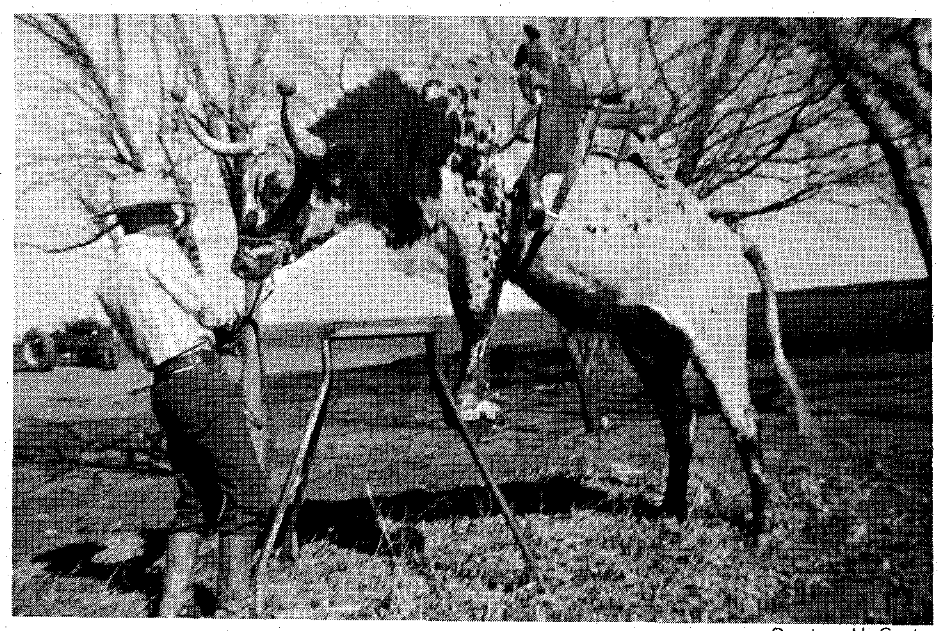
It wasn't so bad traveling in larger groups because the horses and wagons got strung out and it was possible to keep going in a general direction. For small parties and individual horsemen, their crossing and recrossing deep gullies, riding up and down dry washes trying to get out, doubling back through the creosote bush and manzanita was an easy way to get lost. It was no wonder so many families got turned around and hopelessly confused under the pressure of the blazing sun and ever-increasing thirst.

We drive today on tough-skinned rubber tires at seventy miles an hour along smooth highways and still we need to stop for a cool drink every hour or so. It is not hard to imagine the despair and panic that could arise, plodding along on metal-bound wooden wheels at no more than two miles an hour, desperately trying to reach the next spring or lake or river. The sheer fact that the immigrants had to move so very slowly increased the chances that they would lose track of even general directions. And there were no road signs to lend a hand except for one—the "compass cactus" which always leaned toward the southeast.

The barrel cactus has always been widespread in the desert and dry areas of the West. When it is small it resembles a young saguaro but as it grows to its normal height of from one to six feet it takes on a shape of its own.

There are several varieties of this useful plant but the most common type is the Coville barrel cactus. While it is not the largest, it is by no means a midget and can sometimes grow beyond six feet. It is a handsome, sturdy plant with a well-formed cylindrical shape. Its well-defined ribs, running vertically, can be as deep as five inches. The cactus is grey-green and the core may have a reddish cast; the spines are stiff and strong and, while they may be as long as three inches, they are not readily broken off. It is not a dangerous variety because the sharp spines have a slight curve.

This friend on the desert bears bright waxy flowers in yellow, pink, and orange from May through September. The flowers grow in small bunches on the whiskered top of the barrel and are followed by small yellow fruits which ripen in the winter—a great favorite of the bird and animal life which exists on the desert floor. The Papago, Pima and Chiricahua-Apache Indians have long collected the fruits to eat raw or to make into jam. Even the dried seeds can be ground and made into a cake-paste for baking.



Courtesy Ab Gunter

Bull and Bill King doing stunts.

The most unusual quality of the Coville compass cactus is its unfailing turning to the southeast on maturity. When it is small it resembles many other cacti, but as it gets larger and approaches its normal diameter of twenty inches, it begins to turn to face the morning sun. True, an occasional barrel cactus will face the wrong way, but when walking through a stand of them one will soon see that almost all are leaning in the same direction. Those growing on the windward side of a deep draw sometimes go through complex contortions to get faced about, but they try very hard to manage it. There is nothing mysterious about this, really. It is natural for the mature plant to bend its head so that the crown of flowers or fruit will get the full benefit of the early sun. During the heat of mid-day the flowers wilt and close tightly to conserve moisture. In an area where annual rainfall can vary from zero to ten inches, by being open at dawn the plant may capture some of the morning dew and be ready for the new day.

Hidden inside the tough folded skin of this remarkable cactus is a considerable amount of water (the trick is how to get it out), and the center pulp section can be made into the same cactus candy sold at tourist stops throughout the West. Early explorers are said to have whipped out their machetes and cut into the barrel cactus for the dubious pleasure of mashing the center pulp in an effort to get something to drink. It can be drunk, but it isn't water! And it isn't quite that easy to do. If one beats on a barrel cactus with an axe or machete it seems to defend itself, and won't allow itself to be broken into pieces. It is nothing like slicing a watermelon in half!

There is a considerable amount of moisture inside which tastes a little like musty, mouth-puckering, slimy coconut juice. It isn't nauseating and it can be swallowed, but I wouldn't go around buying any unless I were half dead from thirst.

The desert people had a better way of getting the water out, a method which partially distilled the liquid and made it more palatable. First they would neatly cut the cactus loose from the roots at the base, then tip it over into a hot fire. Then they would punch a few small holes in the exposed bottom where there were no spines, and catch the liquid as it percolated out. This works much faster than you might think because cactus can be as much as eighty-nine percent water. In an emergency, barrel cactus can be pulled over with a stout rope but this should not be done unnecessarily because the plants are becoming rare in areas close to urban development. In many states they are protected by law. Today it is much easier to carry a canteen!

PANHANDLE QUARTER STOCK

By Ab Gunter

BULL is a confused Texas Longhorn belonging to Bill and Frank King of Dozier, Texas. One reason Bull is confused is that he was born in Oklahoma. He acts like a horse and thinks a goat is his mother. He's worth about $1,600 and is as spoiled as a pampered dude.

Bull's mother and father were from the Wildlife Refuge near Lawton, Oklahoma, but Bull was born on the Tidwell Lost Creek Ranch, fifteen miles south of Texola. One cold winter day about ten years ago, Bill King hauled a tiny baby calf into his wife's kitchen and yelled, "Frank! come look what I brung you!"

Frank, like any home-loving wife, rushed in expecting to see some household gift. But much to her surprise, there was a calf right in the middle of her kitchen—using her clean linoleum for a bathroom! Bill and Bull went sailing out the door and had quite a time getting back in again.

Bill had always wanted a Longhorn and he and Bull took to each other right away. Bill would romp around with his

(Continued on page 62)

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward.

MATT WARNER

Bandit to Lawman (Franklin Press, $4.95) by Roscoe Sheller is the romanticized biography of Matt Warner, reformed bandit who became sheriff at Price, Utah. While developing material for his excellent book *Ben Snipes, Northwest Cattle King*, Sheller uncovered the story of Snipes' Roslyn bank robbery. The gang was headed by one Ras Lewis, fugitive from Utah, whose real name was Matt Warner. The story of the bank robbery was reduced and the information saved to form the basis for *Bandit to Lawman.* Matt Warner's transformation from bad-guy to sheriff to justice of the peace is not without precedent. Whether the change in character is brought about by a guilty conscience, fear of the law, or the influence of a woman, the reader will have to judge for himself.

MISSIONS OF BAJA

Baja: Land of Lost Missions (The Naylor Co., $4.95) by Marquis McDonald with Glenn N. Oster reports on the state of preservation of thirty-seven missions established by the Spanish to save souls in the New World. Jeep and mule are required to reach the sites where little more than a pile of rubble remains and where the mission location may receive only an annual visit by a priest. Little has changed up and down Baja since the first padres arrived. It is a paradise, largely unexplored, with treasures of game, fishing, rugged coastlines, and hospitable people. These treasures will remain until better roads make them more accessible to travelers and explorers less hardy than the authors. Sixteen photographs depict the beauty, isolation, and varying states of preservation of the missions.

WESTERN ART

Robert V. Hine's *Bartlett's West, Drawing the Mexican Boundary* (Yale University Press, $12.50) was published for the Amon Carter Museum in Fort Worth, Texas to commemorate the exhibition of the paintings and drawings by Bartlett and other members of his expedition. Bartlett's narrative was published in 1854 and has achieved the status of a classic—factual and straightforward reporting on the vegetation, geography and people of the Southwest. Bartlett was not a success as U. S. Commissioner on the survey—he was rather a failure as an administrator and he was not a politician. He was a scientist and this book provides abundant proof that he was an artist of much talent. Of the eight chapter headpieces three are by Bartlett and of the forty-eight plates about thirty are by him. And what a job he did! If you have known Bartlett as an artist only through the woodcuts in his *Personal Narrative* you are, unless unusually perceptive, unaware of his artistic abilities with pencil, pen and ink and water color. There are illustrations in this book by Henry C. Pratt and Seth Eastman and other professional artists who worked with or for Bartlett on the Survey. Bartlett's art does not suffer from comparison with that of the pros. Dr. Hine of the history faculty of the University of California at Riverside has provided a spritely text and there is an adequate index. Recommended.

The West of Alfred Jacob Miller (1837) (University of Oklahoma Press, $15.00) is a revised and enlarged edition of the book first issued by the press in 1951. It is based on the notes and water colors in the Walters Art Gallery in Baltimore and the biography of the artist is by Marvin C. Ross. There is much in this enlarged edition on the return of eighty-three Miller water colors and sketches from England to the U. S. after over a hundred years. The use of Miller's art to illustrate modern books on the West is one of the phenomena of publishing since the first edition of 1951. There is a lengthy list of the books and art exhibition catalogs with Miller illustrations in this new printing. There is also a list of the art museums where Miller's work may be seen. But as in the case of the first edition the pictures are the stars in this printing—there are 208 numbered plates in black and white (the last 8 are from the English collection mentioned above) plus a frontispiece and 8 other plates reproduced in full natural color. This is a big, handsome book and even if you own a first edition, a must for the Western art buffs.

MOUNTAIN MAN

Alexander L. Crosby's *Old Greenwood, Pathfinder of the West* (Talisman Press, $3.95) is based on the book by Charles Kelly (1936) and the revised edition of 1965 by Kelly with the help of scholarly Dale L. Morgan. This version of the Greenwood saga is for the younger readers and it seems to your reviewer that the author has done an excellent job. He captures the spirit of Greenwood's day and the writing is entertaining. To be sure Kelly and Morgan pointed the way but the author had to choose the material and the words to hold his audience. As a bonus for the Western art buffs, among the numerous illustrations mostly from photos and old prints, there is a Remington drawing on the title page (repeated on the d/w), an Alfred Jacob Miller water color on the front end sheet and a Bodmer aquatint in the text. Maps and an index enhance the book. Recommended.

RELICS!

Wishbook 1865—Relic Identification for the Year 1865 (Old Time Bottle Publishing Co., $3.75) by Lynn Blumenstein lists everything from agricultural implements to wrought iron goods. Each item is illustrated in the style of catalogs of the day. Bells, coffin handles, dram flasks, egg beaters, lamps, scissors, and coffee mills are samples of the wares included. A relic reference for searchers of the past.

RENNER ON RUSSELL

Charles Marion Russell, Greatest of All Western Artists, is the first printing of a paper presented to the Potomac Corral of The Westerners by the greatest of all Russell art experts and buffs, Old Buckaroo Frederic G. Renner, on May 25, 1966. It is No. 2 in The Great Western Series of the Corral and may be purchased directly from the Potomac Corral, P.O. Box 6006, Arlington, Virginia 22206, in wraps at $2.50 or if you hurry you may be lucky enough to get one of the limited signed hardcover edition of 250 copies at $6.00. No one living knows more about Russell than Fred Renner and you will find his paper loaded with interesting facts about his favorite artist. In addition the booklet includes a photo of Fred in his living room looking over some of his recent Russell acquisitions and showing a small part of his collection of Russell originals. In addition it includes the first published reproductions of two Russell watercolors, an illustrated Russell letter and a photo of an original Russell wax and plaster model, all from the author's collection. This is a must for all Russell fans and Western Art buffs. A bargain!

THE GREAT NORTHERN!

Charles R. Wood's *Lines West* (Superior, $12.95) is a fine pictorial history of the Great Northern Railway from 1887 to 1967. The first chapter "The Early Days" has much on James J. Hill, The Empire Builder, and his problems in building the road. The Great Northern has always been a favorite of your reviewer and its crack train "The Empire Builder" (the successor to its famed "Oriental Limited"). The scenery along the line from the eastern approach to the Rockies to Seattle is some of the most spectacular along any railroad in the country and there are some magnificent photos of it in this book. However the author is primarily a railroad buff and he presents a pictorial documentary of the locomotives and rolling stock that is hard to fault. Most of the text is directly related to the illustrations and the whole presentation turns out very well indeed. Recommended.

WESTERN WOMEN

In the days of the mountain men the only females were squaws and they were no problem. But it wasn't long until the white woman's presence in the West became a vital force. The rigors of the frontier made the sight of a woman a treat for which men braved long travel, great expense and lusty fights. White women proved their courage and physical stamina going west by covered wagon, stagecoach, horseback, handcart, or by ship—often crossing the Isthmus of Panama by mule. Many women kept dairies explaining the hardships of the trail, but most alluded to the excitement and fun mixed with the tortures. *The Gentle Tamers, Women of Old Wild West* (Bison Books, $1.95) by Dee Brown, first published in 1958, described the adventures of the fair sex in the West. Ladies of easy virtue, ladies of questionable dramatic talent but hugely popular, schoolteachers, and homemakers—all transformed the West into a civilized world for the adventuresome and often greedy men. Part of the Western role of women was the winning of voting rights—the first vote by a woman was cast in Wyoming. In proving they could endure the worst along with the men, women demanded and received the social rights previously denied them. Miss Brown's book is a vivid account of many of the famous women of the West and the roles they played. Highly recommended.

100 YEARS OF METHODISM

Methodism Moves Across North Texas (The Methodist Church, Dallas) by Walter N. Vernon is a regional history of the North Texas Conference of the Methodist Church. Methodism was first brought to Texas in 1815 by William Stevenson. The Trinity Conference (now North Texas) was organized in 1867. The following fifty years were years of expansion, and the years 1917—1967 were years of change. The doctrinal debates, social changes, and organizational arrangements of the church are traced in detail. Extensive research references are footnoted for each chapter and an appendix and index make the book easy to use. Numerous pictures and maps depict the main characters, events and places. Dr. Vernon's book is a monumental work for the area covered and will no doubt serve as a guide for other regional church histories.

GOLD IN THE BLACK HILLS

David Aken's *Pioneers of the Black Hills or Gordon's Stockade Party of 1874* (Frontier, $5.00) is a facsimile reprint of the very scarce first issue, probably issued at Milwaukee in 1920. Aken was one of the twenty-eight members of the Gordon gold-seeking expedition of 1874 to the Black Hills made in defiance of government orders. General Custer found gold in the Hills in the spring of 1874 and, of course, the rush was on despite the closing of the Hills to miners and others by General Sheridan—it was Sioux land by treaty and closed to white settlement. This is an entertaining and often humorous account of the expedition. Aken, whose father was a California '49er, states in his brief preface that he kept notes while on the expedition but does not say why he waited so long to publish the account. There is a group photo of ten members of the party made after their return and the book is further illustrated with a number of crudely drawn cartoons.

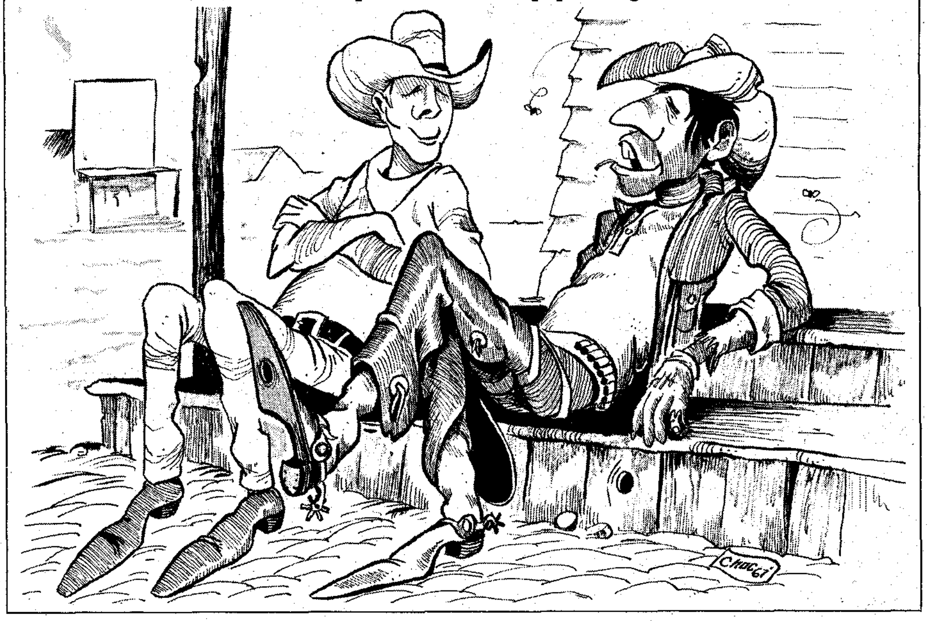
GREAT REFERENCES

The University of Texas Press has recently issued two large reference volumes of much potential value to future historians and research workers. In February, *The University of Texas Archives, A Guide to the Historical Manuscripts Collections in the University of Texas Library* ($25.00) was released. It was compiled and edited by Dr. Charles V. Kielman, University archivist and there is a preface by historian Dora Dieterich Bonham. There are 2,430 entries, an appendix showing the fields of activity and an index covering pages 421 through 594. It is easy to use. The second, with the title *Bounty and Donation Land Grants of Texas, 1835-1888* ($25.00) was issued in March. It was compiled by Dr. Thomas L. Miller of the history faculty at Texas A&M University from the General Land Office Records. Historian Ralph W. Steen wrote a brief foreword for this huge compilation. Appendices, a glossary and an index add to the value of the alphabetically arranged lists of persons who received Bounty Land Grants or Donation Land Grants or both. The service rendered and the location of the grant follows the name of the person receiving it. More than 9,000 persons received grants totaling more than six million acres of Texas land.

AN AMERICAN SUCCESS STORY

Clifford Merrill Drury's *Rudolph James Wig, Devoted Servant of Education and Religion* (The Arthur H. Clark Co., $6.50) is a big handsome biography of an American businessman. Wig was the son of a Hungarian immigrant who wisely chose to legally change his name from Gyurkotzy to Wig. Rudolph grew up in Chicago and married a Chicago girl, the daughter of a doctor. Mrs. Wig kept a diary during their courting days and Dr. Drury has wisely utilized parts of it in giving the reader a word picture of Wig in his high school and college periods. After Wig graduated from Lewis Institute (now a part of the Illinois Institute of Technology) he went to work for the U. S. Geological Survey, transferring later to the Bureau of Mines and finally to the Bureau of Standards. During these years he was primarily concerned with research on cement and concrete. During World War I he pioneered the construction of concrete ships using celite (diatomite) to reduce the weight for the U. S. Shipping Board and after the war Wig became vice president of the Celite Company in California and continued with it until it was bought by Johns-Manville in 1928. He also made a go of two Southern California orange groves, was a distinguished Presbyterian layman and a trustee of Pomona College, and served as treasurer of Goodwill Industries of Los Angeles for many years. Wig died at eighty-five, just a week before this book was due to be released. There is a bibliography of his technical writings, an index and some very good family photos. Dr. Drury was able to check many of the details of the manuscript with Wig and this book will stand as a memorial to the son of an immigrant who became an American success story.

"And then she says to me, 'Cowboy, you've got class!'"



Last Run of the Lucy Walker

(Continued from page 21)

broad Mississippi and turned northward, she started fighting the current and her crew piled wood into the furnace. Vann's personal valet, who was called Persimmon or "Percy" for short, was kept on the run serving drinks to the thirsty passengers. Nothing impaired the serenity of the paddlewheeler's maiden trip except the growing friction between Joe Vann and Captain Hadderman. Vann became more and more prone to give whiskey-talk orders to the captain and warned Hadderman to steer this way or that.

At Cairo the merchants disembarked, along with their kegs of silver coin. Taking on more wood, the *Lucy Walker* was soon driving up the Ohio on the last leg of her upstream voyage.

While she was tied up at Louisville and her cargo was being unloaded, Joseph Vann and his friends left the boat to attend some horse races. During the afternoon the Cherokee renewed old acquaintances and formed new ones. He told the story of his fast mare and his fast boat to all who would listen.

WITHIN a few days the *Lucy Walker* was ready for her return voyage to Webbers Falls, far to the west and deep in the Cherokee Indian Nation. She was loaded with coffee, gunpowder, calicos and linens.

Just before sailing time the first blow was delivered to an otherwise perfect trip. The captain curtly announced to Vann, "Sir, I do not wish to remain in your employ as captain, so please look for another."

Vann sputtered helplessly and stared at Hadderman.

The captain continued stiffly, "I do not wish to continue on a boat where a super-captain is giving orders."

With that, Hadderman turned on his heel and walked off the boat, followed by his personal valet who was carrying his baggage.

For a few minutes Vann stood on the deck, gripping the rail as he stared into the water. Then reaching a decision, he announced to all, "I am going to take charge of this boat myself. I will be your new captain."

As the deckhands braced their strong bodies to turn the capstan bars, Vann kept a wary eye on the proceedings. Soon the *Lucy Walker* was in the channel and running free.

There was a drink in the "Captain's" hand as he noticed another boat backing out a few hundred yards downstream. It was then that someone yelled, "Beat her, Joe! Beat her to New Orleans! Show them who has the fastest boat on the river!"

Moving swiftly, the *Lucy Walker* soon came close enough to the other boat that her name could be read. It was the *Firefly*. Soon Vann was using all of the steam his boilers could produce, but his boat was gaining too slowly on the *Firefly* to suit him.

Yelling down to the engine gang, Vann yelled for more steam. Nebuchadnezzar, the engineer, replied, "She's hittin' the peg, boss."

"Throw some of that salt pork in the fire," ordered Vann. "Get me some steam!"

A dozen barrels of salted fat-back stood on the deck. One of these was soon opened and consigned to the flames.

On the open river the *Lucy Walker* slowly passed the *Firefly*, but the race was far from over. The former had to make a stop at New Albany, on the Indiana shore, where a small amount of cargo and a half dozen passengers were unloaded. By the time the *Lucy Walker* had cleared New Albany, the *Firefly* was racing past.

As Vann's boat hit the main channel, the *Firefly* gave the raucous blast on her whistle which was recognized on all rivers as being very much akin to the old thumb-to-nose sign.

Gulping a whiskey straight, Vann strode to the boiler room. "Damn you, Nebby," he stormed, "I told you to give me some steam!"

The engineer's skin was ashy as he protested, "Hit's on the peg now. One mo' pound and that b'iler will go."

Vann's face was filled with rage. Jerking a pistol from his pocket, he thrust it in Nebby's face.

In desperation the engineer jerked open the firebox door. Shielding his face with his arm he flung more sowbelly into the fire. As the oily flames from the meat lit up the deck, the engineer made a run for the rail.

His dive was not a graceful dive, but rather it was born of a frantic attempt at survival, for even as he cleared the rail, the boiler blew up. There was the thunder of the explosion and the flames; there was the pall of smoke and the screams of the dying; in a few seconds there was the sound of falling debris. The *Lucy Walker* had vanished. Every soul on board had also disappeared. Only Engineer Nebuchadnezzar, deep in the water, was saved.

Several of the bodies were found a short time later, but the body of Rich Joe Vann was not among them. The river had claimed the flamboyant Cherokee.

The Yegg

(Continued from page 18)

times we'd pack and ship if we had a special order for some silk or something of that sort.

He used to raise the devil with me when I'd throw away my end buying drinks in a saloon. "Son," he'd say, "you'd be a damn sight better off just to open the door and holler to the bartender, 'Here she comes,' and throw your money on the floor and go back to the jungles or the hotel and go to sleep."

Of course he was right but I never paid him no mind. He was a mysterious old guy. He had a wife somewhere but no yegg ever learned his name or where he lived.

Once, in Wyoming, a fellow we used to peddle swag to wanted us to kill his wife. He'd got stuck on the woman that ran the millinery shop. Guess he thought we wouldn't mind killing somebody if we were paid for it.

Old Pappy wanted us to get a down payment and then skip out but I wouldn't hold still for it. I went to the guy and cuffed him around and knocked him down and told him if anything happened to his wife—even an accident—I'd come back and I'd come back mad. I threw a scare into him and nothing ever happened to his woman.

THERE WAS a big fat boozy we called "Perfesser." He looked like a big toad. He'd travel around and peddle slum—that's brass jewelry—and beg. But he was a locator. He'd locate marks and case them and get everything lined up and studied out. Then he'd turn it over to a mob and get ten percent for the point-out. He was tops at finding marks and casing them to the last copper cent.

Well, one time he found a real good mark and he wanted me to take him along. I wasn't too hot to go with him because he hadn't had any experience. I wanted to include a guy we called "Chi Bill the Monk" but the old toad was greedy and said we could take it alone and only have to cut the money two ways.

We got inside all right but it was a hard-boiled box and I needed some help so I called him from outside. I wouldn't have done it but a big storm was blowing up and I figured all the natives would be under the quilts and we wouldn't have any trouble.

But somehow somebody got wise. I had it all loaded when somebody hollered, "Come on out with your hands up! We know you're in there!"

The Perfesser hadn't faced anything like that before but he was right as a golden guinea. He didn't panic. He stood there while I went ahead and touched her off. She "whoomped" and the door came clean off. I scooped up the cabbage and stuffed it in my shirt.

Then I took the Perfesser's pistol and I made him hold a swivel chair in front of him and run right through the big plateglass window a-hollering and screaming.

I wasn't a step behind him, blasting the air with both rods. I let blatter with one and then the other, a-screaming like a Comanche. Those Hoosiers, all armed with shotguns and pitchforks, scattered like a school of fish.

The Perfesser and I hightailed it west about a half-mile. We could look back and see the town light up and we knew there'd be a hot chase as soon as those natives got their heads cut in and somebody with authority organized them.

We circled around to the east side of town, where we had a swift and a buggy tied in the cemetery. The old Perfesser was gasping like a carp. We loaded the buggy and took off into the storm with a bundle of cash as big as a hat.

The storm got worse. It was so cold the snowflakes turned into little pellets of ice. It must have been way below zero. We pushed the horse as fast as she would go and headed for the nearest railroad. We had to go over fences and across fields and pretty soon we lost our sense of direction. The Perfesser said the railroad was one way and I thought it was the other. We didn't dare stop at a farmhouse for directions because the telephones would have been ringing and everybody keeping an eye out for us.

The Perfesser kept laying the whip to the old nag and I could see she was beginning to falter. When I told him to slow up he nearly went crazy. He wanted to run the mare until she collapsed, then take out on foot but I wouldn't stand for it. When I saw she was getting shaky, I called a halt and got out and unhitched her and tied an old blanket to her and let her drift with the storm.

We slogged through drifts and at times we nearly lost each other. Finally we came to a nolly—a knowledge box, a school house. We got inside and got a fire roaring. Pretty soon it began to break light a little and I noticed a trapdoor in the ceiling.

I boosted the fat old Perfesser up by pulling the teacher's desk over and putting a chair on top of it. Then I straightened the desk back and got a high stool out of the cloak room and tied a piece of string to it. I climbed up and pulled the stool up after me.

The attic wasn't floored. Just rafters and, between them, lath and plaster. The wind was a-howling through places where there weren't any shingles. By the by we heard somebody come and pretty soon we could hear kids down below. They didn't stay but half an hour or so, until the teacher sent them home on account of the storm.

When it was quiet, the Perfesser took off the trapdoor and dropped to the floor and I dropped down beside him. Then we both froze and just stood still. There was the teacher sitting right at her desk!

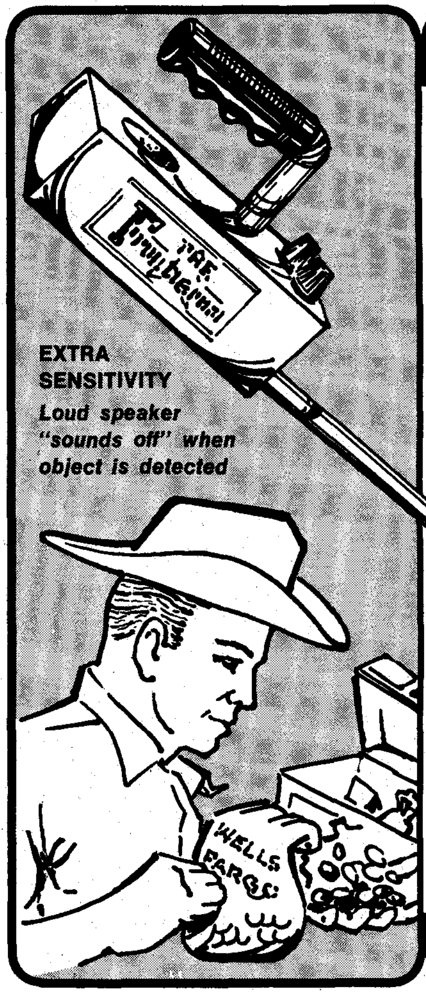
She was older than me but I'd judge not so old as the Perfesser—maybe thirty-five or so. She had some grey in her hair. Nobody said a word. We just stared. Finally she spoke.

"I knew you were up there. There was a general ring over the line and when I got here and found the fire roaring and saw wet spots where you had tracked in snow, I was sure it was the two of you. I've got a fast team and a two-seated sleigh in the shed out back. You—the old one—you hitch up."

The Perfesser went out and hitched up without speaking a word. I just went to the window and watched until he drove the team around front. Then we all climbed in and headed down the road. We were bundled up to the ears and the wind was howling so nobody said a word all the way.

Inside thirty minutes we could see a depot; the train was just pulling in. We jumped out and caught her on the fly—me and the Perfesser. That was one time we paid train fare.

When we got unwound we talked it over. The Perfesser said he thought maybe she had a brother or father in stir. I had no idea why she did it, and can't figure it out to this day.



EXTRA SENSITIVITY
Loud speaker "sounds off" when object is detected

TREASURES
FROM THE PAST
Can Be Yours With a New
RELCO DETECTOR!

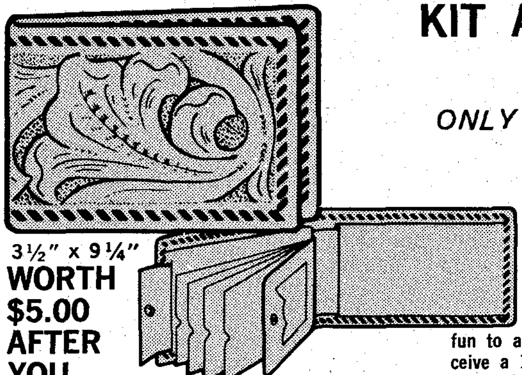
★ Detect buried, gold, silver, coins, treasures.
★ Find placer deposits, veins, nuggets, mineral deposits.
★ All-transistor circuit for extra sensitivity, low operating costs.
★ Distinguishes between gold bearing magnetite and certain minerals and metals, such as silver, iron, copper, etc.
★ Excellent for use along beaches, searching ghost towns or old ruins, etc. Underwater adapter available.
★ Broad detection field. Finds treasures other detectors miss.
★ Determine approximate size and depth of object without complicated switches or dials.
★ Guaranteed two full years.

Relco detectors are favorites with professional treasure hunters, prospectors and collectors everywhere. Order directly from our factory and save.

Amazingly LOW PRICED Just $19.95 to $129.50

FREE!
Write for free catalog and treasure hunting tips.

RELCO DEPT. N-91 BOX 10563
HOUSTON, TEXAS 77018



Let's Do LEATHERCRAFT!
HERE'S A GENUINE LEATHER BILLFOLD KIT AS A STARTER

ONLY 50¢ with coupon below

3½" x 9¼"
WORTH $5.00 AFTER YOU ASSEMBLE AND LACE!

Get all the features of expensive billfolds . . . hidden money pocket, four-unit card case and two side pockets. Handsome design already embossed. Kit complete. Easy 'n fun to assemble and lace. You'll also receive a 112-page Leathercraft catalog and easy-to-follow instructional manual. Order yours today!

ONLY 50¢ IF YOU ACT NOW!

Tandy LEATHER COMPANY
A TANDY CORPORATION COMPANY
1001 Foch, Dept. EN, Fort Worth, Texas, 76107

Yes, send me your embossed billfold kit and 112-page catalog. I'm sending 50¢ as full payment. (Limit one per family.)

NAME______________________________
ADDRESS____________________________
CITY____________STATE________ZIP______

ONLY 50¢ IF YOU ACT NOW!

TRAILS GROWN DIM

If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

Harry McDonely

In 1926, Harry McDonely, a very dear friend of my children, and I were in Lead, South Dakota. I have been trying to locate him for quite a while to give him news of the family, my daughter especially.—Mrs. Violet V. Yoder Lakota, Box 265, Newell, South Dakota 57760

Dalton Andrew Martin

My father's name was Dalton Andrew Martin, and he would be about fifty had he lived. He came from Tennessee and had two brothers, Joseph and David, and I believe a sister named Annie. I'm not sure about other members of his family. My father and his father were blacksmiths.

My father spoke of an old feud in Tennessee between the Martins and the Ballards, but he never elaborated. My father's mother was Irish, and his father was a Scot.

I believe they originally came from Vester, Ireland, many years ago during the big migrations and settled in Tennessee. There is a town in that state named Martin. Anyone having any information, please write.—Eva Martin Moutray. 823 W. 4th Street, Freeport, Texas 77541

Adopted Brothers

I would like to hear from some of my adopted brothers of long ago. I was adopted three times between 1898 and 1905. First I was adopted by W. M. Bingham at Bowdle, South Dakota. Two other boys also adopted by him were Albert and Gunther Rassmutton from Chicago. My second adoption was to R. A. Watson of the same locality. He also had one boy adopted from Chicago streets when a boy. His name was just "Joe," his real name not being known. The third family I was adopted by was the R. A. Colemans of Woonsocket, South Dakota. Coleman had a boy of his own named Ira. He would be the youngest one of all and should remember me. I ran away from their place when I was 15 years old and never heard from any of these people after that time. I would like to hear from any of these people, if possible.—F. M. Peters, 4323 N. E. 90th, Portland, Oregon

Gaynell and Jack Hubbard

I would like information on the whereabouts of Gaynell and Jack Roosevelt Hubbard, last heard of in the late 1940s. He was in Lincoln, Nebraska, no word since. Was known once to be in Enid, Oklahoma. Any information received will be welcome. May go under the name of Jack. He is my former husband's brother and would be in his 60s if living.—Mrs. C. E. Workman, Box 154, Fairfax, Oklahoma 74637

Johnson

My great-grandfather, Charles Buchanan Johnson, born August 30, 1857 was a violin player by profession. Lived for many years in Missouri. Married Sarah Elizabeth Lackey and had nine children. He left my great-grandmother in 1892 and was not seen or heard from again. My grandmother, Bessie Wahlater, heard that a violin player who looked like Charles Buchanan Johnson was seen in Arizona in the early 1900s but she was unable to find him. I will appreciate any information.—Ronald E. Bromley, 1748 Newport Avenue, Grover City, California 93433.

Emma Newland

My great-aunt Emma Newland was born August 31, 1846 in Landport, near Portsmouth Hants, England, daughter of George Francis Newland and Amelia Knight Newland. This family was broken up before they left England and Amelia and her children came to Utah in 1870. Emma had come earlier. Sometime before 1866, Emma left Utah and was never heard from again. The names connected with her from family tradition are Sylvan Flanders and August Janks. These men might have been members of Johnston's army which came to Utah in the early days. It is also hinted that Emma may have gone to Texas. I would appreciate any information on Emma Newland.—Loleta W. Dixon, 430 North 70 West, Orem, Utah 84057

Epps Creek

I would like to know where a small creek, called Epps Creek, is located. I believe it to be in West Texas, though it may be in New Mexico or Arizona. One of my great-uncles was killed and his body was located several days later on this creek, which was later called by his name. There are conflicting opinions as to which Epps (or Eppes) brother was killed among two older surviving cousins. One says James T. Eppes, during his return home after the end of the Civil War; the other says William Eppes (or Epps) after he had been a Texas Ranger. The last date of Texas Ranger service that I find for William Epps is 1875.

This information is desired for genealogical purposes only, and not for finding or conviction of the murderer, as this has long been given up.

I am the granddaughter of Martin C. Epps (Eppes), a brother of the above men. I would also like for any descendants of James T., William, or George Washington Epps (Eppes), another brother, to write and get in touch with me; also any one knowing of the location of Epps Creek.—Mrs. Edna Allison, 519 E. 10th St., San Angelo, Texas 76901.

Hasel

We would like to know about the early life of Charles Hasel, born December 14, 1871 in or near Red Oak, Iowa. As a young man he lived near Watertown, South Dakota (in early 1900s) and operated a dray line of mules. After 1917 he homesteaded in Slope County, and later in Hettinger County, North Dakota. He died February 17, 1933 in North Dakota. Can anyone tell us anything about him? Would also like to hear from anyone named Hasel.—Frances Pomroy Hasel, Route 3, Box 823, Coos Bay, Oregon 97420

Anna Fanyard Morris

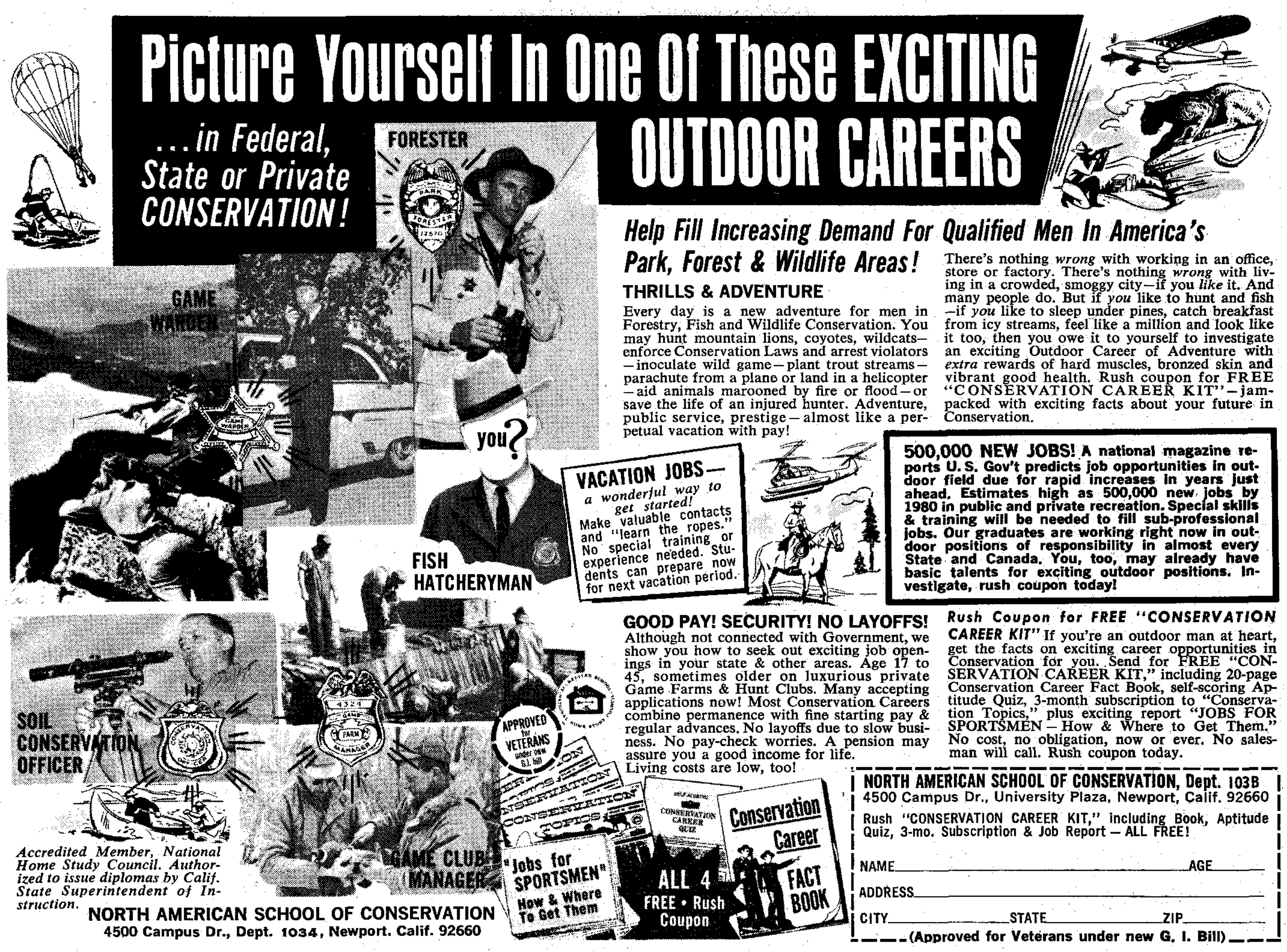
In June 1867 in a northern Missouri settlement, a band of Indians attacked Sarah Hall, eighteen years old; she was ravaged by one of the attackers. She survived the attack and gave birth to a baby girl whom she named Anna Fanyard. Later Sarah Hall married a man named Mr. Kratzer, and died in 1880 of typhoid fever in Saline County, Missouri. Sarah Hall's brother, David Hall, raised Anna Fanyard "Morris" in Pendleton County, Kentucky. Where did the maiden name of Morris come from? Anna Fanyard Morris married Miles Bennett. She died August 26, 1944 in Park County, Indiana. I'd like to hear from the family of Miles Bennett, or anyone who may have any information about these people. —Mrs. Harold E. Lucas, RFD 4, Attica, Indiana 47918

Singleton

Can anyone help me with information on the following Ray and Singleton families of Kentucky and Missouri? William Ray, of Lincoln County, Kentucky, had two daughters who married Singletons: Lucinda married Wm. R. Singleton 1833, Lincoln County, Kentucky, Sarah Ann married Benj. M. Singleton 1843, Linn County, Missouri, where both families had moved about 1839. Sarah and Benj. Singleton had three children: Elizabeth, Wm. Granville and Milton Green. At the death of Benj. M. Singleton, the first two children were brought to Oregon to live with Wm. R. Singleton —what happened to Milton Green? Who were the parents of Wm. Riley Singleton and brother Benj. Mason Singleton, born Lincoln County, Kentucky, in 1812 and 1823, and who were brothers and sisters of these two? Will appreciate and answer all letters.—Mrs. Geo. L. Singleton, 816 S. E. Chadwick, Roseburg, Oregon 97470

Samuel(s)

I'd like information on the Samuel or Samuels family. My great-grandfather William Price Samuels married Levenia Shannon near Hannibal, Missouri. They had the following children: Snowden, Churchill, Dick or Richard, Will or William, two girls, Levenia and Jane. The children came to Texas with an uncle, Snowden Samuels, when my great-grandfather was about three years old, both parents being dead. Can anyone tell me if William Price Samuels was born in Missouri? My grandfather's only living daughter said she had no information on the family in Missouri. She did say


FORESTER
GAME WARDEN
you?
FISH HATCHERYMAN
SOIL CONSERVATION OFFICER
GAME CLUB MANAGER
APPROVED for VETERANS under new G.I. Bill
CONSERVATION TOPICS
"Jobs for SPORTSMEN" How & Where To Get Them
SELF-SCORING CONSERVATION CAREER QUIZ
ALL 4 FREE • Rush Coupon
Conservation Career FACT BOOK

Picture Yourself In One Of These EXCITING OUTDOOR CAREERS

...in Federal, State or Private CONSERVATION!

Help Fill Increasing Demand For Qualified Men In America's Park, Forest & Wildlife Areas!

THRILLS & ADVENTURE

Every day is a new adventure for men in Forestry, Fish and Wildlife Conservation. You may hunt mountain lions, coyotes, wildcats—enforce Conservation Laws and arrest violators—inoculate wild game—plant trout streams—parachute from a plane or land in a helicopter—aid animals marooned by fire or flood—or save the life of an injured hunter. Adventure, public service, prestige—almost like a perpetual vacation with pay!

There's nothing *wrong* with working in an office, store or factory. There's nothing *wrong* with living in a crowded, smoggy city—if you *like* it. And many people do. But if *you* like to hunt and fish—if *you* like to sleep under pines, catch breakfast from icy streams, feel like a million and look like it too, then you owe it to yourself to investigate an exciting Outdoor Career of Adventure with *extra* rewards of hard muscles, bronzed skin and vibrant good health. Rush coupon for FREE "CONSERVATION CAREER KIT"—jam-packed with exciting facts about your future in Conservation.

VACATION JOBS—*a wonderful way to get started!* Make valuable contacts and "learn the ropes." No special training or experience needed. Students can prepare now for next vacation period.

500,000 NEW JOBS! A national magazine reports U. S. Gov't predicts job opportunities in outdoor field due for rapid increases in years just ahead. Estimates high as 500,000 new jobs by 1980 in public and private recreation. Special skills & training will be needed to fill sub-professional jobs. Our graduates are working right now in outdoor positions of responsibility in almost every State and Canada. You, too, may already have basic talents for exciting outdoor positions. Investigate, rush coupon today!

GOOD PAY! SECURITY! NO LAYOFFS!

Although not connected with Government, we show you how to seek out exciting job openings in your state & other areas. Age 17 to 45, sometimes older on luxurious private Game Farms & Hunt Clubs. Many accepting applications now! Most Conservation Careers combine permanence with fine starting pay & regular advances. No layoffs due to slow business. No pay-check worries. A pension may assure you a good income for life. Living costs are low, too!

Rush Coupon for FREE "CONSERVATION CAREER KIT" If you're an outdoor man at heart, get the facts on exciting career opportunities in Conservation for you. Send for FREE "CONSERVATION CAREER KIT," including 20-page Conservation Career Fact Book, self-scoring Aptitude Quiz, 3-month subscription to "Conservation Topics," plus exciting report "JOBS FOR SPORTSMEN—How & Where to Get Them." No cost, no obligation, now or ever. No salesman will call. Rush coupon today.

Accredited Member, National Home Study Council. Authorized to issue diplomas by Calif. State Superintendent of Instruction.

NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CONSERVATION
4500 Campus Dr., Dept. 1034, Newport. Calif. 92660

NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CONSERVATION, Dept. 103B
4500 Campus Dr., University Plaza, Newport, Calif. 92660

Rush "CONSERVATION CAREER KIT," including Book, Aptitude Quiz, 3-mo. Subscription & Job Report — ALL FREE!

NAME__________ AGE_____
ADDRESS__________
CITY______ STATE______ ZIP______
(Approved for Veterans under new G. I. Bill)

that Uncle Churchill played with Mark Twain as a boy—that will give someone an idea about dates. My grandfather Edward Hall Samuels said the family came from England, was connected with Lord Baltimore in some way and had a land grant on the east coast around Baltimore or Boston.—W. S. "Bill Samuels, P. O. Box 939, McAllen, Texas 78501.

Scharf

My grandfather, George Albert Scharf, probably born about 1880, I'm not sure, came to Alabama from Pennsylvania as a young child with his parents. He was born (from what I can gather from maps and my grandmother) in Oil City, Vernango County, Pennsylvania. My grandfather's parents ran a stave mill from Pennsylvania to Arkansas, just before or after the turn of the century. My grandfather had around eight brothers and sisters. My grandmother remembers some of their names: Rose, Fred, Connie, Harry, Liz and the others are unknown to us. Harry and another child is said to have died in Larkinsville, Alabama, a small town near here, although their graves are unknown.

My grandfather was a guard during the California earthquake of 1906. His parents from Arkansas went on to Fresno, California. My grandmother is not sure but she thinks some of the family was killed in a storm in Texas.

Also, one of grandfather's sisters died in Jonesboro, Arkansas. I think her name was Amie. She was buried there. My grandfather married Louisa Jane Latham in 1912.

The name Scharf is a strange name and we are unsure of the nationality. We are the only family by the name of Scharf around this part of the country. —Rosalie Scharf, Route #1, Scottsboro, Alabama 35768.

Cody Movie

I'd like to hear from anyone who helped take part in the movie made in 1913 by Buffalo Bill Cody concerning the Battle of Wounded Knee. Any ex-soldiers, any Indians, anyone who had anything at all to do with that effort—or anyone who's even heard about it second-hand from a parent, etc.—Thomas Millstead, P. O. Box 1023, Racine, Wisconsin 53405

Steve Laszlo

I am seeking information about Steve Laszlo. He and I were engaged in treasure hunting in 1958 in the area around the juncture of the Pecos River with the Rio Grande. Then, in 1959, we hunted around Nogales, Arizona, and Sonora, Mexico. The last I heard, Steve was in Chicago.—James S. Fields, 6441 Hamilton Avenue, College Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio 45224

Thomas A. Purves

My father's uncle, Thomas A. Purves, arrived in the San Luis Valley (Colorado) late in 1886. He spent the last thirteen years of his life as manager of La Garita Ranch near Monte Vista. If anyone can tell me anything about him or the La Garita Ranch, please write.—Mrs. Ralph Kapp, Box 184, Centuria, Wisconsin 54824

Hays

I would like to hear from anyone who may know the descendants of the following people who were living in California before or during the years of 1890. They were Jacob and Julia Hays of Woodland; Louisa Hays and Palestine Jane Hays of Woodland and Oroville; David Hays of Woodland and Oroville; Louisabelle Hays of Oroville. Louisabelle would be about seventy-five years old if still living. She should be able to furnish me with a lot of information if only I could find where she is located at this time. D. F. Hays of Los Angeles; and John C. (Coffee) Hays, known as Captain Jack Hays, a Texas Ranger of Oakland and Piedmont. Captain Hays had a daughter that was living at Piedmont when he died.

A Dary Hays who was employed and living in Mississippi in the year of 1884. His father and mother were Jesse and Louisa Armstrong Hays. He also had five sisters and an uncle named Jacob Hays. Jacob was one of my great-grandfathers.

Also Andrew English who was a brother of my great-grandmother Agnes English. He moved to Utah in 1852, had a son named John who was under eighteen years of age when located there. This son John had a son named Jesse, and Jesse did live at Salt Lake City, Utah.—Miles English, P. O. Box 767, Johnson City, Tennessee 37601.

(Continued on page 60)

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN
Treasure Hunting?
The Outdoors?
Thinking About Getting A Metal/Mineral Detector, Or Own One Already?

Before your decision is made, a suggestion—CONTACT THE "ASSOCIATION" FIRST! Ask for our *FREE* 16 page tabloid newspaper, dealing with treasure hunting and related subjects. It is written by treasure hunters for treasure hunters—the novice as well as the Old Pro. We recommend and sell WHITE, FISHER and GARRETT detectors, in addition to our own ACHIEVER and PROVIDER detectors.

Write or call for our assistance. Good advice and honest dealings is our standard.

You don't have to be confused or frustrated over the many conflicting claims made by the various manufacturers any longer. Don't delay—contact us now. You will never be sorry you did!

THE ASSOCIATION
Treasure Bank Building, Box 412,
Oscoda, Michigan 48750
Phones: Day 517 739-8101 Night 517 362-2454
517 362-5422

LIVE-CATCH ALL-PURPOSE TRAPS

Write for FREE CATALOG

Low as $4.95

Trap without injury squirrels, chipmunks, rabbits, mink, fox, raccoons, stray animals, pests, etc. Sizes for every need. Also traps for fish, sparrows, pigeons, crabs, turtles, quail, etc. Save 40% on low factory prices. Send no money. Free catalog and trapping secrets.

TRAP FACTORY, Dept. M11, Box 10880, Houston, Texas 77018

MAKE BIG MONEY

raising either Chinchillas, Guinea pigs, Rabbits, Mink or Pigeons for us. This is your big opportunity to get started on the road to prosperity with us, and to have an income for life. Send 25c for full information that explains everything about the big proposition we have to offer you.

KEENEY BROTHERS FARMS
New Freedom, Pa. R. No. 2 Box No. 108

STOP TOBACCO

Banish the craving for tobacco as thousands have with **Tobacco Redeemer.** Write **Today** for free booklet telling of injurious effect of tobacco and of a treatment which has relieved over 300,000 people.

In Businness Since 1909

FREE BOOK

THE NEWELL COMPANY
Dept. K582 Chesterfield, Mo. 63017

AT HOME IN THE WILDERNESS

Tells how to live off the land, and about edible wild plants, hunting and fishing, trapping, home tanning. Order direct. Only $3.00 postpaid.

SUN BEAR
P. O. Box 5895-WW Reno, Nevada 89503

King of the Stag Mountain Mustangs

(Continued from page 19)

and now realized what was happening. The tame bunch was just over a small hill. He darted first left, then right, but ran smack into our decoys.

Fresh saddle horses were waiting for us and we turned our poor spent mounts into the band. I chose Papoose, a wonderful cutting horse. Each of the cowboys had his rope down, hoping to catch a wild horse.

We had a chance at General Buck's band of twenty mares and several stud bunches of four or five, probably sixty in all. The wild horses ran this way and that through the gentle band, looking for an opening between the twenty cowboys. All at once The General decided he was going out. He came charging in my direction.

Papoose automatically jumped in front of him. Never had The General stopped for another horse, and he hit Papoose such a blow in the shoulder that it threw me out of the saddle—and for a second onto the rump of The General. Earl threw his rope and caught The General well back on his neck. The rope was tied solid to the saddle horn and when he made a dash he jerked Earl's horse down. Earl's leg was pinned under his horse. There I was on the ground among these milling horses, and Earl with a wild stallion tied to the saddle he was in.

Well, before his horse could make an effort to rise, The General made another dash and broke the hondo of the rope. He then went between two cowboys who threw their ropes but missed and he ran on to freedom. Fortunately, Earl or I didn't get tangled in the rope or we could have been killed. I had bounced off The General's rump and was still rolling when the hondo was broken. I jumped up and was soon back on Papoose. Earl was again mounted, with only a few bruises.

A cowboy with a well-bred saddle horse chased The General for a short distance but his horse's speed was no match for the wild one. My father saw both of us on the ground among these horses and said, "I was a mite worried that you chaps were a bit young to tangle with The General. Earl can say he is the only cowboy to ever have his rope on him and Russ can say he was the only cowboy to be on his back!"

GUY caught a big gray mare and a number of the cowboys got young studs or fillies. Ten yearlings stayed in the bunch and eight colts were separated from their mothers, so were orphans.

These colts were given to Earl and me. Later we took eight of Father's mares with colts about the same age and paired them off. We forced the mares to let them suck along with their own colts for about a week and then she claimed them both as her own. And that is how Earl and I got started in the horse business.

Among the yearlings we captured was a pretty red roan who was a lot smaller than the rest. "What will we do with that little one?" Dick said. "He is too small for a man. Let's give him to Russ. Now what will you name him?"

"I will call him Big Enough." I later broke him to ride and found I had named him correctly, for he was a grand, high-spirited, little horse.

We had gone some six miles toward home when we looked back and there was General Buck following! Cliff Bogart, a neighbor, said, "I will finish that buckskin thief once and for all. He won't steal any more of my mares." He pulled a .30-30 rifle from his saddle.

Father was quick to act and pulled his .38 revolver, saying, "No man kills a good horse while I am around and that is the best and biggest wild stud in the country! Some of my best saddle horses are his colts. If you shoot him, get ready to defend yourself. The General is only trying to get back the mare that Guy caught and he probably will, later on."

Bogart put his gun away and shrugged. "Oh, all right, if you feel that way about a mustang."

The General stopped following as we got closer to home and went back to look for his harem.

Ten days later, Guy and I were riding for cattle on Stag Mountain and saw The General through field glasses. He had most of his mares and was driving them in the opposite direction, getting them as far from danger as possible—as a good general should.

I have lived a long time, but I have never experienced anything else that gave me the thrill, or feeling of real joy, that I had when mounted on a high-spirited, well-trained horse—when in just one more jump I expected to have a beautiful mustang on my rope!

The Man Who Blackmailed a Railroad

(Continued from page 29)

four men on the engine including the engineer and fireman. If there are any suspicious circumstances connected with the delivery of the ransom we will not go near it and you will have to make your trip over again. After the money has been deposited the man must immediately reboard the engine which must at once proceed on its way West."

The Northern Pacific ran the empty engine as directed but no red light appeared. A letter from Helena the following day explained: "We are very sorry to inform you we had some misfortune which we could not give you the signal there for we will wait till September 2. So please leave Livingston as before by way of Helena."

This second attempt to make contact failed because the engine developed mechanical troubles and ran late. Railroad officials received another letter, dated September 3, setting up another itinerary for delivery of the money. This time they decided to ignore the instructions. Two weeks later, a letter from Butte raised the ante to $50,000 and set the date of delivery for October 4.

Dynamite blasts backed up the demands. Between August 2 and October 18 blasts were set off at Bozeman, Butte, Helena, Blossburg and Elliston. Unexploded dynamite was found on the bridge over the Missouri River at Townsend. A powderhouse at Bozeman was broken into July 29 and 120 pounds of dynamite taken, and on September 20 the Holter powderhouse on the outskirts of Helena was robbed of 225 pounds of the same explosive.

A short time later a bridge at Livingston was damaged, and headquarters for the capture of the blackmailers was established at Helena, with W. J. McFetridge, chief of Northern Pacific special agents, in charge. His first lead came when an unusual square hoof print was found not far from the dynamited tracks. Similar prints were discovered at the other locations, leading McFetridge to believe that the vandalism was the work of a lone individual rather than a gang.

THE NEXT CLUE came from a farmer. He had gone to his feed corral one noon in late September and had found a saddled horse eating hay, and its rider eating lunch. The stranger told the farmer that he had been looking for some horses and offered to pay thirty cents for the hay his mount had eaten. After the stranger left, the farmer picked up a spur the man had dropped. Two days later the farmer found fifty pounds of dynamite cached in the haystack and reported the discovery of both the powder and the spur to the authorities.

McFetridge obtained photographs of all the convicts released from the Montana State prison in July and showed them to the farmer. The latter immediately identified the man in his hay corral as Isaac Gravelle, who had walked out of the Deer Lodge prison jauntily carrying a cane on July 16, the date of the first blackmail letters. Prison authorities then verified that the letters bore the handwriting of Harvey Whitton, a murderer serving a life term and Gravelle's former cellmate. When it was remarked that the first letters had a curl to them, a guard recalled Gravelle's cane and suspected the letters had been hidden inside.

Sheriffs in Gallatin, Park, Broadwater, Silver Bow, Powell, Deer Lodge and Lewis and Clark Counties were alerted to be on the lookout for the suspect and were warned that he was dangerous. He had served two prison terms—two years and nine months for burglary and nine years for cattle stealing. He had come to Montana in 1885, gone to Canada to break horses for the Mounted Police, then in 1894 had settled in the Helena area, where he ran butcher shops in various mining camps, and broke horses. Most ranchmen were afraid of him. He walked off with their best horses and told them they would find their haystacks and barns burned if they complained to the authorities. For four years he operated a hog ranch on Priest's Pass, feeding them from range horses he had rounded up and slaughtered.

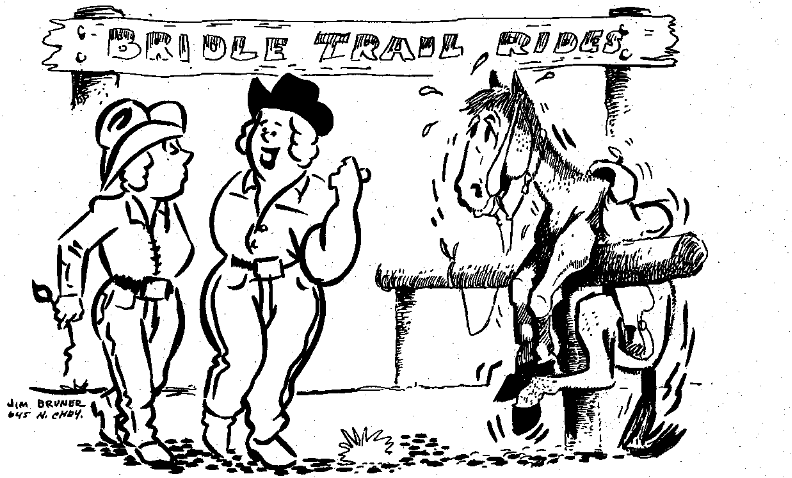
Stock Inspector Collins, who had arrested Gravelle and collected the evidence on which he was convicted of cattle stealing, had been quoted in the Butte *Miner:*

"A Frenchman named Landry, who owned a lot of horses in the vicinity of Priest's Pass said he saw Gravelle running a band in which were a number of head of Landry's horses. He attempted to interfere when Gravelle made a threatening motion in the direction of his revolver, with the remark that if Landry did not keep very quiet about the matter he also would be killed and boiled in the vats with the horses to feed the hogs."

Collins said that six years earlier, in 1897, T. C. Power, a banker and former U. S. senator who owned a ranch near Blossburg, had written Collins that he was losing a lot of cattle.

"I went to the ranch," Collins told his interviewer, "and started out with the foreman to investigate a slaughter pen that was being run by Gravelle and a man named Reed at an old toll house in Priest's Pass. We found a number of vats there and evidence that they had been doing a wholesale butchering business. It was clear that hundreds of head of cattle and horses had been stolen from the ranges for miles around and run to the slaughter pens to be so thoroughly cooked up that not a hide or hair of the stock remained to give a clue that they were stolen. . . . There was nothing to warrant an arrest."

"Why rent two? Let's ride double for twice as long!"



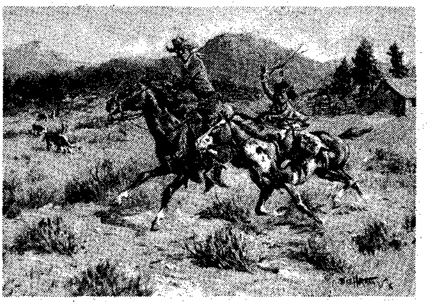
40 TIMBERED ACRES
$1650 TOTAL PRICE
WASH.-IDAHO-MONT.

$50 Down—$25 month, in Northern Idaho, Northeastern Washington, and Western Montana. In the heart of lakes and big game country. All covered with growing timber. Access, Title insurance with each tract. This is select land with natural beauty, recreational and investment values. Your inspection welcomed. Write us for free list, maps and complete information. We have tracts of many types and sizes from which to choose, including waterfront property on Pend Oreille, Priest and Kettle Rivers and in Pend Oreille Lake area.

Write to: Dept. H2K

REFORESTATION inc.

P.O. Box 8146, Spokane, Wash. 99203



RED RYDER and LITTLE BEAVER

Large 18" x 24" FULL COLOR Reproduction of Oil Painting by FRED HARMAN, Internationally Known Cowboy Artist. Mailed Postpaid ready for framing. Send Check or Money Order—$6.95 to:

FRED HARMAN
Old Town Postoffice Box 7385
Albuquerque, New Mexico 87104

LEARN DRAFTING AT HOME

U.S. Labor Dept. says "42% more Draftsmen needed next 10 years." Send for FREE "DRAFTING CAREER KIT." No salesman will call.

Your FUTURE in DRAFTING
APTITUDE TEST
SAMPLE LESSON
ALL 3 FREE

NAME ____________________ AGE ______
ADDRESS ____________________
CITY __________ STATE __________ ZIP ______

NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF DRAFTING, Dept. 103B
Accredited National Home Study Council 4500 Campus Dr., Newport, Calif. 92660

Find HIDDEN TREASURES

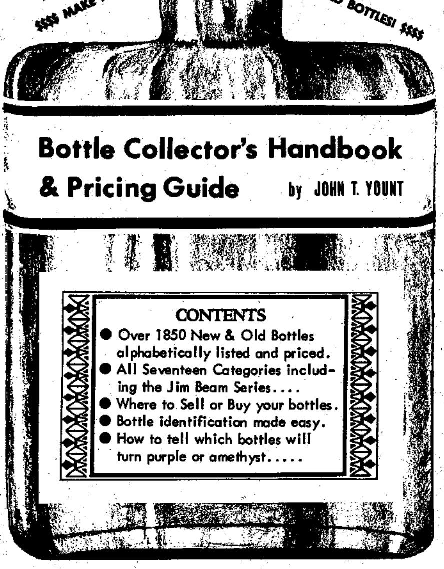
Find TREASURE and RELICS with new 1968 models. Used by professionals and amateurs the world over. Guaranteed to detect Gold, Silver Coins, battlefield relics. FREE INFORMATION.

RAYSCOPE DEPT. J-11
Box 715 No. Hollywood, Calif. 91603

Authors!

Your book can be published, promoted, distributed by successful, reliable company. Fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly, religious and even controversial manuscripts welcomed. Free Editorial Report. For Free Booklet write Vantage Press, Dept. FT, 120 W. 31 St., New York 1.

$$$ MAKE MONEY COLLECTING NEW AND OLD BOTTLES! $$$



Bottle Collector's Handbook & Pricing Guide by JOHN T. YOUNT

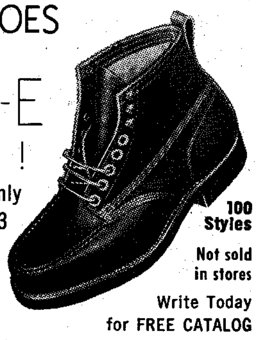
CONTENTS
- Over 1850 New & Old Bottles alphabetically listed and priced.
- All Seventeen Categories including the Jim Beam Series....
- Where to Sell or Buy your bottles.
- Bottle identification made easy.
- How to tell which bottles will turn purple or amethyst.....

$3.95 p.p. NO COD's. Order From......

EDUCATOR BOOKS, INC.
P.O. Drawer 32
San Angelo 4, Texas 76901

WORK SHOES FOR W-I-D-E FEET!

EE to EEEEE Only
Sizes 5 to 13



Men only. Casual, dress, work shoes that really fit. Top quality, popular prices. Money Back Guarantee.

100 Styles
Not sold in stores

Write Today for FREE CATALOG

HITCHCOCK SHOES, INC., Hingham 138-H, Mass. 02043

Books Found . . .

Out-of-print books at lowest prices!

You name it—we find it!

Western Americana and Indian Books a specialty. Fast service. Send us your wants—no obligation.

International Bookfinders
Box 3003-TW Beverly Hills, Calif.

TREASURE
METAL-MINERAL DETECTORS
FREE 128 page CATALOG
GENERAL ELECTRONIC DETECTION
16238 Lakewood Blvd., Bellflower, Calif. 90706

BOOK: "The Albert City Caper"
Exciting history of 1901 Gun Battle. Yeggs vs. Posse. Many Photos. $1.50
DON BUCHAN
Marathon, Iowa 50565

IN THE first half of October two more bombings occurred on Northern Pacific rails and officials of the Great Northern received a letter demanding $15,000 and compliance within twenty days or their tracks and bridges also would be dynamited. Great Northern's only reply was to send a swarm of detectives to Montana.

At nightfall on October 18, 1903, a Northern Pacific guard spotted a man digging on the track ahead of him. Seeing the guard approach, the man fled. Near the excavation the guard found some sticks of dynamite wrapped in a page torn from a railroad folder. The sheet itself was torn and part was missing.

McFetridge was promptly notified. James C. Keown, Frank Latta and A. C. Reynolds, who had joined the railroad posse in hopes of winning a $6,500 reward, were at Birdseye, the point nearest the place the man had been seen. McFetridge asked them to start searching. Early the next morning, about twenty-five feet from the dynamite, they discovered a telltale impression of a square hoof. They followed this track to Priest's Pass where they lost the hoof mark "but on top of the divide we found the bootheel track we had seen at the bridge and followed it for half a mile," Keown reported. "When we got to the house at Priest's Pass, we passed two horses, a red and a bay. We were still following the track when I heard a horse whinney on the south side. I rode around on the north side, and going through the timber I saw a man on horseback going out of the timber. . . . As my horse was the faster, I headed him off."

"You're under arrest!" shouted Keown.

"Where's your warrant?" the stranger demanded.

"It's right here." Keown yanked his rifle from its scabbard and told the man to dismount and hold his hands in the air.

"That's good," observed the captive and did as he was told. Latta and Reynolds joined Keown, and the captive was handcuffed and ordered to remount. When they stopped at a livery stable in Helena to put up their horses, the possemen learned the identity of their captive. It was Ike Gravelle.

His trial in district court at Helena began December 15, 1903, and on the last day of that year he was found guilty of sending threatening letters to Northern Pacific officials. Ten years in prison and a fine of $5,000—the maximum penalty—was imposed by the judge. Among the eighty-two witnesses called by the state were three members of a Helena family who testified they had known long before Gravelle was arrested that he was the dynamiter, but fearing for their lives, had kept silent. A small torn bit of paper was the only direct evidence connecting Gravelle with the dynamiting that the prosecution could produce. A witness testified that when Gravelle was searched at the jail this scrap of paper was taken from him. It fitted perfectly into the torn place on the railroad folder which was wrapped around the dynamite the guard had seen Gravelle put on the track near Blossburg.

Twelve witnesses were called by the defense to testify as to Gravelle's whereabouts at the time of various bombings. Gravelle himself was put on the stand and proved a remarkable witness. He gave a detailed account, day by day and hour by hour, of a three weeks' trip to Canada during the time of the bombings.

Will Wallace, Jr., who became collector of the port of New York during World War I and later a partner in a prominent New York law firm, was special prosecutor. In cross-examination Wallace would suddenly interrupt Gravelle's narrative to ask where he had been on such-and-such a date and where and how and at what hour had he met somebody. Not once did Gravelle deviate from his earlier testimony. But he made one big mistake. He testified he didn't go to Butte the day he got out of prison but got off the train at Stewart, a junction point, and went to Anaconda and spent the night in a brothel. The prosecution proved that no train ran that day from Stewart to Anaconda.

Wallace respected Gravelle's cunning. "This defendant is not a man without intellect," he told the jury. "He is bright, shrewd, and more than a match intellectually for many . . . but in his desire to get money he cared not if he sacrificed the lives of hundreds of innocent travelers. Though in the form of a man and endowed with the intellect of one, it is so perverted as to place him on the level with the beasts."

SO FOR the third time Gravelle went back to the penitentiary. The Northern Pacific, however, continued its prosecution and charged Gravelle with the robbery of the Holter powderhouse.

As the prisoner left Deer Lodge in June, 1904, to stand trial in Helena, he chewed at an unlighted pipe in his mouth. A prison guard, wise to the ways of convicts, snatched it. The bowl was filled with cayenne pepper beneath a thin layer of tobacco. Apparently Gravelle had intended to throw it into the eyes of the deputy taking him to Helena and thus escape.

The second trial lasted ten days. The jury stood eleven to one for conviction and a mistrial was declared. The testimony had been a repetition of that given during the first conviction. Retrial was set for August 8, 1904.

Gravelle, confined in the Lewis and Clark County jail, was allowed to make and sell hair bridles, quirts and other articles. A collection taken up by convicts in the Deer Lodge prison was sent to him to help pay for his defense. He talked freely with the other prisoners and jailers, and bluntly predicted he would never go back to the penitentiary to serve a long sentence.

August 12 was warm and sultry. Anton Korizek, who had been hired as a special guard to serve during the trial, arrived at the jail office shortly before two p.m. Jailer Jones unlocked the two sets of cell gates and Gravelle came out carrying his empty dinner dishes. He put them on a table and walked through the office toward the outside door. Suddenly he whirled and told Jones to throw up his hands. Jones smiled, thinking Gravelle was joking; the smile vanished when Gravelle pulled a pistol from beneath his coat. "Don't fool. I mean it. Hands up."

Gravelle forced the two officers against the back wall. As he started to frisk Korizek, the guard whirled, grabbing Gravelle's gun. The two men grappled across the jail floor. Then Gravelle freed his gun and fired three times, exclaiming, "You dirty s-o-b!"

Jones was ordered to unlock the outside door. The shot had aroused the courtroom—filled in anticipation of resuming testimony when Korizek returned with his prisoner—and men were jumping out the windows. Gravelle ran down the steps and turned onto a side street. Tied to a post in front of a livery stable opposite the jail was a saddled horse. As he ran toward it, Gravelle encountered Deputy Sheriff Joe Spurzem, one of the window-jumpers. It was a good thing for Spurzem that Gravelle liked him. "Better get back, Joe," the desperado told him, "I don't want to kill you." Spurzem, who was unarmed, fell back.

Before he could untie and mount the horse, Gravelle was under fire. He abandoned his plan and turned into an alley, emerging on another street where he was intercepted again by gunfire. Returning the fire of those nearest him, Gravelle darted into an alley, retraced his steps, flung himself behind a stone wall, took a shot or two at pursuers and finally ran into the basement of the house where Governor Joseph K. Toole lived. As deputies approached cautiously, they heard a shot. Ike Gravelle was dead, killed by his own hand.

Where he had obtained the revolver with which he killed his guard was never learned. The supposition was that an outside confederate had hidden the gun in a toilet booth and Gravelle had picked it up while his guard waited outside. The man who had tried to blackmail a railroad had bet his last ace. He went to his grave unmourned.

I talked to Gravelle twice while he was in the county jail at Helena. I covered his third and last trial as a cub reporter and it was only by the merest fluke that I was not in the jail office when the deputy was killed. I have often wondered if my reaction would have been cowardly or if I would have shown guts.

Amarillo Bootmaker

(Continued from page 31)

Valuable advice was undoubtedly given him by his close friend, "Monchy" Russell, then bullwhacker for the LR Ranch. Monchy had previously been freight boss for Lee and Reynolds, a big freighting outfit before the railroads came.

Monchy, trying desperately to overcome a weakness for gambling, would come in from the LR Ranch firmly resolved not to touch a card. He would even walk down the side of the street

DISCOVER THE TRUE WEST...

with the new GOLD-MASTER Super Sensitive Mineral, Metal, and Treasure Finder.

Detects Gold and Silver Nuggets, Rings, Coins, Mineral Float, Veins and Treasures.

- No cumbersome earphones . . . a powerful speaker is used.
- Easy to operate.
- Comes with two special loops. *A small loop for detecting nuggets and one for detecting treasures.*
- Instructions . . . and fresh batteries included.

A small NUGGET goes with each instrument which it will detect.

Buy the GOLD-MASTER on Easy Terms! Just $29.50 down and balance at $10.57 per month . . . Also available thru your local Finance Co. with no down payment upon approved credit.

COMPLETE . . . ONLY $169.50

WE WHITE'S ELECTRONICS

Send for FREE literature now! ! !

WHITE'S ELECTRONICS
Room 400
1011 Pleasant Valley Road
Sweet Home, Oregon 97386

OLD TIME BOTTLE PUBLISHING COMPANY
611 Lancaster Drive N.E.
Salem, Oregon 97301 Dept. TW

BOOKS ON BOTTLE COLLECTING

. . . a Specialty!

Wholesale—Retail

Send for free photo illustrative catalogue.

A wide selection of collectors publications available.

SMART, TOP VALUE FOX WESTERNS
HAND MADE IN OUR FACTORY, TO YOUR ORDER

Order a Fox Western hat exactly as you want it. Select from 12 colors, all sizes, also select style, crown height, brim width to 4½", and band width. Greatest value at lowest cost. The choice of hundreds. This quality buy only available from Fox. All hats made of heavier weight, imported felt. Money back guarantee.

Send for FREE illustrated Folder—gives ordering details.

FOX HAT CO., Hatters Since 1910
477 Wabasha St., Dept. FT-11
St. Paul, Minnesota 55102

FOX
LOW PRICES
$12.50 to $20.00

Handmade
COWTOWN BOOTS
KANGAROO KID

Style No. 209—Brown
Style No. 208—Black

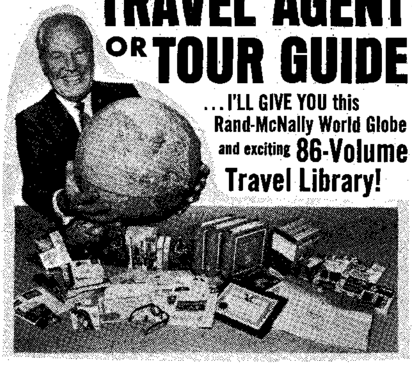
$36.95
postpaid

BROCHURE FREE ▶ All COWTOWN Styles

write: **JD RANCH STORE**
1408 W. Davis Dept. 16 Dallas, Tex. 75208

BE A TRAVEL AGENT OR TOUR GUIDE

...I'LL GIVE YOU this Rand-McNally World Globe and exciting 86-Volume Travel Library!



World Globe, 12-Volume Rand-McNally World Atlas, PanAm 2-Volume "World Horizons," 12-Volume Vacation Guide Encyclopedia, American President Lines Travel Agents' Manual, 500-page Travel Industry Personnel Directory, Official Airlines Guides, International Shipline Guide, Hotel & Travel Index, 52-issue subscription to Travel Agent Magazine and dozens travel folders, maps & posters given to you with your complete 50-Lesson North American Course in Travel.

...When you train at home with N.A.S.T. for a

BIG MONEY CAREER IN TRAVEL

(as Travel Agent, Tour Guide or in one of 100's Big Money Career Positions in Travel) There's excitement, big money, fun, prestige in Travel. Thousands big money career opportunities open to qualified men & women. Travel is booming—increasing 15% each year. Easy home-study plan trains you for well-paid job with travel agency, airline, resort, etc.—shows you how to become Travel Agent—reveals how to make big profits escorting tours—discloses how to roam the world at reduced rates. Send for big **"TRAVEL CAREER KIT"—20-Page Book** "Opportunities in Travel," giant full color **World Wall Map & Sample Lesson—ALL FREE!** No salesman will call. Mail coupon today!

Opportunities in TRAVEL
GIANT WALL MAP
SAMPLE LESSON
ALL 3 FREE

J. Russell Calvert / Executive Director
North American School of Travel, Dept. 103B
4500 Campus Dr., University Plaza, Newport, Calif. 92660

Mail "TRAVEL CAREER KIT"—20-Page Book, Giant Wall Map & Sample Lesson—ALL FREE!

NAME____________________AGE_____
ADDRESS________________________
CITY____________STATE_______ZIP_______

Wild AND Woolly West Books

30# RAILS, on Narrow Gauge Trains, Mark Twain's JUMPING FROG, Service's YUKON POEMS, Uncle Jim's BOOK OF PANCAKES, and Matthews' NAVAJO WEAVERS & NAVAJO SILVERSMITHS, only $1.00 each. Cushing's ADVENTURES IN ZUNI, and Englert's OLIVER PERRY WIGGINS, on pioneer life, only $2.00 each postpaid. All quaintly and profusely illustrated. Send stamp for FREE illustrated catalog of Western Books.

FILTER PRESS
Post Office Box 5 T Palmer Lake, Colorado 80133

SENSATIONAL 42 PAGE JOKE & NOVELTY CATALOG ONLY 25c

100's of new and different jokes and novelties gathered from the exotic corners of the world. Everything a modern man could possibly want! Women love it too! GET YOUR COPY TODAY!

ORDER NOW—
JOKE BOOK, Dept. 115
P. O. Box 7212
Chicago, Ill. 60680

BLUE STAR OINTMENT STOPS ITCHING IN FIVE MINUTES OR MONEY BACK!

Stop athletes foot, ringworm, tetter, other itches. Get fast relief. A household standby since 1913. At better drug counters or send $1.00 to:

BLUE STAR OINTMENT
P.O.BOX 21088W HOUSTON, TEXAS 77026

treasures YOU CAN'T MISS

FREE Catalog

METAL LOCATORS 27.50 COMPLETE

LOCATE GOLD, SILVER, COINS, HISTORICAL RELICS

ROTH INDUSTRIES, BOX 2548 F HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90028

opposite the gambling dens to avoid temptation. He knew that sooner or later his resolve would weaken unless he could first make contact with friend McLoughlin.

"Get ready, Mac," he would say, "for a long, strong session!" And the two would face each other over a cribbage board in the early morning, keep up the game until eleven that night, go to bed and begin again the next morning. Sometimes this went on for two weeks, with an occasional change to chess. Only a summons from the LR Ranch would terminate the "long, strong session."

Years later, after the LR Ranch was sold, McLoughlin made a trip to Denver to inquire from C. F. Reynolds the whereabouts of his old crony, Monchy. Reynolds told him that he was paying Monchy to guard a mine not then in operation. They did not need Monchy. It was their way of supporting him in his old age without hurting his pride.

"Don't bother him, Mac," pleaded Reynolds. "Old Monchy is satisfied now. If he sees you he will want to roam about again. Please let him alone." McLoughlin came back without seeing his old-time friend.

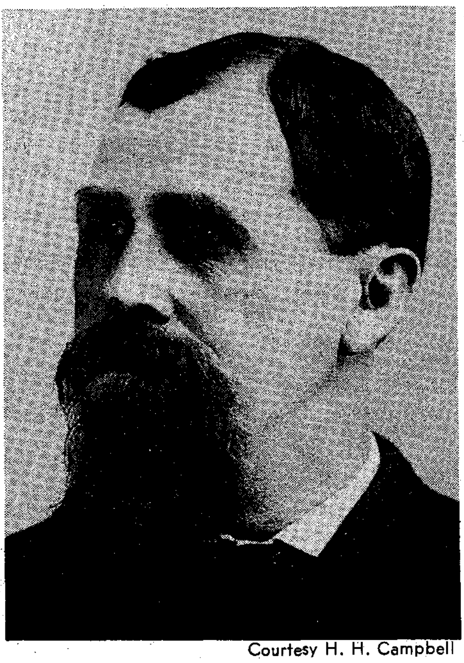
Uncle Martin could have used a "Monchy Russell" himself. He would gamble at the drop of a hat. Not long after his retirement he visited us in California, and one day I drove him to Tia Juana in Old Mexico, intending to show him the tourist attractions. I lost him in the first casino, but checked up on him throughout the day in all the gambling halls of that lively border town. I would first spot him at a roulette table, next it was poker, then faro, and he would even play the slot machines while en route to the cashier's window to negotiate traveler's checks. He was bent on finding a game of Mexican monte when I insisted we leave in order to cross the border at the six o'clock closing hour.

WHEN IT APPEARED that Tascosa's sun was setting in favor of the new town of Amarillo, McLoughlin again pulled up stakes. This was to be his last move.

It was 1894 when he rented a corner room in the old Amarillo Hotel annex for $7.50 a month. He did such a good business the first month that the management raised his rent to $10.00. He expressed his opinion of this hike by leasing a lot adjoining what was later the Amarillo National Bank for $1.00 a year. There he built a small shop. When the lot owner offered to sell for $75.00, McLoughlin declined, saying he preferred the lease to the lot and its taxes!

Not long after a move to 510 Polk Street, Uncle Martin suffered reverses. Fire destroyed his building, stock and tools. He had $300 insurance, but his loss was about $3,750.

He rebuilt at 510 Polk Street and maintained a shop there for twenty-six years. His final location was at 114 E. Fourth when he reorganized his business and took in a partner, R. E. Storr.



Courtesy H. H. Campbell

H. H. Campbell, Sr., founder of the Matador Ranch.

There they opened a boot and shoe sale and repair shop.

At the peak of his success, McLoughlin was asked to what he attributed it and replied simply, "I can make a boot as light as a feather which will be as strong as any boot made by any other concern. Every boot I ever made has been properly proportioned, has been strong and has positively been made as ordered. I have worked hard and enjoyed every day of it."

But he could not do it alone, and the mechanized age had come. Hand craftsmen were fewer and fewer.

I remember tramping the streets of the Twin Cities with Uncle Martin whenever he was visiting us, he seeking out every little hole-in-the-wall shoeshop. Inside, he would try in vain to persuade an old German or Swede cobbler to migrate to Texas.

We were walking along lower Hennepin Avenue in Minneapolis on one of these fruitless quests when, abruptly, Uncle Martin's snappy, rhythmic gait was broken as a rangy man came toward us. He, too, seemed to halt for a second. We had gone on for half a block when Uncle Martin spoke.

"So 'tis here old Jim had been keeping himself!"

"Was that someone you knew?" I asked.

"Sure, and 'tis one of my best friends, 'tis. He found a man with his wife one night and shot him dead."

"But wasn't he arrested?"

"Sure, and he had a trial and pleaded guilty and was put in jail, but he walked out."

"Well, couldn't they catch him?"

"Sure, and no one ever tried. The other fellow had it coming to him. There was an understanding, though, that he would leave Texas for a while."

On October 30, 1927 the Amarillo *Daily News* boasted, "McLoughlin boots are known around the world and are seen in every theatre on the globe where American pictures are shown."

Not only had social and economic changes taken place but changes in the lives of McLoughlin's clientele. The one-time circus and rodeo riders had "gone Hollywood," and even extras in the Western movies wanted boots like the leading men were wearing. Orders poured in to the Amarillo Bootmaker but he could not fill them. He had no workers.

In 1932 he retired and with good humor transferred himself from the cobbler's bench to a card table at the Elks Club. He died after a short illness September 15, 1936. His wife Fannie, whom he had married in 1902, survived him. They had no children.

I WAS in a sanitarium in Arizona when Mother wrote me that Uncle Martin had died. Aunt Fannie had signed the Western Union message, but had no further communication with her husband's family. Like a will-o-the-wisp, Uncle Martin had come into our lives and had gone.

About ten years later, my husband and I were stopping overnight in Amarillo. It hardly seemed possible, but I was told that Mrs. McLoughlin, a very old lady, lived on in the McLoughlin home. In deference to Uncle Martin's memory, I decided to pay my respects.

In response to our ring the door opened a crack. A tiny wraith of a woman stood there, bathed in a translucent light from the stair window above her. After my hesitant introduction, she asked us stiffly if we would come in. She led us into a book-lined room. I glanced over the shelves. No wonder Uncle Martin's Southwest Americana was the envy of collectors!

The conversation got off to a difficult start until Aunt Fannie began making inquiries about my two sisters. "Good," I thought, "she gets the connection." Up until then I had had my doubts.

"And Alice, is she still engaged in public health work in New York? And Margaret I presume lives in Long Beach? Her children must be grown up by now. And Mabel, it was too bad about Mabel."

"But Aunt Fannie—"

"Mabel died, you know, some time ago in Arizona."

"But, Aunt Fannie, I am Mabel! It's true that I was very ill, but I recovered. You see, I am Mabel!"

She didn't see, and with a tone of finality announced, "Mabel is dead."

I looked at my husband. His face was red with suppressed laughter. No help there. The call was terminated.

She showed us to the door, murmuring, "Do come to see me again." I learned later that we had not reached our car before she had phoned her lawyer and warned him of an imposter with designs on the estate.

As for me, I went down her steps in a state of complete bewilderment. If there was no niece Mabel, had there ever been an Uncle Martin?

INVEST NOW!

1¼ ACRES in MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS in NEVADA

$1.00 DOWN

$10.00 MONTHLY

FULL PRICE $695

THE BOOM THAT HAD TO COME IS NOW ON IN NEVADA. Ground floor buyers are reaping fortunes from small initial investments. A factual example of skyrocketing values is Las Vegas, Nevada. Land in Las Vegas that originally sold for $200.00 an acre now sells for $20,000.00 an acre, a profit of 1000%! Buyers who took advantage of low opening prices have become wealthy. The ground floor opportunity of Las Vegas is gone, BUT ANOTHER AREA OF PROPEROUS NEVADA IS BEING RELEASED FOR PUBLIC SALE!

This area has such a tremendous growth potential, such a fantastic unlimited future, that wise investors have purchased large acreage. Bing Crosby's ranch was one of the largest ranches in the county. James Stewart is Honorary Sheriff. Yes, the smart experienced investors have sensed the future and are buying MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS in Elko County, Nevada.

MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS has all the factors needed to boom . . . to prosper . . . to skyrocket its land values. Ideally located in the prospering Elko Valley, The Ranchos have the backdrop of the statuesque Ruby Mountains. The sparkling Humboldt River, actually flows through the property and is a valuable asset of the Ranchos. Every Rancho fronts on a graded road. The City of Elko, with its long established schools, churches and medical facilities is MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS friendly neighbor.

FISHING: A fisherman's paradise. Huge Rainbows, Brook Trout and German Browns abound in Alpine-like lakes and streams.

GOLF: Enjoy leisurely golfing, with never a rush for starting times, at the city owned Ruby View Golf Course. This beautiful golf course is only minutes from the property.

LAKE OSINO: No charge to Rancho owners for full privileges at nearby Lake Osino. Fish, Picnic, Relax at this private lake.

HUNTING: You will find the hunting of your life. Big game Mule Deer are abundant. Duck, Quail and Chukar are plentiful.

YOUR PROFITABLE TOMORROW — YES, wise investors are now buying in MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS, but America's largest corporations, who buy in advance of population explosion, are also investing throughout Nevada. U.S. COMMERCE BUREAU FACT: Per capita income in Nevada is highest of all 50 states.

TAX RELIEF — No State Income, Gift or Inheritance Tax. The low Real Property Tax is actually limited by the State Constitution.

WHAT ARE THE TOTAL COSTS? The full price of the title to your 1¼ acre Rancho is only $695. Total payment schedule is $1 down, and $10 per month. No interest, no carrying charges. John D. Rockefeller said, "The big fortunes of the future will be made in Real Estate." You are not required to do anything to your land. Live or vacation on it, or watch its value grow, then sell all or part of it for a profit. Your profitable tomorrow is here today in MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS.

Humboldt River
MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS
ELKO
U.S. HWY. 40
No. Fork Humboldt River
Clover Valley
Franklin
Ruby Lake

Send $1 deposit for each Rancho desired to:
MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS
5581 Stockmen Bldg., Elko, Nevada 89801

NOW! DON'T MISS THIS OUTSTANDING OPPORTUNITY

MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS
5581 STOCKMEN BLDG., ELKO, NEVADA 89801

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Yes!—Reserve acreage at MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS for me - $695 for each 1¼ acre parcel-payable $1 down and $10 a month. No other charges. Send purchase contract and map showing exact location of my holding. You will return my $1 deposit if I request same within 30 days. I enclose $1 deposit for each 1¼ acre Rancho desired.

SIZE ACRES	DOWN	PER MO.
1¼	$1	$10
2½	2	15
3¾	3	20
5	4	25

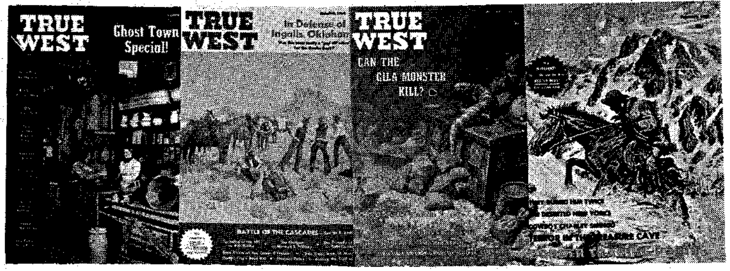
Name:__________

Address__________

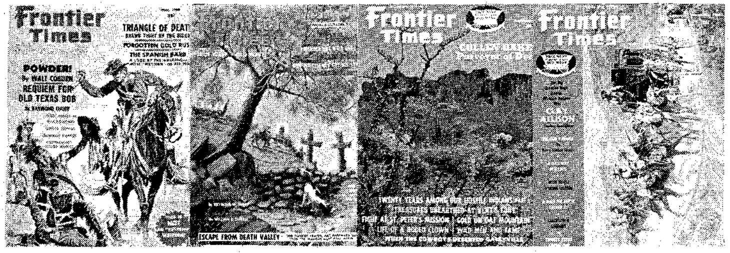
City:__________ Zone:______ State:______

Indicate No. of Ranchos_____ Total enclosed $_____

SPECIAL GIFT OFFER!


TRUE WEST
Ghost Town Special!
TRUE WEST
In Defense of Ingalls, Oklahoma
TRUE WEST
CAN THE GILA MONSTER KILL?

No. 64TW No. 65TW No. 66TW No. 67TW


Frontier Times
POWDER!
Frontier Times
Frontier Times

No. 41FT No. 42FT No. 43FT No. 44FT

Here's an easy, inexpensive Gift Package for you. It's a present that is appreciated far beyond its actual dollars-and-cents value. A bundle of magazines with hours and hours of fascinating reading with the timelessness of the Old West for ANYONE WHO LIKES THE WEST—your dad, brother, grandpa, old friend, that guide who was so helpful—by gosh, durned nigh anybody! And you can do it all for a measly buck—or two bucks if you want both magazines sent.

Shown here are our most plentiful issues. We'll send a package of 4 to any address for $1.00! Or, we'll send all 8 for $2.00! Name yer pizen!

This gift offer supersedes all previous offers.

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC. P.O. Box 3668, Austin, Texas 78704

GET 'EM NOW! BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE . . .

If you secured the first twelve issues of OLD WEST as they hit the newsstands, you now have a set of COMPLETE rare book reprints worth $697.50 (book dealer value of the original editions). If you did not, then latch on to these collector issues while our limited stock is still available at the original newsstand price! These books, in addition to the bonanza of stories, articles and features by America's top western authors, go to make up a stockpile of great western reading that will be as interesting ten years from now as it is today.

OLD WEST
OLD WEST
OLD WEST
OLD WEST
OLD WEST
OLD WEST

OW1—50c OW2—50c OW3—50c OW4—50c OW5—50c OW6—50c

OLD WEST
OLD WEST
OLD WEST
OLD WEST
OLD WEST
OLD WEST

OW7—50c OW8—50c OW9—50c OW10—50c OW11—50c OW12—50c

THEY SIMPLY WON'T LAST LONG . . . SO ORDER NOW!

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, P. O. Box 3668, Austin, Texas 78704

THE WAY

TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES never get out of date. Filled with the timeless sagas of the Old West, the back issues are fascinating to read, and to keep. Begin the interesting hobby of collecting them, and watch their value grow as they become more and more scarce. As soon as we sell out of a back issue, collectors immediately begin asking $1, $5 or more for a copy—and getting it!

Issues on this page are available now, but won't be for long. Why don't you take advantage of this offer—pick a few back issues to try. Each issue has the same high quality, factual Old West material you expect and get from current issues.

And don't forget that TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are really the same type magazine—we are just sneaky enough to issue them under different titles so they will stay on the newsstands longer. Order now, before it's too late!

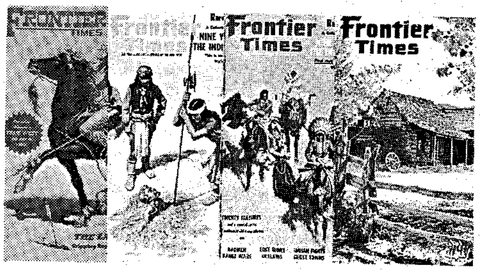
WESTERN PUBLICATIONS

Box 3668-B1 **Austin, Texas 78704**

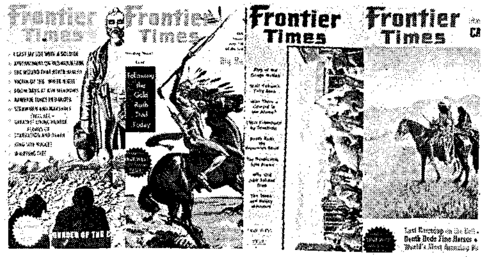
NOTICE: Western Publications will give a 10% discount on all back issue orders totalling $30.00 or more.

TRUE WEST
TRUE WEST
TRUE WEST
TRUE WEST
Invitation to a Ghost

71TW—35c 72TW—35c 73TW—35c 74TW—35c


FRONTIER TIMES
Frontier Times
Frontier Times
Frontier Times

3FT—$1.00 22FT—35c 23FT—$1.00 24FT—$1.00


Frontier Times
Frontier Times
Frontier Times
Frontier Times

36FT—35c 37FT—35c 38FT—35c 39FT—35c

THE WEST REALLY WAS!

No Longer Available

31TW—$1.00

No Longer Available

33TW—$1.00

No Longer Available

39TW—$1.00

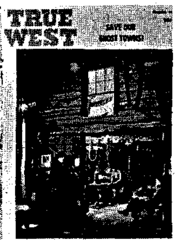
47TW—35c

48TW—35c

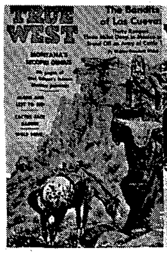
49TW—35c

50TW—35c

51TW—35c



52TW—$1.00



53TW—35c

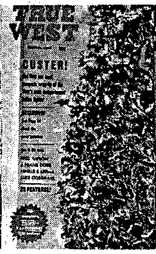
54TW—35c

55TW—35c

56TW—35c

57TW—35c

58TW—35c



59TW—35c

60TW—35c

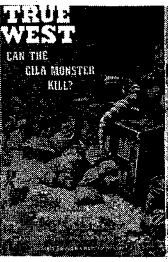
61TW—35c

62TW—35c

63TW—35c

64TW—35c

65TW—35c



66TW—35c

67TW—35c

68TW—35c

69TW—35c

70TW—35c

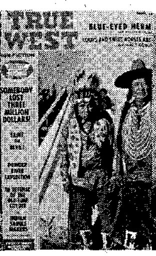
75TW—35c

76TW—35c

77TW—35c

78TW—35c

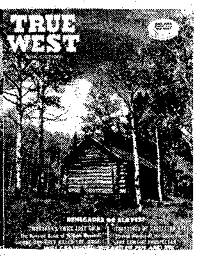
79TW—35c



80TW—35c

81TW—35c

82TW—35c



83TW—35c

25FT— $1.00

26FT— $1.00

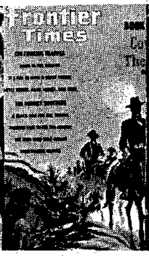
27FT—35c

29FT—35c

30FT—35c

31FT—35c

32FT—35c

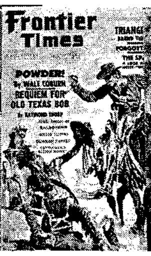


33FT—35c

34FT—35c

35FT—35c

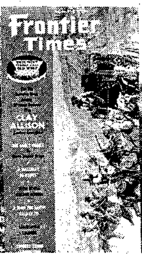
40FT—35c



41FT—35c

42FT—35c

43FT—35c



44FT—35c

45FT—35c

46FT—35c

47FT—35c

48FT—35c

49FT—35c

GENUINE
Joe Hall
BOOTS

Wood Pegged
Brass Nailed
Steel Shanked
Hand Made
Hand Lasted
Leather Lined
Imported

P.O. BOX 17246 T, EL PASO, TEXAS

WESTERN MARSHAL
16-inch tops. All Calf. Square or narrow toe—please specify.
No. 70 Black
No. 71 Brown $31.95
No. 72 Tan

LINE RIDER
16-inch tops. All Glove Leather. Dogger heel. Narrow Toe.
No. 50 Black
No. 51 Brown $29.45
No. 52 Tan

Give Measurement in Inches of the Bare Calf of Your Leg at the Largest Part.

GENUINE
Joe Hall
HATS
$14.95
$15.95 $16.95

Genuine High Quality Fur Felt Hats, Satin Lined—Excellent Quality Sweat Bands. Many Styles and Colors

FREE CATALOG of BOOTS, HATS, PANTS, SHIRTS, BELTS, SADDLE BAGS, JODHPURS and ENGLISH RIDING BOOTS.
$5.00 Dep. on C.O.D.'s—Prepaid Orders ppd.
Satisfaction Guaranteed

Secrets of Teaching Yourself MUSIC

Revealed in Your Home This Money-Saving Way

YES! Now you can teach yourself to play Piano, Guitar, ANY instrument in your spare time—*even if you've never played a note in your life!* Famous proven Course makes it simple as A-B-C. Pictured lessons show you how. No teacher. It's amazingly easy! Surprise your friends by playing favorite music. Write today for FREE new booklet. U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio 1111, Port Washington, N. Y. 11050. (Est. 1898. Approved N. Y. State Educa. Dept.) Tear out as a reminder.

Book Authors!

Join our successful authors in a complete and reliable publishing program: publicity, advertising, handsome books. Send for FREE report on your manuscript & copy of How To Publish Your Book.
CARLTON PRESS Dept. TWK
84 Fifth Ave., New York, 10011

FREE
How to Publish Your Book

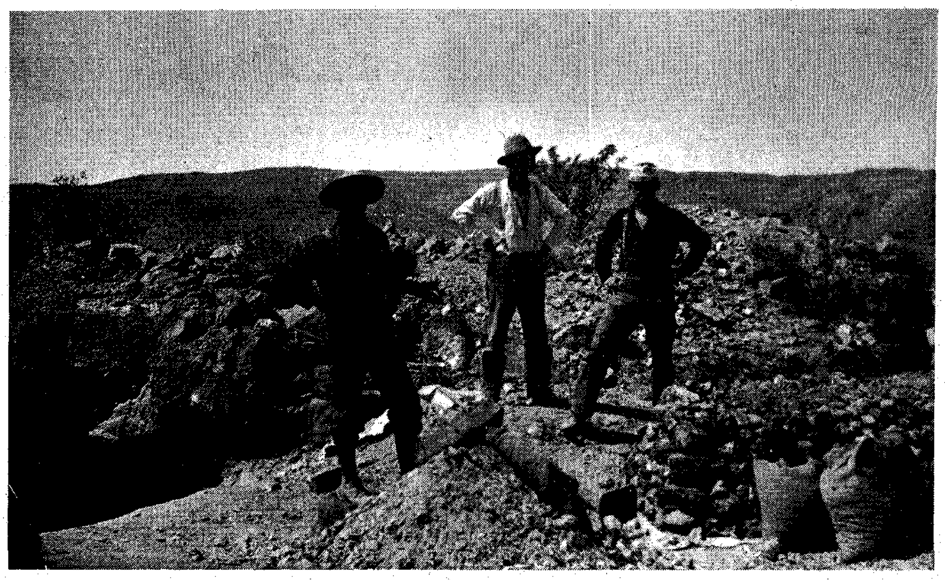
"COIN-FINDER" LOCATORS!

FIND COINS, GOLD, SILVER AND TREASURE. Lowest prices. Write for FREE literature.

ART HOWE & COMPANY
811-T Kansas Avenue
Atchison, Kansas

ATTACK DOGS GUARD DOGS

Will your dog really protect you and your family? Can you really count on him to save your life? Would you like to turn him into a quality protection dog?
For information and brochure, send $1.00 to:
NATIONAL GUARD DOG CLUB
1603 Solano Ave. Berkeley, Calif. 94707



The first days of the discovery were hard work in the blistering desert sun.

Boss Lady of the Yellow Aster Mine

(Continued from page 24)

reach the camp by night so had brought along bedding. We traveled till dark and then camped on the outskirts of the small settlement of Cow Wells (later named Garlock)."

Rose explained that she was so tired that even the ground felt comfortable and before long she was in a deep sleep. "Sometime in the night I was awakened by something nudging me and it was too dark to tell what it was so I woke Charles up. He didn't seem the least concerned and said, 'It's just the horses getting restless, throw them some hay and go back to sleep.'

"Sleep wasn't easy after I'd moved around and then tried to settle down again. There were strange sounds everywhere and when I did doze off I had a feeling big things were standing near or over me."

In the morning when she told her husband of the sounds and the feeling he laughed and pointed to hoofprints all around the ground where they had been sleeping. "Just cattle, probably smelled the hay."

"But we could have had our heads bashed in!" The doctor was aghast at what might have happened.

"Our heads are still on," Burcham teased, but he never could get his wife to sleep on the ground again.

IN THE DAYS that followed there could be no doubt in the minds of Burcham, Singleton and Moores that the one who held ownership of one-sixth interest was not only made of sturdy stuff but had a keen business mind. Rose seemed to have the ability of seeing right through a shady deal and many a get-rich-quick artist wished he had never met the lady doctor or felt the sting of her scorn.

Doctor Rose not only adjusted to tent life, cooking for the three partners, washing with a limited amount of water hauled by barrel from Cow Wells, but she straightened up the financial records. Rose kept a sharp eye on their limited funds (which were probably her savings) and though the men admired her ability they sometimes smarted under her tight hold on every dollar.

Even the renowned one-armed mining lawyer, Pat Reddy, found the doctor a formidable obstacle to his obtaining part ownership in the now recognized bonanza—the Yellow Aster Mine. Pat Reddy was a man with a reputation and few would cross him. Considered a specialist in criminal defense, he was noted for jury selection and adroit handling of cases. Reddy was credited with freeing over 100 men accused of murder in central California and Nevada and up until his encounter with Doctor Rose had had things pretty much his own way whether it concerned law or mine investments.

It is a matter of record that Reddy was so angered at Rose's resistance to his wish to own stock in the mine he swore it was the last time he would have any dealings with a woman.

Later he was hired by the Yellow Aster to settle legal matters and did get some shares in payment but as soon as the company was solvent again Rose saw to it that the shares were bought back. There are those who stated that Pat Reddy was glad to pull out as, "There was no profit in dealing with a woman who should have stayed in San Bernardino and delivered Mormon babies."

THE FIRST MONTHS were difficult because of lack of money, but eventually there was enough ore for a mill run and the heavy wagons started down the mountain to Garlock where there was adequate water for the milling process. One of Rose's favorite stories, often repeated by old-timers in the Rand Mining District, was about that first milling. Doctor Rose was wise to the ways of people and the handling of money but admitted a complete lack of knowledge when it came to the processes involved in getting gold out of the nondescript looking ore that was headed for the stamp mill.

Burcham, Moores and Singleton planned on being at the mill for the first run and hoped the first clean up would

When the mine prospered, Dr. Rose Burcham enjoyed the beauty and frills of the 1890s and early 1900s.

be worth celebrating. Without cash they could do little celebrating so Singleton told the doctor that they would need a number of half-dollar silver pieces to put in the retort down at the Garlock mill. He explained that this was the only way to get the amalgam to separate. Doctor Rose reluctantly handed over the silver and reminded him that their money was about gone.

The three men didn't wait for the load to get to the mill. They went to a tent saloon just opened in the new Rand Camp and decided to celebrate the first load of ore in advance. The silver coins were soon gone and Singleton returned to camp to say that they would need more "retort" money. The third request left no doubt in the lady's mind that the retort story had been a ruse to get money for drinks. Some said that she gave the partners a real verbal tanning and never trusted their word again, but the doctor herself would only laugh about the incident when recounting it years later.

Everyone for miles around was aware of the Yellow Aster milling. A good run meant jobs and would hold out new hope for those who had staked claims in the area. With so much publicity it was going to be a dangerous feat to transport the gold bullion from the mill to Mojave thirty miles away where it could be shipped to market.

Rose decided how the problem should be handled. While one of the partners made arrangements for shipping the gold Rose talked freely about going to Mojave to do some shopping. When the trip was made, Moores drove the team while the dignified Doctor Rose jolted along on the spring wagon seat at his side, chatting about the scenery. No one guessed that concealed in the numerous folds of her traveling skirt, the doctor held the heavy gold brick which brought $800. Some suspected that she didn't trust Moores to be able to leave town without spending it all on a spree. Every penny was needed if the struggling operation was to survive.

Doctor Rose held the lid on celebrating or any other big spending projects and is credited with saving the mine through her businesslike handling of affairs. From that first small $800 milling the Yellow Aster grew until three years later there were over 150 men working in the mine with a payroll averaging over $13,000 per month. Even when things were going well, the doctor kept an eye on finances and it took her signature on a check before it was valid.

LAWSUITS plagued the young company from the very start. The paper Moores and Singleton signed in Burcham's absence cost a small fortune to settle. Claim boundaries, equipment purchases, labor suits all came in for a dip into the wealth. Rose made frequent trips to Los Angeles and San Francisco to settle claims or represent the company. She even moved in on labor disputes when the men would become too angered to work out the problem.

Like any person of prominence the doctor was described very differently by different people. Among those who worked for and with her, some found her gracious and goodnatured, others found her a hard taskmaster. Men frequently resented her "high-handed" manner and felt sorry for her fun-loving husband. Others described her as a patient, understanding person who had to hang onto the money or there wouldn't have been a cent, and labeled the husband as pretty much of a "rounder."

Company records indicate that the doctor was a very charitable person once the mine was on a profitable basis. Numerous checks were made to civic projects, the Salvation Army, the town band, Fourth of July celebration and such. Extra checks were made to her washwoman

Back In Print

A Steck-Vaughn Reprint

Winston Bode

J. FRANK DOBIE:
A PORTRAIT OF
PANCHO
$5.95

at your favorite book store

STECK-VAUGHN COMPANY
P. O. Box 2028
Austin, Texas 78767

See What Natural Gold Really Looks Like **with this new beautiful 5 power pocket battery powered flashlight magnifying glass. A host of uses. Comes with a small NUGGET, ready to operate. Weight 4½ oz. Price only $3.95, prepaid and insured to you. May be shipped C.O.D.**

WHITE'S ELECTRONICS, INC.
1011 Pleasant Valley Road, Room 400
Sweet Home, Oregon 97386

BILL PROBLEMS?

WE CAN HELP YOU — TODAY

NOBODY REFUSED UP TO $18,000.00

Bad Credit No Problem ■ Not a Loan Co.

Send Your Name and Address
For FREE Application To Nearest Office

INTERNATIONAL ACCEPTANCE, dept. M-76
★ 5133 N. Central Ave., Phoenix, Ariz. 85012, ★
711 - 14th St. N.W. Washington, D.C. 20005
★ 507 Carondelet St., New Orleans, La. 70130 ★

BEN'S BEEF JERKY

Pure lean beef, smoked and dried. Needs no refrigeration. Fishing, hunting, snacks. Send overseas. 10-oz. Pkg. $3.99 ppd. Pkg. contains approximately 50 sticks.

BEN'S PACKING & PROVISIONS
Dept. W, 1600 Bent Ave.
Cheyenne, Wyoming 82001

BLEVINS STIRRUP BUCKLES

BLEVINS "SPECIAL"
PAT. #3,314,121

$5.50

New four post tongue for 3" buckle. Makes buckle stronger and sturdier. One piece tongue is also off-set to let the stirrup leather go through more smoothly. The 2½" width has one piece off-set tongue with two posts instead of the four in the 3" width. Easy to change stirrup lengths quickly and easy to install—won't slip or stick.
Made of stainless steel and heat-treated aluminum. Sleeves covered with leather prevent rubbing horse or saddle. Order either special, improved or regular style buckle.

AT YOUR DEALERS OR
BLEVINS MFG. CO.
WHEATLAND, WYO. 82201

HEAVY DUTY **WELDER**
Does work of $85.00 welder
yet costs only 1895
POST PAID
Fits ordinary 110V outlet
3 welding heats

Weld, braze, solder or cut most anything made of metal. No experience needed. Follow simple instructions. Uses standard ⅛" rods to weld iron, steel, brass, bronze, aluminum, other metals. 3 welding heats . . . not just one as with other low priced models. New HEAVY DUTY circuit gives higher heat . . . 4 times the heat needed to melt toughest iron. More welding power than ever before. Comes complete with welder's mask, $2.00 pack of rods, flux, carbons, automatic arc striker, etc. NOTHING ELSE TO BUY. Approved for homes, garages, shops, factories. 10 day MONEY BACK trial. Guaranteed against burnouts. Send $2.00 and pay $16.95 plus small C.O.D. when delivered, or send $18.95 cash, ck., M.O. for postpaid shipment.
WEL-DEX MFG. CO., Dept. W-18, Box 10776, Houston, Texas 77018

FREE Western Wear CATALOGUE
"Western Hat Center of the World"
Boots—Coats—Riding Accessories
LUSKEY'S WESTERN STORE
DEPT. T 101 NORTH HOUSTON ST.
FORT WORTH, TEXAS 76102

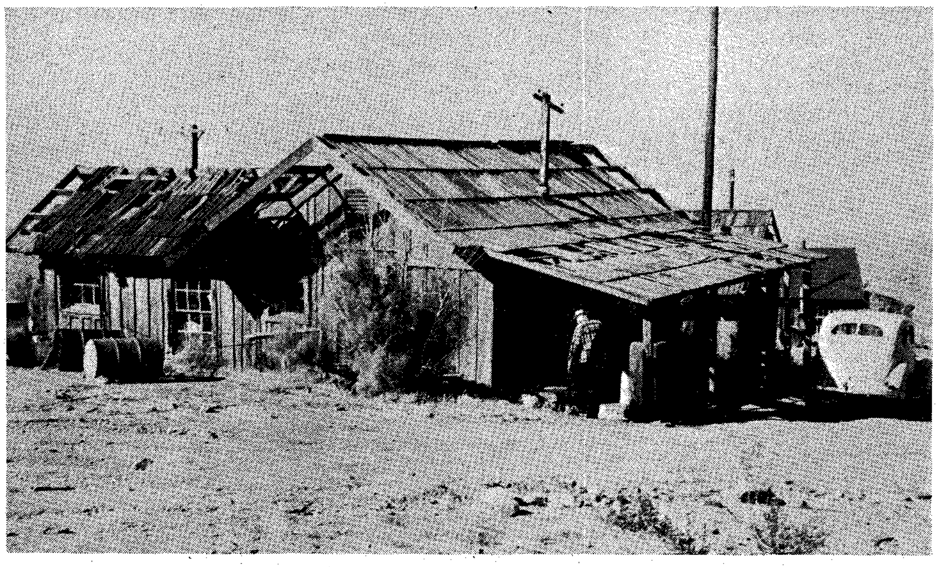
Send for your free copy of
"Western Americana"
Latest catalog of much-wanted out-of-print books at reasonable prices. Also: send your lists of books wanted. Free search service!
INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS
Box 3003-TW, Beverly Hills, Calif.

CAN'T FIND?

There could be a dozen different reasons why TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST are not on certain newsstands. PLEASE HELP US FIND OUT WHY!

First see if you overlooked them (if covered up, pull out!), then ask newsdealer if he handles them. If not, write us name of newsstand. If he handles them, but runs out early regularly—man, we sure need to know that!

100% coverage seems impossible but the above information SURE WOULD HELP! In fact, we'll send one of our beautiful stenographers (specify blonde, brunette or redhead) to every gent who helps us and we'll send the ladies a diamond ring, limousine, or Hosstail. That last item is ridiculous! Time to cut out.



The Yellow Aster Mine Company office as it looks today, over seventy years after the Flag Raising ceremony. Stewart Fraser, manager of the mine properties since the '30s, lives in the far side of this building.

who became ill and couldn't work for some time. Rose dressed well and furnished her home in the style of the day. A few pieces of good blue willow china, jewelry, a travel kit, hat pins and a gold-tipped fountain pen all remain to prove that she spent money when cash was no longer a life-and-death matter for the development of the mine. A silk and lace pajama set tucked away in a tissue-lined box also indicates that the austere front was for the public only; at home she was a feminine, frill-loving person.

Dr. Rose outlived the other owners of the mine and until her death in the early '50s was still a steadying influence on what remained of a great fortune, a $25 million mine.

Through the years the heirs of Moores and Singleton sent a great portion of their fortune down the legal drain through settlement disputes.

Today the great Yellow Aster is a picture of neglect. Under the hands of junk dealers, vandals and weather the once sturdy buildings, the pride of Doctor Rose, are a pile of rubble and stripped skeletons of machinery. Stewart Frasier, formerly the mine superintendent and one of the few persons living who remembers Doctor Rose, now lives in one part of the company office. His is the only room left with a roof except for that area which covers the immense walk-in safe that once held thousands of dollars to meet the weekly payroll.

Gold still lies buried where tunnel and excavation work stopped during the World War II shutdown. A rise in price would encourage the present owners to clean out and reactivate the abandoned diggings, but there would be no Doctor Rose to stretch finances until the mine was again a paying proposition. It may be a long time before the sounds of picks, shovels, blasting and the whistle of the little locomotive pulling a string of ore cars will break the silence which has settled over a mine once so rich that workers carried out small fortunes in their lunch buckets and pants cuffs.

Four Hours in Hell

(Continued from page 35)

rally the escort—or get help from Prescott!"

Without hesitation Mac jumped on the mule, and Joe, crouching low, fired four shots from his Colt in the direction of the Indians. The mule started after the soldiers at a run with Mac lying low over his neck the first 400 yards. The mule was so scared that he forgot to buck.

Mac soon caught the escort, but no one would return to help Joe. All—even the sergeant—pretended to have lost the ability to understand English. Mac pled, argued, and threatened to no avail. As the Scotchman became angrier his accent became broader; his Rs rolled rougher, until none but another Scot could have understood him.

After trying repeatedly to rally the men, McNulty decided he was accomplishing nothing besides tiring his mule. He headed at a fast trot for Prescott, about ten miles to the east, cursing the soldiers for every kind of coward he could think of.

AFTER Mac's departure, Joe removed his Hawken rifle, cartridge box, canteen and a second six-shooter from the wagon. Then he sprang into the center of the circle of mules.

The Indians who seemed to number about twenty-five had fired on him when he was gathering the equipment, and Joe quickly assessed the damage. Two mules were down, dying of bullet wounds. An arrow had passed through the tail of Joe's coat.

He saw, at seventy-five yards, a clump of grass move slightly. Joe fired his rifle, and the ball hit the grass, which proved to be attached to an Indian's head.

Three Apaches tried to close in as he reloaded his rifle. He killed them with his hand gun, then stooped behind a mule as a barrage of bullets and arrows was sent his way. When the firing stopped, the bodies of the three dead savages were gone.

Another mule was down, two arrows protruding from his side. And the Apaches attacked again. Joe drove them off with his Colt, killing two.

The youth's marksmanship was discouraging and the Apaches fell back into the mesquites, giving their intended victim a needed respite. Joe, lying in the center of nine dead or dying animals, finished charging his rifle, then put fresh cylinders in both Colts.

He happened to glance toward the wagons in time to see, below the bed of the first one, two brown legs moving in his direction. Joe shifted position so that he lay facing the wagon. He held a Colt partially raised. When an eye peeped around the left front corner of the wagon, Joe fired. A caliber .44 pistol ball entered the Indian's head one inch below the curious eye. Another assault began almost at once and when firing ceased, Joe could not see the peeping Apache's body.

Unexpectedly the Indians decided to negotiate. An Indian whom Joe could see said, "Hello. You walk away. We no shoot."

Joe shouted, "No!"

The time was 1:00 a.m. but the young teamster was still full of fight, and the Apaches were reluctant to have more braves killed by the solitary marksman.

McNULTY, who had ridden as fast as he dared, was about this time arriving at his destination. The citizens of Prescott were presented with the sights and sounds of an angry Scot trotting into town on an exhausted mule shouting the news of Joe's plight.

Within ten minutes, fifty men were en route to Joe's assistance. They traveled in silence for eight miles. The road was uphill, so steep in some places that they proceeded at a walk. Five miles from town they met Joe's escort and passed without a word.

By 2:00 p.m. the members of the rescue party had descended out of the pines and into scrub oak. They were getting close to Joe. If he still were alive, he would hear a shot. An old man, therefore, fired a shotgun. Joe heard and smiled. The Apaches heard also, tied their dead on their ponies, and departed.

No member of the rescuers expected to find Joe alive. They were even agreeably surprised when the wagons were sighted, for they had not been plundered and burned.

The nine mules were lying in a circle, dead. In the center of that circle, alive, was Joe Phy. He had saved his cargo, and Mac made such a fuss over him that Joe became concerned lest his swamper's solicitude turn into hero worship.

Joe Phy's reputation for absolute fearlessness and being a dead shot with both pistol and rifle began with this fight. But Joe seemed depressed for a month after his lone battle. A casual observer might have thought he suffered from nerves because of the terrible ordeal. Joe, however, was grieving for his mules.

$ TREASURE HUNTING $
PROVES TO BE LUCRATIVE HOBBY!

Ernest J. Clark writes; "In three weeks since I received my Gardiner Model 190A Metal Detector, I have found a total of approximately $685 worth of miscellaneous coins, jewelry and artifacts. Some of the coins dated back to 1802. I think the features of this metal detector are really way ahead of all the other makes, especially in the fact that it will distinguish bottle caps and other worthless items."

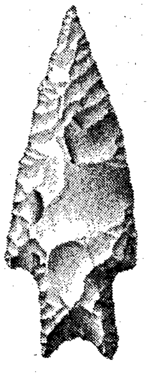
Free catalog of our patented metal detectors gives comparison tests of different makes.

GARDINER ELECTRONICS
Dept. 34 4729 N. 7th Avenue • Phoenix, Arizona 85013

BUSHMASTER
THE GO ANYWHERE SPORTS CAR

Is Bushmaster the ultimate sports car? What other vehicle can run competitively in sports car racing events; take you hunting, fishing, and exploring in many places where four-wheel drive vehicles are unable to go; perform excellent service as a ranch work vehicle and still be used for everyday transportation for school, work, and shopping? Find out about the many capabilities of the Bushmaster—the car that can be what you want it to be. Amazingly inexpensive to own and operate. Accessories and body options can tailor the Bushmaster to almost any task. Kits available in any stage of completion. Send 50c for illustrated brochure. Dealer inquiries invited.

BUSHMASTER
6615 NORTH LAMAR, DEPT. W, AUSTIN, TEXAS 78752 TELEPHONE: (512) 454-6041



ARROWHEADS!

Also Spearheads, Knives, Scrapers, Hand axes and many more ceremonial pieces. Send 25¢ for pictures.

Also available are Antique Guns, Bottles, Old Coins, Maps and Books of the Old West. All inquiries will be answered promptly! We buy too! Send money or write to:

50¢ ea.—3 for $1.25

COLLECTOR'S CORNER
P.O. BOX 9706
AUSTIN, TEXAS 78757

ARE YOU BALD? or LOSING HAIR

Today you have new hope for hair regrowth...it's been proved that, even though you are bald, hair roots may still be alive to produce new hairs. Thousands *have accomplished this* with the amazing Brandenfels Home System. See "before" and "after" pictures at left! Write now for full FREE information!

Carl Brandenfels
Box 816G2 • Scappoose, Oregon

$ $ $ TREASURE $ $ $
21 Authentic Accounts—Maps
Send Only $1 for
Treasure Trove
TO:
Golden West Associates
P. O. Box 1522
Boise, Idaho 83701

UP TO $688 PROFIT A RACE DAY WITH $60!

PENCLIFF the world's greatest horse-race computer predicts BIG wins—*easily*. Payoffs up to $79 with $2 stakes. Level stake profits at meetings *on the day* up to $688. Average outlay $60. Full details plus our remarkable guarantee: *Full refund* if no level stake profits with PENCLIFF at *any* track. R.H.P. CO. BOX 5715, PE-WPB Carmel, Calif. 93921. Tear out this ad NOW & mail with name, address, & zip.

HAVE YOUR POEMS SET TO MUSIC

See how your words can be turned into a song. Songs recorded, phonograph records made. Send your best poems or songs for prompt FREE information.

CROWN MUSIC CO.
49 West 32 St. Studio 299, New York 10001

EXPERT DICE
CARDS, INKS, etc.
STRONG! RELIABLE!
CATALOG $1.00
O. C. NOVELTY CO., Dept. WP-11
1311 W. MAIN, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA. 73104

Carry Nation's Other Side

(Continued from page 27)

"Mrs. Carry Nation of this city, President of the W.C.T.U. of the County, became convinced last Thursday that it was her duty to go to Kiowa and smash up the saloons. . . .

"She went into the saloons armed with brickbats and was ably reinforced after she gained entrance, by billiard balls, cue, etc. . . . The most damage was done in Bill Lewis' place, where a fine large mirror was ruined besides considerable liquor destroyed and bottles broken. The other places visited were Frank Nelson's, Al Snodderly's, John Dobson's and two others. . . .

"After Mrs. Nation did all she could do, she asked the city authorities to place her under arrest, but . . . nothing official has been done. . . .

"Asked for her reason for this bold act, Mrs. Nation said that she deemed it her duty before God and humanity. . . . "

Upon her return from the smashing episode, Carry stopped in front of her home instead of first driving into the barn to unhitch Prince. I little suspected the historical import of our neighbor's activity.

"Mama, here comes Mrs. Nation."

A quick glance out the window revealed Carry's greatly disturbed countenance, and Mother rushed to the door. "Well, Jessie, I did what I promised you. I did something about Mr. Hood wasting all his money in that saloon. I left it a mess! Maybe things will be better for you and the children now. I mean to defend your home."

"Oh, Carry, I hope you don't get into trouble because of us." Mother's fear for her friend mounted.

"I guess I wouldn't be here now if they were going to jail me, for I did what had to be done by someone." Mrs. Nation turned then and walked across the street to her home.

Her subsequent rampage of saloon smashing inevitably led Carry into court. After Bill Lewis' saloon was wrecked, Sam Griffin, the prosecuting attorney, sued her for slander in Medicine Lodge. For this trial she subpoenaed my father as a witness, since he had been present when the incident occurred and knew of Mr. Griffin's drinking and gambling. In order to claim immunity from answering the subpoena, Father fled to his mother's home just across the line into Oklahoma.

Armed with a well-rounded vocabulary and directions from Mother, Carry Nation left hurriedly early one morning for the day-long, twenty-five-mile trip to the Oklahoma border. Years later Father told me every detail of the encounter.

Carry had no trouble identifying Luke Hood as he stood in the yard, nor did Father have any difficulty recognizing Mrs. Nation. He noticed the disdainful look in her eyes, but stood his ground. Carry drew back on the reins, stopping close to him. Alighting from the buggy, she unleashed her fury in a thorough tongue-lashing. Although never vulgar in her choice of words, she could be extremely cutting. Father was completely squelched.

Satisfied that her mission had been accomplished, Carry turned to leave. Since she was well known in the community by now, because of her destructive tactics, she needed no introduction to Grandmother, who came out of the house smiling.

"How do you do, Mrs. Nation. You must be tired from the long trip. Dinner is 'most ready. Would you care to stay?"

Grandmother Hood had overheard the verbal barrage raining down on Father but felt that Mrs. Nation was justified in her abuse. Carry was fatigued and glad to be welcomed after the sharp lecture she had delivered. A warm friendship grew between the two ladies in the following few days of Carry's visit (at Grandmother's invitation). They exchanged parallel stories of their early lives in Missouri. Because they were both widows in meager circumstances, they well knew the trials of managing a household alone.

THERE WERE neither saloons nor open gambling places in Medicine Lodge, but whiskey was sold over the counter in the drug stores. Southworth's Drug Store in the south end of town had a large display of the tall glass containers usually seen in those days, and the usual amount of patented medicines. There was seldom a clerk to wait on customers in the front part of the store, and the back was separated by a stained-glass partition.

Gambling places in Medicine Lodge operated behind two or three doors, on each of which was a bell to warn of the approach of Carry Nation. The gamblers paid little heed to the law, but they lived in mortal dread of the woman crusader.

Because Mother had to go to work to support us, we children spent a lot of time on the streets of Medicine Lodge. When I was eight years old, I saw an incident involving Carry Nation which was not witnessed by my mother.

One warm afternoon I was trudging along barefooted on the creaking old wooden sidewalk. Nearby was a group of men who had gathered to exchange their political views. Bill Parsons, the tallest, sent a curling smoke screen skyward as he puffed on a cigar.

"You'd better get rid of that cigar, Bill. Here comes Carry Nation," advised Sim Ewall, a lumberman who could always find time to join a discussion.

"If she knocks this cigar out of my mouth, I'll knock her down!" Bill exclaimed, secure in his height. The men all glanced down the boardwalk toward Carry, whose determined steps were resounding ever louder.

With no word of warning but a steady glare at the cigar, Carry knocked it to the street with such speed and determination that there was little time for retaliation. In fact, Bill Parsons was so shocked he made no effort whatever to carry out his threat against Mrs. Nation.

Action was her method—action against vices she believed were ruinous to health and home life. Her radical behavior often

TREASURE PROBE

FIND BURIED TREASURE! $18.88

10 - DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

TREASURE PROBE

Absolutely complete
and ready for use
including
earphone and battery

ALL TRANSISTORIZED

PRINCIPLE OF OPERATION

The Treasureprobe operates by comparing the frequencies of two colpitts oscillators and amplifying the audio frequency which is the sum of the difference. The fixed oscillator is in the molded handle of the Treasureprobe, and is controlled by the thumbwheel tuner. The variable oscillator is in the search coil and changes its inductance when the search coil is brought into close proximity of any metal. This difference when amplified is heard in the earphone as an audio signal tone.

Find TREASURE and RELICS with new 1968 models. Used by professionals and amateurs the world over. Guaranteed to detect Gold, Silver Coins, battlefield relics. FREE INFORMATION.

FINDING LOST TREASURE

. . . an exciting hobby for the great outdoors that really pays off!

LOOK AT THESE OUTSTANDING FEATURES

1. Uses three Silicon Planar transistors.
2. Five-inch Search Coil with depth range to 18 inches.
3. Completely wired (not a kit).
4. Thumbwheel tuner for one-hand operation.
5. 9-volt transistor battery included with each unit.
6. 8-ohm magnetic plug-in earphone included with each unit.
7. Attractively styled streamlined high impact molded case and search coil with gold anodized aluminum search coil rods.
8. Weight under 1½ pounds.
9. Two separate colpitts oscillators each utilizing printed circuit board construction.

TO ORDER

Send check, cash, or money order, $5.00 deposit for C.O.D. In N.J., add 3% state tax. 10-day money back guarantee.

TREASUREPROBE, Box 228, Dept. FAE, Toms River, N. J. 08753

Enclosed is $.................... Please send .... Treasureprobes at the low price of $18.88 each post paid.

Name ....

Address ....

City and State .... Zip Code ....

led her to being jailed.

By 1902 Mrs. Nation had gone on the road as a lecturer, but she still made periodic returns to Medicine Lodge. On one occassion, she arrived after dark and boarded a Gano and Son bus, which operated between Medicine Lodge and the depot. It was pulled by two horses, and the driver sat up high like a stagecoach driver. Entrance was from the rear and the seats faced each other, lined against the sides. A kerosene lamp was placed on a safety shelf up front behind the driver. Upon noticing the lamp was upset, Carry notified the driver, Bill Horn, burly, stubble-whiskered brother of Tom Horn who was to hang the following year in Wyoming.

"So, it's you again!" Bill roared. He grabbed Carry by the hair and threw her out of the bus, accompanied by his usual shower of profanity. "You get out of my bus and stay out!" he shouted, closing the door and heading for his perch.

Carry struggled to her feet while not too successfully brushing dust off her black alpaca dress. A lighted window in a house across the street caught her eye. Limping, she made her way to the house and up the steps. The door opened to her hesitant knock.

"Why, Mrs. Nation, how come you are here at this time of night?" Charlie Moore was a kindly colored man, well respected in the community.

"I've had a little trouble with the bus driver, and wonder if you could help me get to town?"

Charlie was glad to oblige. As a result of this incident, there was a trial. Carry Nation acted as her own attorney, and Bill Horn was defended by a local attorney, Poley Tincher. The presiding judge's name was Collins. As a child of eleven, I saw the whole trial in a jam-packed courtroom. Carry Nation was repeatedly ridiculed, and the verdict was not guilty; so Bill Horn was released.

Shortly after his acquittal, Carry held a meeting at the Christian Church, drawing an over-capacity crowd. Always emphatic in quoting the Bible, she used incidents from her favorite passages to illustrate her points: "As David slew Goliath with a slingshot, and Samson slew the Philistines with the jawbone of an ass, so will I destroy the liquor evil with my hatchet." She supported her campaign by selling miniature hatchets, small badges of gold wire fashioned to spell her name, pamphlets, and pictures of herself, one of which she autographed for Mother.

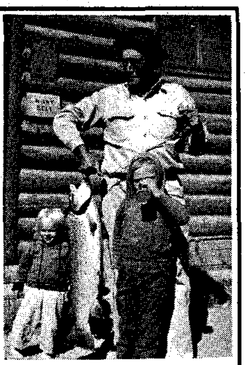
FOR ANOTHER YEAR Mrs. Nation continued her campaign before returning to Medicine Lodge. On the day of her arrival, a celebration was being held to focus attention on the building of a new railroad, the Denver, Enid, and Gulf. Carry Nation was not allowed to ride the bus piloted by the same driver who had previously ousted her, so she was stranded at the depot until Sheriff Haun heard of her dilemma and called for her in his buggy. He was, indeed, an answer to her prayers. With a smile of greeting and a "Whoa," he pulled back on the reins, stopping the buggy beside her. "Get in, Mrs. Nation."

As they drove down the street, the large crowd which had gathered for the railroad celebration cheered wildly for Carry Nation. Sheriff Haun stopped at the Courthouse Park where a speaker's platform had been erected. One guest was Representative Chester I. Long. Upon completion of his political address, Carry Nation rushed to the platform and challenged him to a debate. Long hastened to leave, but Carry pointed a finger at him, asking in determined and reprimanding tones, "How can you be a lawmaker when you are a law-breaker?" She continued, "There are twenty-three bawdy houses in sight of the Capitol in Washington, D.C., and you know it."

FROM MY ACQUAINTANCE with Carry Nation during my boyhood, I am sure most people respected her and never considered her mentally unbalanced, as she has been described in various stories of her life. It was reported that she was able to make about $300 a week on her speaking tours, while other people were making only $2 or $3 weekly.

I knew Mr. Nation only as a big man who often wore a buffalo-hide overcoat. Due to their divorce, he lived at a boarding house in another part of town, where he died a few years after we moved into the Bisby House.

After leaving Medicine Lodge, Carry Nation made news in our local paper,



GOOD TROUT FISHING!

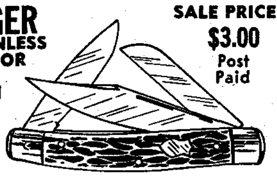
Vacation and rest in the cool Rocky Mountains of New Mexico. Beautiful, clean, modern log houses—completely equipped for cooking—linens furnished.

Rainbows 'n' Browns
On the Chama River below El Vado Dam

Make reservations early to insure accommodations. Groceries, tackle, licenses, bait, liquors and beer.

Carl R. and Gladys Cooper, Mgrs.

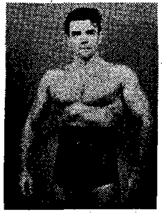
EL VADO RANCH
Box 500 (Ph. JU 8-2496) Tierra Amarilla, New Mexico



BIG RANGER
DELUXE STAINLESS STEEL OUTDOOR KNIFE!
Heavy duty, all purpose knife for professional outdoorsmen, sportsmen, etc.

SALE PRICED!
$3.00
Post Paid

FEATURES 3 TOUGH, RAZOR SHARP BLADES FORGED FROM FINEST STAINLESS CUTTING STEEL! Blades hold their edges—Won't rust! Has brass linings, stainless bolsters, and a thick non-slip bonestag handle. Exceptional value. Similar strong, husky knives cost $5.00 or more! 4 inches long, closed. **SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK!** Order while they last! (Buy 2 for $5.50.) **SELECT VALUES, DEPT. TW-9, WADENA, MINN. 56482.**



"Sta-Trim"
WAIST BELT!

Ruggedly constructed non-porous Belt that causes waistline area to perspire with slightest exertion. Exercise program and instructions show how to build muscle and at same time trim waistline. Wear to work or a workout. Send waist size—and $2.98 to:
"STA-TRIM" Suite 1204-TW-3
28 East Jackson, Chicago 60604

SPECIAL! ALASKA
CENTENNIAL EDITION

BLACK SAND AND GOLD! *By Ella L. Martinsen.* Alaska-Yukon adventures of Ed Lung. Has 419 pages and forty gold-rush pictures, some rare. Photos of Dawson, Bonanza, Eldorado, Klondike Kate, and many others. Eyewitness account with some diaries. Autographed copies $5.00 C.O.D. or money orders. Ella Martinsen, 30 East Victoria, Santa Barbara, Calif. 93104.

IT'S THE COTTON PICKIN' TRUTH!

Readers tell us every day that they have just discovered our magazines—that if everybody who appreciates such a magazine knew about them, our print order would be 5,000,000 copies with our next issues!

You can sure help greatly by spreading the news around. Tell them (or you if this is the first copy you have seen) just to send $2 for a full year's subscription to OLD WEST, P. O. Box 3668, Austin, Texas 78704, and we'll do the rest!

You wouldn't believe how hard it is to get the news spread around! The big national companies spend millions advertising their products but (it's a secret!) we don't have that kind of money. . .

the *Barber County Index*, published by Painter and Herr. One of the headlines indelibly etched on my mind was published when she was in England where, in numerous pubs were hung signs which read, "ALL NATIONS WELCOME EXCEPT CARRY."

She was, admittedly, not welcomed by the growing alcoholic industries, the lax law-enforcement agencies, and saloon keepers all over this country and in foreign countries where her crusading took her. But she was loved by thousands of the oppressed, for she was doing her very best to make a better way of life for them. That was the other side of her hatchet. God had blessed her with a boundless love for all who needed the help of a real humanitarian.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 45)

Civil War Records

Anyone who wants to know if an ancestor had a record of service in the Civil War can write to the National Archives, General Services Administration, Washington 25, D.C. and request free form NAR 2-888. If the man served, a photocopy of his record will be sent for a fee of $1.—Mrs. Lenora P. Gilkey, Box 793, Corcoran, California 93212

Georgia Cawthons

My father, Thomas Clarance Cawthon, was born in Georgia around 1878. I remember him mentioning Toccoa, Cordele, and Marrietta. I know he had two brothers—Jesse and Holman—but don't know their whereabouts. My mother's maiden name was Ella Whittington, and she was also from Georgia, around Hawkinsville. I would greatly appreciate any information about their families that anyone could give me.—James B. Cawthon, 2716 Ruth Drive, Medford, Oregon 97501

Blancett

Does anyone know the whereabouts of any descendants of Joe Blancett who used to live at Erick, Oklahoma? He was my mother's (Melissa Blancett Barkley's) oldest brother. I corresponded with his stepdaughter, Dottie Gibbs, for a short time before World War I and with another brother, William Calvin, a Baptist preacher around Lake City and Newport, Arkansas, until the early '30s.—Mrs. Leila B. Caston, General Delivery, Altoona, Alabama 35952

Christenson

Does anyone know anything about George Christenson? He was a member of G. Troop, 1st U. S. Cavalry, in the last century.—Gordon Bateman, 620 North 4th Avenue, Walla Walla, Washington 99362

Bails or Jackson?

Does anyone know of a Pauline Bails or Gail Jackson, formerly of Billings, Montana? The mother, eighty-one years of age, is in a nursing home and in very poor health.—Hughes, 360 N.E. 43rd Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa 50313

Great-Grandfather Gibson

My great-grandfather Gibson (I don't know his first name) married an Indian woman named Lucenda in Illinois before the Civil War. I was told he was killed in the Battle of Pea Ridge and that Fort Gibson was named after his brother. After my great-grandfather's death, Lucenda married a man named Barnett. She died in 1895 or 1896 and was buried in Petersburg, Oklahoma. Lucenda Gibson's children were named Sarah Gibson Barnett, Polly Gibson Womack, Mendy Gibson Yarbough, and John Marion Gibson. I'll appreciate any information on great-grandfather Gibson.—Rosie Gibson Beck, 115 South Miller, Vinita, Oklahoma 74301

Napoleon A. Finney

I have tried so hard to get information about my grandfather, born back in the 1840s or 1850s, Napoleon A. Finney. He was a soldier, but I don't know what side he fought for. He died in the Old Soldiers Home in Austin, Texas, back in 1912 or 1913. I have been to his grave there in Austin, but I don't know his middle name or what state he was born in. He married, but I don't know my grandmother's name for she died when my father was small. They had two or three children. My grandfather was a guard in a penitentiary some place in Texas. Then one of the children died, I don't know his name. I think the other one was John. Oscar Will Finney, my father, was the other. He was born January 6, 1873, in Louisiana, but I don't know what town. I have written to Washington but couldn't find out anything about my grandfather. I've written to Austin but I know they have his record somewhere there as he was in the Old Soldiers Home there and they had to have his birth record before he was taken in the Home. So if someone would help me, I surely would appreciate it; or if anyone knows of the Finneys, please write me.—Iva B. Robertson, 8835 M. M. Star Route, Oroville, California 95965

McClain and May Families

Can any of your readers help me locate remaining members of the Mark McClain and May families or the burial place of both families? Mark McClain was my mother's father and Grandmother McClain was a May before she married Grandfather McClain. He died when my mother was about nine years old and grandmother died when mother was twelve years old. After grandmother died, my mother and her brother were raised by one of her grandparents. Her grandfather's last name seems to have been Davidson. I am not positive if he was her step-grandfather or not. My mother died when I was small and I don't have any information that tells me much. My mother had one brother, whether he is older than she, I don't know. Her name is Maude and her brother's name is either Albert or Elbert.

All I know about Grandfather McClain is that he lived in Arkansas, in or near Little Rock, for some time. I believe he owned a farm or plantation near Little Rock. I remember mother telling me about how she and her brother used to carry water from the Mississippi River to wash clothes and to scrub the floors of their home and how wild the country was then and how frightened they both were when the Mississippi River went rampaging over the banks during flood time. (Also about wild animals, especially the panthers and bob-cats that screamed at night.) She also told me her father carried the mail for the Indian Nation and he was some kind of Indian agent. At least he did some kind of work among the Nation. Grandfather McClain was of Scottish-Indian decent. He was three-quarters Cherokee and grandmother was Cherokee Indian. It seems that Grandmother's parents disowned her for marrying a man who was part white. They told her and grandfather to leave and never set foot in their house again. My mother's brother lived to be twenty-five or thirty years of age before he disappeared, never to be heard from again. She had a small sister who died when she was an infant and a small brother who lived to be around three or four years old. My grandfather may have fought in the Civil War. My mother was born in 1881 in March, the third or twelfth. I was so small when mother died that I don't remember much about the family history. The family Bible that mother once owned was destroyed by fire.

If any of your readers can help me find my mother's relatives, or have any information about this family, or are members of the families, I would like to hear from you, especially any of the Cherokee or other nations that might know anything about Grandfather and Grandmother McClain's family. His fondest wish was to find her people before she died. All these years I'v been searching for them, but so far I've been unsuccessful.

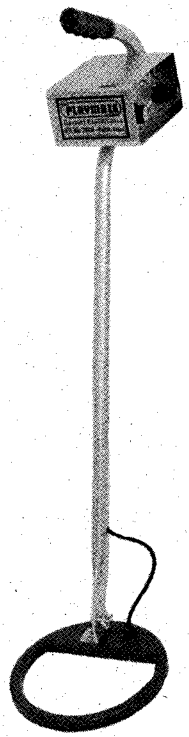
Please, any of you who are of the nation who had parents or friends who might have heard of him spoken of, or are relatives of my grandparents, write to me. I don't have any family records. I only have one picture of my mother when she was nineteen years old. I want to know who my people are and who I am. Any information will be welcome.—Mrs. Lillie Mae Thompson, Box 10 Estrada St., Fernandina Beach, Florida 32034

Butters Family

I have a family genealogy of the Butters family that dates back to the year 1666. It is quite complete and traces each line of the family very thoroughly from a William Butters of Woburn, Massachusetts. I am in the process now of gathering information to add to the book and bring it up-to-date as much as possible. If any of your readers by the name of Butters wish to obtain any information concerning their family tree, I would be very happy to correspond with them and send them any information they desire.—Jerry Butters, 3657 Lafayette Street, Denver, Colorado 80205

Virginia Creels

I have an old letter written from Monroe County, Missouri, dated 4th June, 1847, dealing with the estate of John Creal (Creel), one of my ancestors of Culpepper County, Virginia. The letter is a legal one concerning heirs by the name of Emily Jane Finks and her husband,



Need A New PLAYMATE?

We believe we have the hottest one going! Our completely new PLAYMATE coin finder has been designed and constructed for locating lost and buried coins, rings, nuggets, and other treasures. The PLAYMATE will easily detect the smallest coins to depths of several inches or larger treasures to depths of five feet.

You no longer have to end your search at the water's edge. The PLAYMATE can be submerged right up to the control housing so that you can find the lost coins and other valuables that other detectors have missed.

We have incorporated all of the most desirable features of our famous HUNTER into this low priced instrument to give you the best possible detector for the lowest possible price.

Write for full literature on our new PLAYMATE plus our FREE treasure hunting guide book.

GARRETT ELECTRONICS
Room 215
P.O. BOX 28434
DALLAS, TEXAS 75228

Complete
only
$99.00

AMERICANA - SOUTHWEST AND WEST

Clothbound, limited to 1000 copies:

TRAIN ROBBERS & TRAIN ROBBERIES, by Wm. A. Pinkerton, facsimile of 1907.	3.50
PIONEERS OF THE BLACK HILLS, or Gordons Stockade Party of 1874, by David Aken, 152 pp.	5.00
THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL, by Wm. Ryus, reprint of 1915, 160 pp.	5.00
The Editor's RUN IN NEW MEXICO & COLORADO in 1881, by C. M. Chase, 232 pp.	6.00
The DALTON GANG & The Coffeyville Raid, by D. S. Elliott & Ed Bartholomew.	3.50

Softbound, limited to 1000 copies

OKLAHOMA OUTLAWS, by R. S. Graves, reprint of 1914, 128 pp.	3.50
FAMOUS GUNFIGHTERS Of The Western Frontier, by Bartholomew (Bat) Masterson, 112 pp.	3.00
OLD MINES & GHOST CAMPS OF CALIFORNIA, by Ekman, etal. From 1899, 148 pp.	3.50
OLD ARIZONA TREASURES, by Jesse Rascoe, 128 pp.	3.00
OLD MINES & GHOST CAMPS OF NEW MEXICO, by Payette Jones, reprint of 1905.	4.00

Frontier Book Co., Publisher, Box 253, Fort Davis, Texas 79734

Here it is
Hot Off the Press
"A PIG IN A POKE"

A book of Shore nuff Hillbilly fun. Get a hillbilly dictionary and a Pig in a Poke as an introductory offer for a ridiculously low-low $2.00.

Hickoryville Publications
Cabool, Mo. 65689

NO PHONE NO ADDRESS
(YOUR NAME HERE)
RETIRED
NO BUSINESS NO MONEY
NO WORRIES NO PROSPECTS
NO JOB

Hand friends YOUR business card—and a chuckle! Great "ice-breaker" for parties, getting acquainted.
15 for $1.00 100 for $5.00 Postpaid.
FUN GUARANTEED! IMMEDIATE DELIVERY!
ORDER NOW!
SHERMAN
DEPT. C2, UMATILLA, OREGON 97882

SNACK ROUTE

SPARE TIME INCOME Collecting Money and Restocking established accounts dispensing Candy and Snacks. Must be bondable, have car, and able to devote 5 to 8 hours per week. Starting inventory of $599.00 to $1499.00 required. For personal interview write:

General Food Distributors
1506 Linwood Blvd., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

THE GOLDEN TREASURES

of the San Juan (Colorado) by John B. Marshall and Temple H. Cornelius is in reprint edition at $4.50, book with maps, photos, and information, 233 pages. Write to

SWALLOW PRESS, INC.
1139 S. Wabash Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60605

Simeon Finks, of Monroe County. The paper is written in four parts, the Finks' part having been written by an attorney, as there is an "X" between Emily's signature. The second part was written by a J. F. Botts; the third, by E. M. McBride, clerk, County of Monroe, with the county seal affixed; the fourth, by a Judge M. G. Moore, also of that county. If anyone can shed any light on any of these persons, I'll be glad to hear from them.—Charles E. Creel, Box 962, Route 3, Birmingham, Alabama 35214

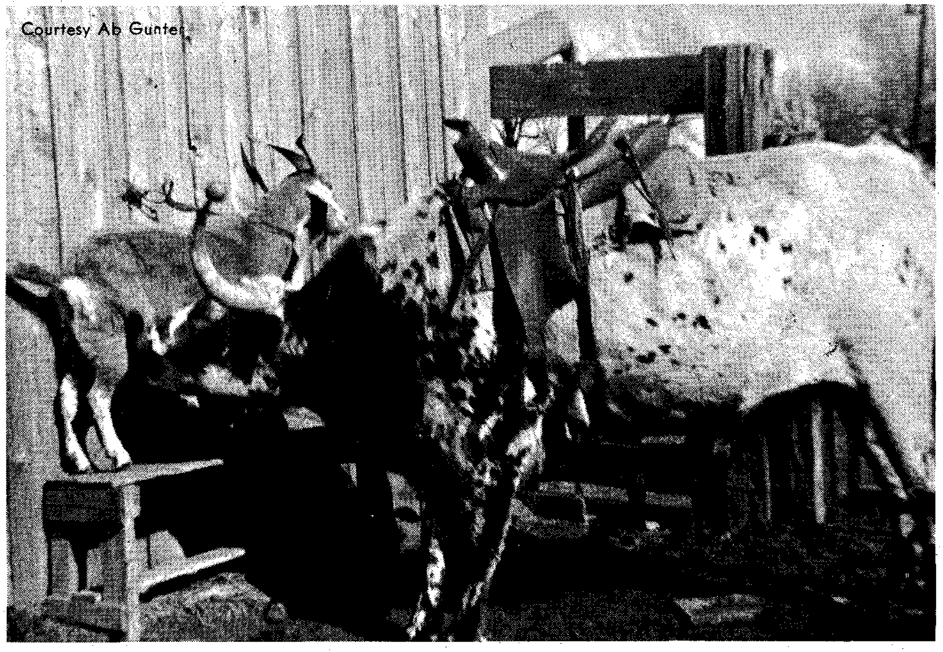
Nuggets

(Continued from page 39)

pet in the yard and soon had him doing tricks like playing dead, rolling over, and climbing a step or two up a ladder. Bull got so tame he even let Bill ride him.

Bill, Frank and Bull have gone several different places to ride in parades and Bull has been on TV a time or two. They made the Shamrock Sheriff's Posse Parade on St. Patrick's Day in Shamrock, Texas, and go to Clarendon to their show and to Wellington for the big celebration there. Bull can keep right up with the horses and has lots to spare. He isn't wild in any manner and will work well but he doesn't like to be tight-reined. Imagine how easy it would be for him to get rid of a rider if he took a notion! His horns are five-feet long and he can scratch any place on his back by just turning his head from side to side.

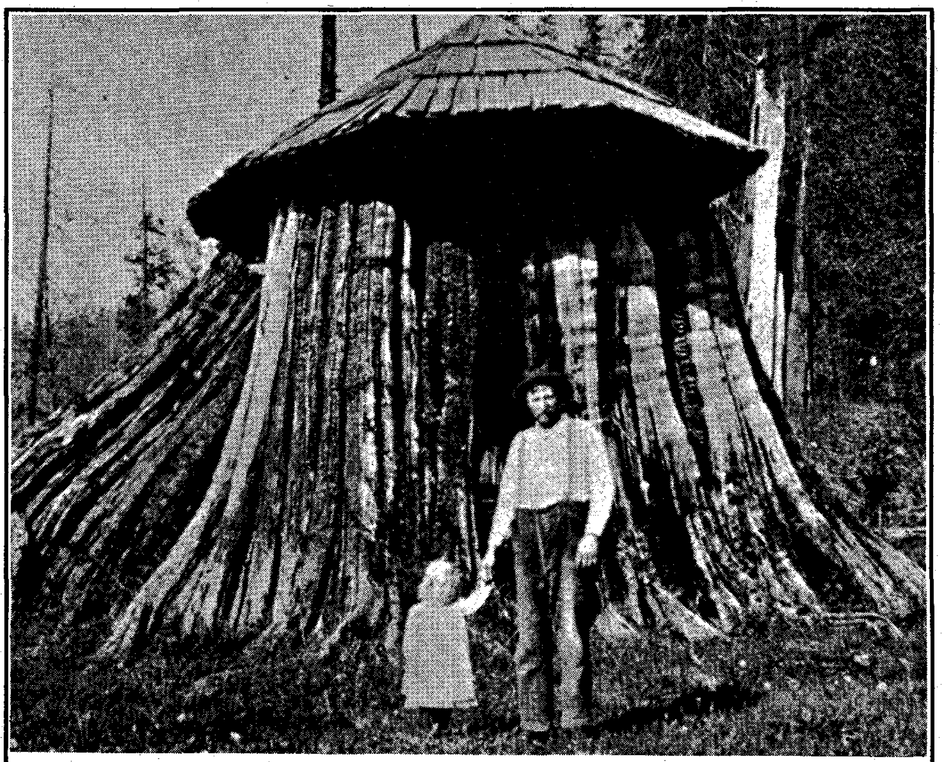
Bull is just a pampered kid if you ask me. He gets about anything he wants and is a privileged character wherever he goes. He probably gets tucked in every night when he goes to bed. You really would have to love your work to do what Bill and Frank have done for this animal. Full grown, these critters weigh around a ton and lots of them get six-feet tall at the shoulders. Bull is just a kid—he only weighs a little over 1,600 pounds and is fifteen hands high! As I said, his horns are over five-feet long and his head is twenty-three and one-half inches long. Fortunately, Bull doesn't know his own strength. He isn't like a horse but when he blows you hear what sounds like a popoff valve on a steam locomotive. He sure can make a lot of noise blowing a little breath through those nostrils!



Courtesy Ab Gunter

The most peculiar part of Bull's life is that he thinks a nanny goat is his mamma! Yep, Ole Bull is still nursing —no telling when he will get so ashamed of himself he will wean off the goat milk. His adopted mamma is Babe, a nine-year-old nanny goat that has had Bull since he was a pup. She has to get up on a box to be high enough for Bull to nurse but that's the way it is with Babe and Bull. Normally Babe is scared of dogs but let one get too near her baby and she "furs up" ready to fight. Maybe Babe is a bit confused, too. She really thinks Bull is her kid.

I hope you aren't confused or skeptical because we've still got Bull and Babe to prove pretty near all this yarn. Come on down and take a look.



STUMP POST OFFICE

By Mary Lou Hanify

MANY stories have been written about unusual post offices, but one of the strangest stories of all is about the one in a tree stump. From 1892 to 1928, an official United States Post Office actually was in a stump.

Using the stump for a post office was the idea of William D. McDonald, who was appointed postmaster of the Elwha District, located near Port Angeles, Washington.

McDonald, a pioneer resident of the area, had been living in the stump, so he merely put on a roof and hung out a sign, "McDonald Post Office, McDonald, Wash."

It is rumored that when a postal inspector paid an official visit there, he did not approve of the gabled roof which McDonald has installed. At the inspector's suggestion, he replaced it with a new round roof to match the stump's shape.

The post office name also was changed to Elwha, Wash.

The stump still stands today, and the Clallam County Historical Society hopes eventually to fence it off and designate it as an historical landmark. It is now on private property.

THE TREE OF TAUNTS

By Frieda Bryan Hyatt

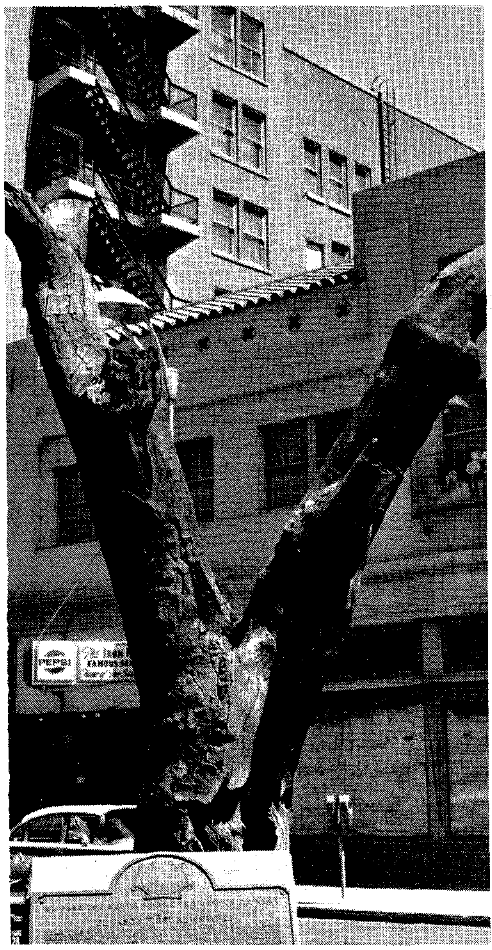
EL PASO, TEXAS, which knew the trend and gallop of desperadoes, the blast of gunfire from feuds and rebellions, the curses and guffaws of men on the run, also knew the insults hurled by its more settled, respected citizens at enemies who held high positions in the town's early days. Famous for the posting of such tirades was the "newspaper tree."

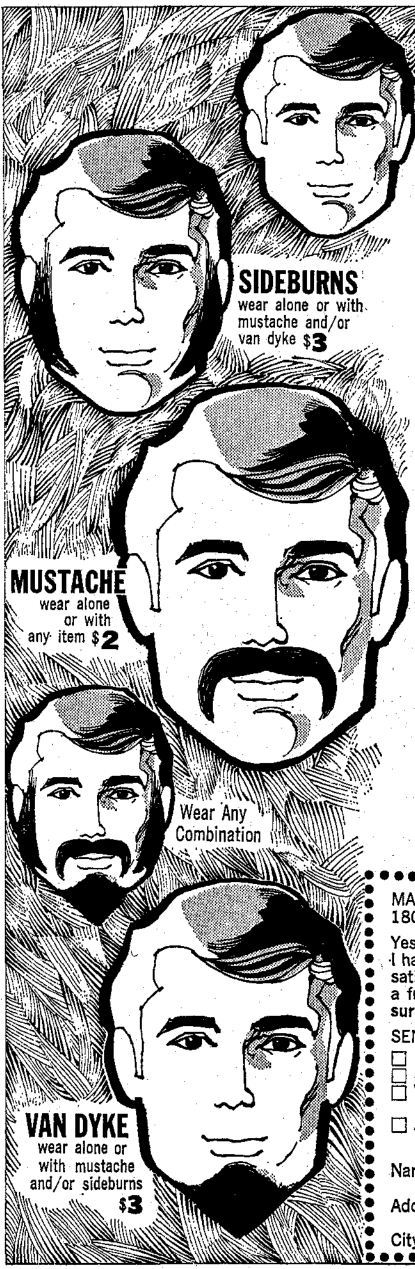
The naked trunk and limbs of the old cottonwood in Pioneer Plaza still stands and is in the very heart of El Paso. Further, the tree is practically in the shadow of the Mills Building and thereby hangs a tale of early-day history.

A bronze plaque at its base reads: "El Paso's First Newspaper. Near this spot in 1860 grew a cottonwood tree on whose broad breast were posted many public and private notices. On one of these on August 6th, 1860, Anson Mills denounced J. S. Gillett, W. J. Morton, and J. R. Sipes as 'Willful and Malicious Scoundrels' for calling him an abolitionist. In reply these men called Mills a 'Damned black Republican and a contemptible pup.' Many notices such as these caused our first citizens to carry 'shooting irons' on all occasions."

Anson Mills was the man who made the first survey of El Paso and was seeking re-election in 1860 as surveyor. Mills posted this notice on the newspaper

El Paso's newspaper tree of the early 1800s.




SIDEBURNS
wear alone or with mustache and/or van dyke $3
MUSTACHE
wear alone or with any item $2
Wear Any Combination
VAN DYKE
wear alone or with mustache and/or sideburns $3

THE LOOK YOU WANT — WHEN YOU WANT IT!

You will be Amazed at the Exciting Change in your Personal Appearance!

The Natural Look of these sideburns, mustache, van dyke and/or beard actually allows you to select the way you want to look, Older, Younger, Distinguished, Cool, Suave — you name it! Wear each one independently or combine them for the effect you desire — sideburns and beard, sideburns alone, van dyke alone, van dyke and mustache. The combinations are limitless!

All items are made of simulated natural hair to exacting professional standards. Firmly self-adhering. Can be worn with self confidence anywhere, anytime. They are so life-like you will have to remind yourself that they can be removed.

FREE with each order, a complete guide that tells how to naturally wear your sideburns, mustache and van dyke.

©

MAN INTERNATIONAL Dept. 5581
1800 No. Highland Avenue, Hollywood, California 90028

Yes, I want to choose my own appearance. Rush me the items I have checked below. I understand that I must be completely satisfied or I may return the merchandise within 10 days for a full refund. Check items and color shade you want. **If not sure of your hairshade, enclose hair sample with order.**

SEND ME THESE ITEMS:
☐ Mustache $2
☐ Sideburns $3
☐ Van Dyke $3
☐ All items $5 (Save $3.00)

MAKE ITEMS THIS COLOR:
☐ Light Brown
☐ Medium Brown
☐ Dark Brown
☐ Black
☐ Blonde
☐ Auburn (Red)
☐ Silver (Grey)

Name . . . .
Address . . . .
City. . . . . State & Zip. . . . .

The OREMASTER "POCKET MAGNETOMETER"

This is another sensational instrument developed in our Research Laboratory and added to the famous OREMASTER line of super sensitive space age, prospecting and research instruments.

This is an exceptionally sensivitive magnetic meter and will automatically react to either a detectable positive or negative magnetic field in an ore sample, vein, ore body or piece of float. Will pinpoint the source or sources of these fields to show the richest ore. Will react through wood, aluminum, quartz, water, ice, snow, mud and dirt. Add one of these to your modern Oremaster equipment. No batteries required—weight only 7 oz.—size 2½" x 1".

Price—$29.50. No Sales Tax $10.00 down—Balance $5.00 per month

WHITE'S ELECTRONICS, INC.

Special Models Available For Mobile Prospecting

1011 Pleasant Valley Road Room 400 Sweet Home, Oregon 97386

RUPTURE RELIEF! GUARANTEED!

TRY THIS TRUSS FOR 30 DAYS FREE!

OR YOUR MONEY BACK IN FULL!

Lasting, comfortable relief for your reducible inguinal rupture. Prove it. Give WEB a trial. If not completely satisfied return it within 30 days for full refund of purchase price. Write for free booklet.

WEB TRUSS CO. Dept. FT-11
Hagerstown, Md.

NOW!
16" DEERSKIN
SCOUT BOOT

Comfort, durability, protection, and good looks. Genuine heavyweight deerskin. Hand-molded thick rawhide sole, foam-padded leather-lined insole. Drawstring under fringed flap. Buffalo-brown suede Order yours today!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
Ladies' — 4-10 N. & M.... $17.95
Men's — 6-13 N. & M..... $19.95

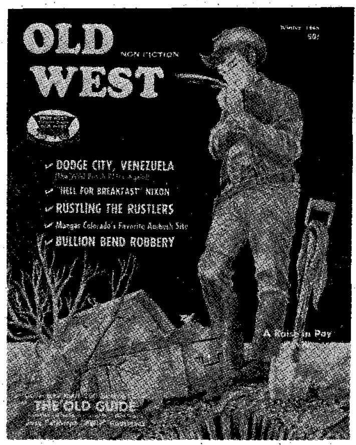
SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

ORDER USUAL SHOE SIZE.
LARGEST MAIL-ORDER MOCCASIN SPECIALISTS SERVING YOU DIRECT
ADD 50c HANDLING CHG.
$2.00 DEPOSIT ON C.O.D.'S.

OUTDOOR WORLD
Div. of Western Brands FT-11
ESTES PARK, COLO. 80517
PHONE 303: 586-3361

OLD WEST

THE BIGGEST 50¢ WORTH OF ALL-TRUE, ALL-FACT WESTERN READING IN THE WORLD!



100 PAGES!

Jam-Crammed From Cover to Cover With Exciting & Colorful Features Stories and Articles of A WEST THAT WAS!

●

Winter 1968 Issue On Sale At Your Newsstand October 1st

Here Are Some of the 16 Great Stories Included in This Issue!

- DODGE CITY, VENEZUELA
- THE BULLION BEND ROBBERY
- A MAN AT BAY IN OUTLAW CAVE
- BEAU BRUMMELL OF THE BIG THOMPSON
- THE CAPTAIN'S "INCOMPLETE" VICTORY
- THE COWTOWNS' VEST POCKET ECONOMY
- SHE RIVALED DENVER FOR A LITTLE WHILE
- MANGAS COLORADO'S FAVORITE AMBUSH SITE
- RUSTLING THE RUSTLERS
- JUSTICE AND JOE
- THE CURSE THAT KILLED SAN PATRICIO TOWN
- LIGE COALMAN—MOUNTAIN BOY
- "HELL FOR BREAKFAST" NIXON—SUN RIVER RANGER

Plus: *Scarce Book Bonus!*

"The Old Guide"
by Jose Policarpo Rodriquez
$50 VALUE

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

OLD WEST
P.O. Box 3668 Austin, Texas 78704

I enclose: $2.00 for 1 year (4 issues)______
Special! $3.50 for 2 years (8 issues)______

Name______

Address______

City______State______Zip______

(If you don't want to cut this magazine, order on a sheet of paper.)

tree: "I have just been informed that J. S. Gillett, W. J. Morton, and J. R. Sipes stated last night to R. Duane and F. Remy that I was an abolitionist, for the purpose of injuring my character.

"As I never cast other than a Democratic vote or expressed other than Democratic sentiments, I denounce these three above named persons as willful and malicious lying scoundrels. Sipes and Morton owe me borrowed money for the last two years. I would like to have a settlement.

"I never asked anyone to vote for me as surveyor and I now withdraw my name as a candidate, and will not serve if elected."

WITHIN twenty-four hours another notice, signed by Morton, Gillett, and Sipes, was nailed to the tree. It read: "A certain contemptible pup, signing himself A. Mills, having publicly published the undersigned as scoundrels, we have only to say that he is so notoriously known throughout the entire county as a damned black Republican scoundrel, we deem him unworthy of further notice. However, we herewith notify this fellow that his insignificance shall not protect him in the future."

Next, Mills received a letter from Gillett: "I have noticed my name in connection with two others denouncing us publicly as malicious, lying scoundrels. For my part, I now ask of you an immediate retraction of the same, and as publicly as your accusation." Gillett referred to Mills as a wealthy wholesale merchant.

Gillett had dueled shortly before with an army officer, and Mills said afterwards: "As I paid no attention to his implied challenge, he sent word he would attack me on sight. I always went armed but though we often met, he never carried out his threat."

Today, midst hurrying throngs in this city on the border, stands the twisted, gnarled cottonwood. A few feet away towers the Anson Mills Building. For those who pause long enough to read the plaque and study the tree, it is a moment linked with the guns and men of the past.

Frostbite and Shenanigans On the Zortman-Malta Line

(Continued from page 9)

less shot to hell and gone. To begin with, I was no bookkeeper, and while I knew all the picayune details of the postoffice work, I was apt to be loose and careless and slipshod about the whole business. I had my regular work to do, and except for helping with the barn chores, most of my day was spent ahorseback. I'd pull out early of a morning after daybreak breakfast and show up that evening in time for supper. What bookkeeping and store tending I did was after dark.

One time while I was pinch-hitting as bookkeeper and assistant postmaster, Jake Meyers sent me to Rocky Point on the Missouri to pick up a work team old Tex Alvord had borrowed at haying time. I spent a couple of days lending Tex a hand with his hay crew and during my four-day absence Jake took over as assistant postmaster.

When the stage arrived Jake would unlock the first class mail pouch and dump the letters, including registered mail and packages, out on the desk, and holler for Ruel Horner to help him fill out the red and yellow cards attached to the registered mail.

"You understand, Jake," Ruel would say, "I got no right to handle the registered mail, according to the postal laws. I'm responsible for the mail sacks, that's all."

Often as not Jake would forget to stamp the outgoing letters, and Ruel would have to remind Jake to cancel the stamps and tie the letters with the special soft-twine furnished by Uncle Sam.

During my four-days' absence from the ranch Jake had neglected to change the day of the month on the cancellation stamp. The postmaster at Zortman, who bore no sort of brotherly love for Jake Myers, had turned him in to the postal authorities for his negligence, and the postal inspector from Helena had unexpectedly shown up. Ruel Horner had tried to phone Brookside of his coming, but nobody had been in the office all day, and the inspector had found the post office in one hell of a mess.

Jake had talked the inspector into staying over that night to straighten out the mess, had taken him out on a hunt for prairie chicken, and had swiped a bottle of whiskey from my father's bedroom. Al Taylor had fried a panful of young prairie chicken and baked a dried apple pie, and mellowed by good whiskey and Al's excellent cooking and the success of the prairie chicken hunt, the postal inspector and Jake had become fast friends, and the complaint was duly laid aside and eventually forgotten.

By the time I got back, the mess at the post office had been straightened out fine and dandy, a spit-and-polish job, a place for everything and everything in its place.

Just to keep in practice Jake chawed me out for the shape things were in, and I could tell from the words he was trying on for size they were the same ones used by the inspector on Jake himself. You'd have thought that big Oklahoma ramrod of the Circle C was the postmaster general.

As soon as I could slide in a few remarks edgewise, I bet Jake a new John B. Stetson that he didn't know how to change the type on the cancellation stamp or fill out the red and yellow register cards, let alone make out a money order, and that he probably had to call on Ruel Horner to help him sort the mail. And while I had my mouth open I reminded Jake that he'd better buy a quart of whiskey and slip the bottle back in Father's bedroom, to replace the jug he'd borrowed.

It wasn't often I got a chance to give Jake a ribbing, and I shore rubbed it in while we sat at the long oilcloth-covered mess table drinking coffee and smoking. I was a pistol kid the year my father hired Jake Myers as ramrod, and he'd never missed a chance to hurrah me, and there were times when the joshing got rough as a cob. On the other hand, Jake would do me some favor when I got in a tight, and all that made for the strong bonds of a lifelong friendship. Me'n Jake were side pardners, but he was the boss and I took his orders. Now we grinned at one another across the table, and finally Jake decided to tell what had happened that day.

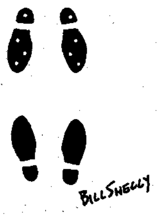
JAKE said that Ruel Horner was in a hell of a sweat when he showed up with the postal inspector, but Jake had been too busy at the time to pay Ruel any notice, or pay no never mind to the city dude in town clothes who had stepped off the stage. He'd looked like a preacher, Jake said, or some undertaker selling coffins.

Jake said he had ridden in to the ranch just ahead of the stage. He'd tied his horse to the hitchrack and was unlocking the office door when the stage pulled in and Ruel had tossed off the mail sacks. Jake had lugged them into the post office, unlocked the first-class sack, and emptied the letters on the top of the desk. Al Taylor, the cook, had come from the cook cabin, and when Jake emptied the second-class mail sack on the floor, Al pawed through the rolled newspapers and magazines until he found the *Police Gazette* he subscribed to, while Jake pawed through the letters until he found one from his wife, Janie, who was in California visiting kinfolks. He shoved the letter in his pocket and picked up three registered letters for the Zortman post office with both red and yellow cards attached.

Jake had asked Ruel to lend a hand with the register cards, and when Ruel failed to answer the summons Jake looked up to see the dude stranger standing near the desk. He was a gray-haired man, with clipped mustache, a disapproving frown on his lean face, a cold, speculative look in his pale blue eyes. And behind him, framed in the doorway, was the stage driver with a strange look on his leathery face, his gloved hands spread in a helpless gesture. It was the sick expression on Ruel's face that had puzzled Jake.

"Are you Jake Myers?" the stranger's voice was as toneless and cold as the rest of his looks.

"I see you've been practicing your fast draw again!"



"That's my name," Jake replied just as coldly. "What's yourn, mister?" His voice was a challenge.

Jake Myers would have looked a little naked without a six-shooter. He wore his Colt .45 shoved into the waistband of his Levi's just behind his hipbone.

Jake said when he had taken a good look at the stranger that "lawman" was stamped on him like a brand, and it had suddenly struck him that the man was a Pinkerton detective, sniffing on the cold trail of Kid Curry and the Wild Bunch. And Jake had it made then and there to not give the stranger the time of day. Sure enough, the man reached a hand inside his coat pocket and pulled out a small black leather wallet and flipped back the cover to show his law badge.

"A. B. Corey," the man had said with a thin smile, "Postal inspector from Helena. There's been a complaint about the way you handle the mail."

Jake's right hand, his thumb hooked in the waistband of his Levi's within easy reach of his six-shooter, came slowly away. "Why the hell didn't you say so in the first place?" Jake had said with a slight grin. And Ruel, acutely aware of Jake's quick temper and his habit of baiting somebody to the first Sunday lick, had remarked later he'd been holding his breath until it came out in a heavy, audible sigh of relief.

"I sorta had you figgered," Jake had explained, "for one of them Pinkerton detectives."

The postal inspector had nodded understandingly, but the thin-lipped smile had stayed frozen on his face as he put the wallet-concealed badge back in his coat pocket, then consulted a vest pocket notebook.

"A formal complaint," he'd said in clipped, official tones, "has been sent to the postal department at Helena by the postmaster at Zortman. It appears this Brookside post office has been negligent about changing the date on the cancellation stamp." The inspector had picked up the stamp, pressed it on the ink pad and stamped a blank sheet of paper, then glanced up at the large calendar on the wall, compliments of Clay Robinson Livestock Commission Company, Chicago.

"What day of the month is it, Mr. Myers?" he had asked.

Jake told him it was Friday, September 11. Then he had glanced at the paper the inspector had just stamped and saw that it said September 6.

"For the past four days," the inspector announced, "the date of September 6 has not been changed on the cancellation stamp. How can you account for that negligence, Mr. Myers?"

"The bookkeeper who tends the mail is away on vacation," Jake had answered. "For the past four days I've been tending the mail. Hell, I'm a cowhand. Foreman of a big cow outfit, and shorthanded." Jake had added, "I reckon you got me by the short hairs, mister. Over the barrel. From the solemn way you've been actin', a man would figger I was a train robber."

Genuine Handlasted Benchmade "Joe Hall" Imported Boots Handmade Leather Lined Hand Finished

Satisfaction Guaranteed—Free Catalog

The vamps and 16-inch tops with 6-inch Zipper in back are of beautiful soft glove leather. Nylon stitched, steel shanks, leather lined walking heel, narrow toe.

No. 2100, Sun Tan
No. 2101, Black
No. 2102, Brown
No. 2103, Red
No. 2104, Royal Blue
No. 2105, White

SAME BOOT IN ROUGH-OUT

No. 2000, Sun Tan
No. 2001, Brown
No. 2002, Royal Blue
No. 2006, Black
No. 2007, Red

ROUGH RIDER

$29.45

Give measurements in inches of calf of your leg. $5.00 deposit on C.O.D. orders—You pay postal charges. We pay postage on prepaid order.

Our guarantee—for exchange or refund return boots undamaged and unworn within 10 days.

FREE CATALOG—Adults' and Children's Boots, Western Shirts, Pants, Hats

HALL-YSLETA BOOT CO.
BOX 17971-T, EL PASO, TEXAS 79917

ANTIQUES AND THEIR CURRENT PRICES—

is a big illustrated 380 page guide telling you the value of 32,000 antique items. This is the only accredited antique dealers' handbook in the country, now available to the public. Includes pictures, prices of glass, china, furniture, toys, mental and pewterware, and more than 200 other groups. Gives dealer prices and serves as an excellent check list. Order Now! **$6.95**

Red Wagon Enterprises
10-CB Red Wagon Lane
RR2, Box 151, Leander, Texas 78641

NOW ***Set or Take up Trotline in 5 Minutes!***

BOOKLET ON HOW TO *Catch 'em* **20 PAGES**

"TROTLINE FISHING SECRETS" . . . **written by experts. How, when, where to set trotline, illustrated. Baits, laws, tackle. Send 25c for mailing cost. LAWRENZ MFG. CO., Dept. W, P.O. Box 3837, Dallas, Texas 75206**

Clean Fuzzy Eyes

Bathe eyes with LAVOPTIK, the Medicinal Eye Wash. Floats away dust, dirt, other irritants. Aids natural healing. Makes eyes feel clear, look sparkling bright. For dependable eye comfort insist on genuine LAVOPTIK Eye Wash with eye cup included, at your druggist. Satisfaction or your money back.

American-Old West Indian Relics

Large Free List—Arrowheads 10 for $3.00, Birdpoints 10 for $5.00. Fine arrowheads 10 for $5.00, extra fine arrowheads 5 for $5.00. Spearheads 5 for $5.00. Pottery and special collectors and museum specimens. **HYDE'S, Box 2304, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501.**

K. C. SLACK
6408 Nasco Drive
Any Town, State 78757

3 sets for only $1.25

1000 Name—Address Labels 50c

Exquisite labels at a special price. Your complete name and address (Zip Code too) on 1000 labels for only 50c. 3 sets same or different names $1.25 Postpaid.

SLACKS OF TEXAS
Box 9114-A Northwest Sta. Austin, Texas 78757

Cows with unbranded calves being driven to the branding corrals on the Circle C range.

"The United States Postal Department is an integral part of the government," the inspector had said. "Even this third-class post office of Brookside is part of that system and is governed by its rules and regulations. There's a strict ruling among all employes to report any irregularities, and the postmaster at Zortman has filed such a report."

The postal inspector had then asked Jake if he could put him up for the night—that it would require some time to straighten out the careless way the mail has been handled at Brookside. And Jake said he could stay as long as he liked.

Ruel Horner, already delayed half an hour, was anxious to leave, to get off the hook. Jake had followed him out and Ruel had confided that the inspector liked hunting—that along the stage road they had seen numerous flocks of prairie chicken and sage hens, and that there were mallard and teal ducks by the thousands on the cat-tail swamps of Little Warm Lake. And Jake had profited by the stage driver's tip-off in his own inimitable way.

The next time I saw Ruel Horner he said that Jake Myers must have used black magic on that postal inspector, because he'd been told that the gray-haired gent who carried his U. S. postal inspector's badge of authority in a wallet in his coat pocket was a hard man to shave. A veteran of thirty-odd years in the postal department, he went according to the rule book. There was no question about it, Jake had a gift of gab and a lot of luck to boot.

ONCE A MONTH Ruel Horner carried bullion from the mines in the Little Rockies to Malta. The average monthly clean-up was about $50,000. The heavy gold bricks were packed in saddle-leather boxes, fitted with heavy locks, straps and leather handles. No shotgun guard rode on the driver's seat alongside Ruel to guard the bullion that was stowed away under the driver's seat with the mail sacks. But there was always an armed guard ahorseback riding within carbine distance behind the stage.

Let the reader bear in mind that the Little Rockies and the tough towns of Landusky and Zortman were in outlaw country, and there were still a few unknown outlaw members left from the Kid Curry Gang and the Wild Bunch.

So far as I ever knew, Ruel Horner never packed a six-shooter when he drove the stage—no sawed-off shotgun or Winchester rifle.

Often Ruel would also carry silver dollars loaded in gunnysacks or canvas bean sacks. The silver dollars were for the saloon and gambling trade and the stores in Landusky and Zortman. Indians from the Fort Belknap Indian Reservation distrusted paper money and insisted on silver cartwheels, and that held true of the Metis and miners.

Despite the fact that the Little Rockies was the last of the outlaw country, the stage from Zortman to Malta was never held up except for one minor horseplay that could have turned out seriously.

There was a strict ruling against booze and gambling at the Circle C ranch. While my father always kept a bottle of whiskey in his bedroom, and my older half-brothers, Will, Bob and Wallace, kept whiskey at their respective houses on the ranch, no booze was allowed at the bunkhouse, no drinking among the cowpunchers and ranch hands. A cowpuncher might come from town with a bottle to sober up on, hair of the dog, but when the last drink was gone, that was it. So far as booze was concerned among the cowhands, they were on the Injun list, and that went double for yours truly, albeit my family were well aware of the fact that I drank my share in town and was sowing a goodly crop of wild oats.

I finally persuaded Ruel Horner to throw in with me on a strictly confidential deal. A jug deal. I explained to Ruel that while I was allowed no booze at the ranch, there was no law, rule or regulation that prevented me from having a bottle hid out in the brush or cached in a prairie dog hole a few miles away, just as long as I confined my drinking to a couple of shots of an evening or on a frosty morning when I wrangled the horse pasture at daybreak. I gave my word to the reluctant stage driver that I'd never get drunk, or even tipsy to where the booze showed in any way, shape or form, and we solemnly shook hands on the deal.

Those were the good old days when a man could buy a gallon jug of aged-in-the-wood barrel whiskey for four or five dollars, depending on the age. Whiskey that had beads on top when you filled a shot glass.

Doc Corrigan, one-time ramrod and wagon boss for the 76 outfit in the Cypress Hills in Canada, was working for the Circle C then. Also blanket-eye Charlie Stuart, son of Granville Stuart of the DHS pioneer outfit. So me'n Doc and Charlie pooled out bets and chipped in on the first five-dollar jug, and I gave the money to Ruel Horner, and me'n Ruel figured out a good place for him to leave the jug.

THE STAGE ROAD crossed the Little Warm Dam between the home ranch and the Rolling M place which belonged to the Circle C. It was a wide, hard-packed dirt dam the width of a wagon road, with a growth of tall willows on both sides that was about 300 yards long. The dense willow thicket riprapping the dam was higher than the driver's seat of the stagecoach and the weeds and tall grass between the wheel ruts of the stage road was hub-high.

The stage driver always kept a thirty-five-foot ketch rope in the boot under his seat, and as he drove along the dam road he would run one end of the rope through the handle of the jug, lower the jug gently on the doubled rope, and when it settled in the tall weeds and grass he'd let go one end of the doubled rope and pull up the slack, leaving the jug hidden from view in the middle of the wagon road. He could do this without ever slacking the slow gait of his four-horse team. And when the stage was out of sight one of us would ride down and pick up the jug that we'd put in a gunnysack and cache in some heavy underbrush about fifty yards from the horse pasture fence and the Little Warm Dam, about three miles from the home ranch.

It was agreed between the three of us that the jug would remain cached—that there would be no filling of a sneak pint or a sneak drink. We'd drink our booze together there on the spot, and furthermore we agreed that the jug would remain a strict secret.

If Ruel had a passenger seated beside him on the driver's seat, he would not make the jug drop that day. Most likely it would be the following day, or it might be two or three days, or a week before he was able to drop the jug. Ruel Horner always played it safe, and that's the way we wanted it, too. We owed that much to Ruel.

With the passing of a couple-three years Doc Corrigan went back to the 76 outfit in the Cypress Hills in Canada, and blanket-eye Charlie Stuart went back to the Circle Diamond outfit on Milk River. So I had to look around for another jug pardner, because the thought of buying a gallon of booze for my own use, and drinking alone, was against my nature. It was the companionship in drinking that counted. Like buying drinks for the house in a saloon in town was the cow country custom, and a man who bought a lone drink was contemptuously referred as "Dick Smith." Only sheepherders and hobos drank alone.

The cowpuncher I finally chose for a jug pardner was Walt Sizer. Unlike the graying cowhands, Doc Corrigan and Charlie Stuart, Walt Sizer was in his late twenties, about seven years older than me. To avoid confusion of our first names around the ranch he was called by his last name, Sizer. He was a few inches taller than me and had the build and action of a welterweight fighter. Sizer, as I recollect, was never much of a cowhand. He'd worked in the mines, played on the Zortman baseball team, won a few foot races and had entered the drilling contest at the Miners' Day celebration. He had worked as a bartender and had done a little gambling, and helped as swamper on a few jerkline freight outfits. Sizer knew how to take his own part in a rough and tumble saloon brawl, but he seldom deliberately picked a fight, and he knew how to handle his likker, never loud-mouthed.

It was about the time when the Circle C outfit was forced into the sheep business to protect our range from the sheepmen who had begun to surround us from all sides, that Jake Myers hired Walt Sizer, and as soon as he found out that me'n Sizer hit it off, he paired us off to ride the range and visit the scattered sheep camps together.

IT WAS late November, with close to three feet of snow on the ground and below zero, when a shot of booze at the end of a day's ride hit the spot. I'd paid Ruel Horner five bucks almost a week before, but every trip he'd made he had a passenger alongside him on the seat, somebody he couldn't trust to not spill the beans and get me'n Ruel both in trouble, so the jug stayed in the leather boot. Then about the sixth day it came an all-night snow. Jake sent me'n Sizer to the Gill place that was now a sheep camp, to get a count of the band of woollies, to make sure the sheepherder had not got careless and lost some strays in the coulees, that he hadn't quit his band and gone to camp to get warm, or cook a hot meal.

Jake had hired several cowhands as camptenders and ranch hands, and after a storm they rode out at daybreak for various scattered sheep camps. Jake would take the hound pack with him, and the rest of us packed saddle guns in case we jumped any coyotes or prairie wolves on the prowl.

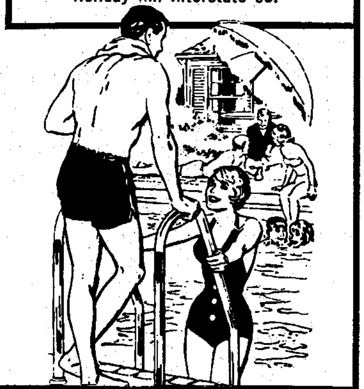
Me'n Sizer got started an hour or more before daybreak, and when we got to the Gill place Mac Bracamonte was easing his band of withers out the panel gate of the log thatched-roofed sheep shed that formerly had been used for cattle. Mac Bracamonte was a Mexican and one of the best sheepherders in the country. He was getting an accurate tally by spreading the fingers of one gloved hand to tally five, tying a knot in a whang leather string to tally each hundred. For a quarter-mile radius the snow had been cleared by a team hitched

FIND TREASURE
GOLD • SILVER • RELICS • METALS
WITH POWERFUL
METROTECH Locators
Low Cost • High Performance
Money-back Guarantee
WRITE FOR DETAILS TO DEPT. 2A
UNDERGROUND EXPLORATIONS • Box 793 • Menlo Park, California 94025

VACATION
IN DAYTONA BEACH
FLORIDA
AT BUDGET RATES FOR COUPLES AND FAMILIES
Enjoy the relaxation, recreation and facilities of the Holiday Inns. Headquarter here in Daytona Beach—then visit Silver Springs, Cape Kennedy Space Center, Marineland, and the "World's Most Famous Beach—Daytona Beach."

Holiday Inn® OF AMERICA
THE NATION'S INNKEEPER®

PLAN I
"EVERYTHING VACATION"
8 DAYS—7 NIGHTS
$49.90 each person, 2 to a room.
Incl: 13 scrumptious meals each—breakfasts/dinners—26 full meals for 2. Transport to and from airport, beach. All taxes, tips. No extras. Plan I available only at Holiday Inn Interstate 95.



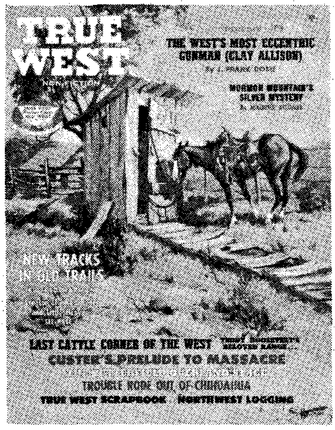
DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA

ENJOY THESE HOLIDAY INN FEATURES:
- Spacious, luxurious rooms—2 full size double beds
- Air-conditioned
- Free TV
- Cafeteria & Dining Room
- Swimming Pool
- Free housing for pets
- Free parking, car service nearby

PLAN II AVAILABLE AT:
Holiday Inn Interstate 95—
Convenient to Attractions, Dog Racing, Jai Alai
Cor. Int. 95 & U.S. One
Holiday Inn North, In-Town
U.S. One . . . 1202 Ridgewood
Holiday Inn West,
U.S. 92, Near Interstate 4

PLAN II
"The FAMILY VACATION"
8 DAYS—7 NIGHTS
Special rate room only for couples or families.
$63 per room, plus tax accommodates two or more people. All rooms have 2 full size double beds.
UNPACK ONCE—BE IN THE CENTER OF ALL FLORIDA SPORTS AND SIGHTSEEING.

WRITE OR CALL
HOLIDAY INNS RESERVATION CENTER
1798 International Speedway Boulevard, Daytona Beach, Florida 32014
PHONE (904) 255-7456
Reservation can be made at any Holiday Inn Free by calling us on
HOLIDEX 24568
HOLIDAY INN, INTERSTATE 95
DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA
Send special vacation information to:
Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________ State ____________ Zip ______


TRUE WEST
THE WEST'S MOST ECCENTRIC GUNMAN (CLAY ALLISON)
MORMON MOUNTAIN'S SILVER MYSTERY
NEW TRACKS IN OLD TRAILS
LAST CATTLE CORNER OF THE WEST
CUSTER'S PRELUDE TO MASSACRE
TROUBLE RODE OUT OF CHIHUAHUA
TRUE WEST SCRAPBOOK
NORTHWEST LOGGING

TRUE WEST

The **Greatest!**

Loads of interesting stories by well known authors!

NEW TRACKS IN OLD TRAILS
by Fred Harman

CREAM BY THE INCH
by Reno "Dad" Ingles and Richard Summers

THE WEST'S MOST ECCENTRIC GUNMAN
by J. Frank Dobie

MORMON MOUNTAIN'S SILVER MYSTERY
by Maurice Kildare

LAST CATTLE CORNER OF THE WEST
by Laura Trowbridge

JOE KIPP RULER THE UPPER MISSOURI
by Robert J. Edge

THE BUTTERFIELD OVERLAND STAGE
by Arizona Bob Kubista

TROUBLE RODE OUT OF CHIHUAHUA
by Maggie S. Roberson

PRELUDE TO MASSACRE
by Don Turner

And lots more!

SEE SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT OFFER ON PAGE 73

GET A COPY!
the October, 1968
issue of **TRUE WEST**
at your Newsstand
NOW!

to a V-shaped plank snowplow. Small bunches of hay had been forked from the hayrack, and the ice chopped in the creek.

Me'n Sizer sat our horses off to one side near the horse barn until Mac had finished his count and the sheep were scattered out feeding on their way to water, under the watchful eyes of the two trained shepherd dogs.

Bracamonte kept the log cabin at the Gill place neat as a pin. He was a good cook, and there was a pot of Mexican beans, seasoned with chili and ground beef, simmering on the back of the stove. And we all ate our fill of the best bait of chili con carne I have ever eaten. After noon dinner Bracamonte gave me the sheep tally page from his vest pocket book, to give to Jake Myers, and me'n Sizer saddled our horses and pulled out for another sheep camp on Camp Creek, a few miles from Zortman.

As we neared Bear Gulch Hill along the stage road, Sizer allowed as long as we were this near town he might as well collect a fifty-dollar gambling debt Buster Moran owed him. I told Sizer to go on to Zortman and I'd ride on to Camp Creek where they were doctoring sheep for hoof rot and mouth disease. I helped doctor the sick sheep with diluted nitric acid on a swab attached to a willow stick, and swabbed black tar on the sores between the cloven hoofs. It was nearing sundown when Sizer came back and we started for the home ranch.

We were barely out of sight of the sheep camp when Sizer pulled a pint from the pocket of his angora wool chaps, and by the time we reached the long graded freight and stage road on Bear Gulch Hill, me'n Sizer were half stung and shore feeling our barleycorn.

IT WAS getting dusk and the overcast sky was already darkening with the first shades of night. The ragged outline of the Little Rockies was black shadowed. The slopes of the rough canyon, timbered with lodge pole pine, the banks of the winding creek, lined with tall willows and buckbrush, were snow blanketed.

Around a bend, about two hundred yards distant, the four-horse stage, with Ruel Horner the driver, appeared in the darkening twilight. A passenger, bundled up in a coonskin coat and fur cap, with a wool muffler around his face, bulked big on the driver's seat.

"Just for the hell of it," Sizer said with a grin, "let's make out we're a couple of road agents and hold up the stage." And it sounded like a good idea, the shape we were in.

We both wore black silk neckerchiefs, sheepskin lined canvas coats and angora wool chaps, with six-shooters in our chaps pockets and Winchester .30-30 carbine saddle guns.

By the time the stage reached the foot of Bear Gulch Hill and Ruel halted the horses for a couple of minutes to let them get their wind for the long grade climb, we were hidden from view behind boulders and scrub pines, one on each side of the road. We had our neckerchiefs pulled up across our faces, showing only our eyes. Our old Stetson hats were yanked down at a jack-deuce angle, and our coat collars pulled up around our ears. Sizer had his saddle gun out of its scabbard, and I had a Colt .45 in my hand.

When Ruel pulled the horses to a halt and kicked on the high brake, we rode out from either side of the road, guns in hands.

"Hands up!" Sizer barked in a gruff, disguised voice. "This is a hold-up!"

Ruel always wore angora wool chaps, a sheep-lined canvas overcoat, and a muskrat cap with earflaps tied under his chin with black cord. Around the coat he wore a stage driver's twelve-inch wide cowhide belt that had half a dozen buckles to hold it tight around his waist. The belt served two purposes—warmth and a firm brace to protect the lower spine and kidneys from long hours of jolting and swaying. He wore four-buckled wool-lined overshoes, and a heavy silk muffler around his neck and lower jaw. His lower lip bulged a little from the Copenhagen snuff between his lower teeth and lip.

Ruel's raised foot held the long rawhide-covered brake beam in place. In one hand he held the four lines between the fingers of his fur-lined gauntlet gloves, and in the other hand he held the long tapered stock of his braided whip with its buckskin popper. In response to the "Hands up!" command, Ruel never let go the lines or the whip, but his passenger raised both arms above his shoulders.

Then Ruel shifted his whip to the hand that held the four lines. He bent over and his free arm reached into the leather boot under the seat and brought out a gallon wicker-covered demijohn by its handle. He bared his teeth in a lefthanded grin, and called out, "Thanksgiving greetings from Long Henry's Saloon in Malta!" Then he tossed the jug into a big snowbank, kicked off his brake, tightened the four lines between fingers, shifted the whip stock to his free hand and let the buckskin lash streak out. The wide popper cracked like a pistol shot, and a split second later was a second sharp crack.

Both our horses jumped and whirled. Sizer's horse pitched a jump or two, while my horse spooked, whirled and jumped clear of the road and into the scrub pine thicket. The four-horse team hit a jolting trot that rocked the coach on its wide thick harness-leather springs, and moments later it was out of sight in the first bend of the long grade.

"Them's the last of the outlaw gang, Mister," Ruel's loud words had a mocking laugh in their sound. "That road agent's horse-play was a big josh—them boys had you figured for a dude from back East and wanted to give you somethin' scary to tell about when you got back home."

Me'n Sizer grinned foolishly at each other as we got control of the green broncs we were riding for winter horses.

"That damnfool Ruel Horner," Sizer said. "His buckskin popper shore took a bite of winter hair outa my horse's rump. He's still got a hump in his back."

"The second flip of the popper," I managed a grin, "trimmed my horse's tail up close to the tail bone."

I rode over to where the jug lay half-buried in the snowdrift, leaned over sideways and grabbed the handle. The cork was covered thickly with red sealing wax.

"The last of the outlaw gang," I repeated Ruel's words. "Old Ruel was shore tellin' it scary to that dude in the coonskin coat, bellering out loud for our benefit."

"Reckon Ruel knowed us?" Sizer asked.

"Right from the start," I said. "I traded Ruel outa this line-backed dun horse last year when he was a two-year-old green colt. And he'd recognize that roan gelding you're riding on a dark and stormy night. He recognized both of us the minute we rode out playin' road agents." I held up the demijohn. "Anyhow we got our jug."

IT WAS long past dark when we got to the Circle C ranch. We cached the demijohn in the hayloft temporarily and put up our horses, and went to the cook cabin. It was past suppertime and Al Taylor fried us a pair of thick sirloin steaks. While we were eating, Jake came in from the office for coffee, and he fetched Tom Kearns, the bookkeeper, with him.

Jake was whistling tunelessly through his teeth as he was wont to do when he had something on his mind and he went into the kitchen without even bothering to look at me'n Sizer eating supper at the long table. Jake had a one-track mind.

"Here's a company check, Al," we heard Jake say, "to cover the twenty-five bucks the bookkeeper borrowed this evenin'."

Tom Kearns had a half-grin on his face as he came from the kitchen with a cup of black coffee in his hand. He winked at us as he straddled a bench on the opposite side of the table.

"You shoulda been here," Tom said in a guarded tone, "when the stage came in from Malta with this new post office inspector aboard. Not A. B. Corey, the inspector who was Jake's crony, but a younger gent with a mean look in his eye—all business and no nonsense. I knew I had sixty-seven dollars in foldin' money in the cigar box, and thirty silver dollars in a canvas bag.

"While the inspector was checking the books I checked on the cash money, and I knew something was wrong when I hefted the canvas bag. When I opened the puckerin' string there was only five silver dollars instead of thirty. I put the canvas bag beside the cigar box on the shelf and hurried outside to see Jake, who was talking to Horner. I asked Jake if he'd taken the cartwheels from the bag.

"'I just borrowed them to pay Alex Azure for that colt I bought,' Jake admitted. 'Them breeds will only take silver dollars. Make out a company check and I'll sign it.'

"I told Jake it had to be cash—that Uncle Sam didn't honor checks of any kind. Jake didn't have any cash, and I was in the same fix. I knew that Al Taylor was the only man on the ranch with a bankroll, so I told Jake to get inside and stall the inspector with one of his B.S. windies—tell him I'd gone to the cook cabin to fetch us a pot of coffee. And I hit a lope.

"I borrowed the money from Al and took the coffee and some tin cups back to the office, and while we drank the coffee I slipped the twenty-five bucks into the cigar box. It was a narrow squeak."

When Tom Kearns finished his story Jake came in from the kitchen with a mug of java. "Tom bin tellin' you the postal inspector was here? That storm put the phone line between here and the Phillips place outa kilter so Ben Phillips couldn't tip us off." Jake rolled a smoke and lit it with a kitchen match letting the smoke drift out through his nostrils. "That was a shore handsome coonskin coat he was sportin'," he spoke enviously.

Me'n Sizer, without looking at one another, gave each other a warning nudge with our boots under the table.

"Ornery s—o—b," Jake went on. "Lucky Tom had the books in order, or there would've been some hell raised."

"Let that be a lesson, Jake," Tom Kearns grinned mirthlessly. "Keep your hands out of Uncle Sam's money box. From what Ruel said on the Q.T. that new post office inspector is a genuine hydrophobia skunk—rode herd on the mail sacks a Wells Fargo shotgun guard."

I was commencing to sweat a little, and I knew Sizer shared my uneasy guilt. If that postal inspector in the handsome coonskin coat, with a law badge that gave him the same authority as a United States marshal, had a mind to fully investigate our armed, masked road agent activities, me'n Sizer could be put under arrest and tried before the U. S. Federal Court at the state capital of Helena. It was a sobering thought, and for the following week me'n my side pardner sweated blood.

It was Ruel Horner who saved our bacon, somehow, for reasons he never explained. By keeping his mouth shut, most likely. But I'd learned my lesson, and for some unspoken reason between me and Ruel Horner, that wicker-covered demijohn was the last and final time I ever asked Ruel to fetch a jug.

When Louis Goslin abandoned his stagecoach line between Malta and Zortman to make way for the modern automobile to carry mail and passengers, it was a sad day for all concerned. Ruel Horner drove his four-horse stage for the last time and retired to live on his ranch in the Little Rockies, where he raised horses and ran a small bunch of cattle.

When the Circle C outfit was sold to the Matador Land & Cattle Company in 1916, and I left Montana, Ruel was happy and content living on his little spread. I never saw Ruel Horner again, but the bond of friendship between us will remain forevermore.

TREASURE HUNTERS!
AMERICANA BUFFS!
COLLECTORS!

THIS IS YOUR MAGAZINE!

RELICS
A LINK TO OUR PIONEER HERITAGE
SOUVENIR SPOONS OF THE WEST
MYSTERY OF THE PHOENIX BUTTONS
NAVAJO BELL OF ANTIQUITY
HOMESTEAD STOVES
STAGE & EXPRESS MEMORABILIA

Our current issue (Fall, 1968) contains a Conestoga wagon load of outstanding features, stories, articles and departments covering the "hottest" areas of collector interest today. Look at this broad listing of contents!

- **SQUAW DRESSES**
- **LAP DESKS**
- **BOTTLES & JARS**
- **BARTER BUTTONS**
- **LIGHTNING RODS**
- **PIONEER STOVES**
- **OX YOKES**
- **SOUVENIR SPOONS**
- **SPIKE FILES**
- **STAGE & EXPRESS MEMORABILIA**

Sorry . . . but
RELICS is **NOT** on sale at newsstands. It's strictly a subscriber magazine . . . and a WHOPPING BARGAIN at that!
$1.25 per year

HURRY . . . Head for the big gold strike NOW—by subscribing on the convenient coupon attached.

Subscribe NOW!

RELICS-CD
P. O. BOX 3668, AUSTIN, TEXAS 78704
☐ ONE YEAR SUBSCRIPTION ....(4 ISSUES) VALUE $1.40 ....$1.25
☐ TWO YEAR SUBSCRIPTION ...(8 ISSUES) VALUE $2.80 ....$2.50
(If you don't want to cut this magazine, order on a sheet of paper.)

NAME____________________
STREET____________________
CITY__________STATE__________ZIP__________

CLASSIFIED

(30c per word, cash with order)

Books & Magazines

ARIZONA TREASURE HUNTERS Ghost Town Guide. Large folded map 1881, smaller early map. 1200 place name glossary, mines, camps, Indian reservations, etc. $1.50. Theron Fox, 1296H Yosemite, San Jose, California.

NEVADA TREASURE HUNTERS Ghost Town Guide. Large folded map. 800 place name glossary, railroads, camps, camel trail, etc. $1.50. Theron Fox, 1296½ Yosemite, San Jose, California.

SELLING TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES. Nation's largest stock. Send your list for prices. Stamped envelope appreciated. Miller, 2626-A Spring Lane, Austin, Texas 78703.

"BURIED TREASURE & LOST MINES" by Frank Fish—Successful Treasure expert. Fish spent 42 years researching this information. An authentic guide and reference book. Make treasure hunting your hobby—make it pay. Price $1.50 postpaid. Publisher—Erie Schaefer, 14728 Peyton Drive, Chino, California.

BOOK HUNTING OUR BUSINESS. Service is our product. No charge for search. Satisfaction guaranteed. D-J Book Search, Box 3352, San Bernardino, California 92404.

101 EASY WAYS TO FIND BURIED TREASURE. A book for all treasure hunters, crammed full of information. Only $2.00 cash, check or M.O. Dayne Chastain, Route 2, Seminole, Oklahoma 74868.

"POINTS, ARROWHEADS, and other Artifacts of the Southwest," Booklet. Over 120 illustrations. Covers Stoneage from "Sandia" to recent. $1.00. Canyonada, Rt. 2, Box 12, Mountainair, New Mexico 87036.

GHOST TOWN DIRECTORY OF THE WEST—347 locations—10 states—Gold Panning Instructions—Pictures—Maps—Price $1.00. Other books for the Rockhound, Prospector, Treasure and Bottle Hunter, Etc. Free brochure on request. Pierce Publishing, Dept. T-23, Box 5221, Abilene, Texas 79605.

AMERICAN INDIAN MAGAZINE. History, lore and current news. 35c sample copy. $1.50 a year. Write Many Smokes, P.O. Box 5895, Reno, Nevada 89503.

GHOST TOWN MAPS. New Book Titled "California Ghost Town Trails" has pictures, maps to California Ghost Towns. $2.95. N. Abbott, P.O. Box 4262, Anaheim, California 92803.

TO FIND TREASURES of the past you need an accurate map of the past. That's just what Relco has—Treasure and Landmark Map. Shows original shape of old Republic of Texas. Covers all or parts of Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming and Gulf of Mexico. Shows treasure sites where vast fortunes remain lost or hidden. First publication. $2.00. Relco-B66, Box 10563, Houston, Texas 77018.

FOR SALE—Books and Magazines of the Southwest. Some out of print. Many as new. List for stamps. Clarence H. Weihe, Box 102, Postville, Iowa 52162.

THE RAVEN SPEAKS, Monthly Newsletter on activities of American Indians. One year subscription, $1.00. Raven Hail, Indian Books & Crafts, 6115 Denton Drive, Dallas, Texas 75235.

MAP—ENTIRE PIONEER "WEST" (23 states) 50" x 50" old emigrant, military routes, forts—railroad, stage, telegraph lines—Indian, cattle trails—ghost, mining, old towns. (Mostly dated). Price $5.00—(Used by America's largest Universities, Libraries, Historical Societies). Van, G2, Tijeras, New Mexico 87059.

TREASURE HUNTERS MAP OF WASHINGTON STATE, over 200 treasure leads, with explanatory booklet. $2. Capt. Mullan's map of Pacific Northwest, 1861, $2. Send stamp for free Northwest Treasure News. T. Christensen, Box 5075, Spokane, Washington 99205.

FREE 128 page detector catalog. General Electronic Detection Co., Box 67, Bellflower, California 90706.

CHUCK WAGAN COOKBOOK! A bonanza of old-time rangeland recipes by B. McElfresh, that'll make your next cook-out the rip-roarin'est greatest eatin' ever! Sourdough biscuits, flip flop pudding, pepper salad, dried apple pie, vinegar drop dumplings—plus dozens more savory western concoctions! Only $1.50 postpaid . . . Order NOW! Packsaddle Press, 2407 Audubon Place, Austin, Texas 78741.

WESTERN YESTERDAYS by Forest Crossen. Volumes I through VI. Each volume a different collection of true adventures by oldtime Westerners. Illustrated. $1.95 each. Colorado residents add 3% sales tax. Address Western Yesterdays, Box 1433, Boulder, Colorado 80302.

"GHOST TOWN & MINING CAMPS OF IDAHO." Description & directions. Colorful. Interesting and helpful. $2.25. Alturas Enterprises, Box 7193, Boise, Idaho 83707.

HISTORIC MAPS: Arizona's Lost Mines, Ghost Towns, Frontier Military Forts—17x23. Montana—Gold Strikes, Ghost Towns, Military Outposts—23x29. Each in full color, parchment paper, decoratively illustrated border. Excellent for reference—framing. $1.50 each. Cooper Enterprises, 546 El Molino, Pasadena, California 91106.

GREAT GAG GIFT! A real book, "What I Know About the West," (or you fill in the blank—any subject you chose), with your name (or a friend's) shown as author. Handsomely bound, impressively imprinted with title, author—blank pages. Only $5.00. Gift Book, Box 7388, Little Rock, Arkansas 72207.

Books & Magazines

TREASURE, COIN and RELIC HUNTERS news publication. Only $1.00 yearly. Sample copy 25c. Gold Bug, Box 588-T, Alamo, California 94507.

BOTTLE BOOKS by PUTNAM. "BOTTLED BEFORE 1865". Lists hundreds of patent medicines, bitters, liquors, waters, fruit jars, etc., as advertised in newspapers from 1708 through 1864. Locates old factories, breweries, wine cellars, warehouses and bottling works. "BOTTLE IDENTIFICATION," this reference book describes old time bottles, gives their trade name, size and use. Over 1,000 pictures, all taken from old time bottle makers catalogs. Each $2.75 postpaid. House of Putnam, Dept. West, Box 578, Fontana, California 92335.

BOOKS: New books, old books, unusual books, all kinds of books. Thousands of books. Large list for stamp. Bradley's Variety, P.O. Box 281, McGregor, Iowa 52157.

FOR SALE: All TRUE WEST except No. 2; all FRONTIER TIMES; all OLD WEST; 16 TRUE WESTERN ADVENTURES; 30 REAL WEST; 100 DESERT MAGAZINES—since 1932; 37 ARIZONA HIGHWAYS, mostly older issues; 32 miscellaneous other Western and Treasure magazines and books. Best offer for any or all f.o.b. here. C. A. Dill, Box 13, Isleta, New Mexico 87022.

LEMURIAN VIEWPOINT—Thought-provoking discussions of Universal Truth, man's purpose on earth, reincarnation, and subjects from Lemurian Philosophy. Send for free copy. Lemurian Fellowship, Dept. 831, Box 397, Ramona, California 92065.

FOR SALE: Father's collection, FRONTIER TIMES and TRUE WEST. Wanda Williams, 2015 Linwood, Apt. 15, Kansas City, Missouri 64109.

FREE: Illustrated distinctive gifts catalog. Brenner Enterprises Company, MOL3, 409 South Pasadena Ave., Azusa, California 91702.

Business & Employment Opportunities

BOOMING AUSTRALIA needs your skills! Government assisted passage. For details send $1.00 to Irv Heyer, 1117 S.W. Columbia, Portland, Oregon 97201.

FREE BOOK "990 Successful, Little-Known Businesses." Work home! Plymouth, 337K, Brooklyn, New York 11218.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Good Pay, Adventure, Government Paid Transportation Allowance! Send $1.00 for "Australian Opportunities Handbook." International Services, Box 12-K11, Greenfield, Indiana 46140.

RAISE LABORATORY MICE FOR PROFIT. Where and how to sell. Send $1.00. Robert Green, 211 S. Diamond Street, Mansfield, Ohio 44903.

Firearms

MODERN MUZZLE LOADERS! Share the excitement of thousands who are shooting modern muzzle loaders. Rifles, pistols and shotguns of new manufacture—and priced realistically. Tons of antique gunparts. Send $1.00 for catalog No. 117-T. A must for any firearms collector. Dixie Gun Works, Union City, Tennessee.

Hunting & Fishing

COLLAPSIBLE FARM—POND—FISH TRAPS; Animal traps. Postpaid. Free information, pictures. Shawnee, 3934-W Buena Vista, Dallas 4, Texas.

FREE CATALOG . . . saves you money on reloading equipment, calls, decoys, archery, fishing tackle, molds, tools, rods, blanks. Finnysports, (TR) Toledo, Ohio 43614.

JEEPS $62.50 . . . AUTOS . . . BOATS . . . Thousands others direct from Government! "How to Buy in Your Area and 1968 Directory," send $1.00. Surplus Disposal, Box 11211—WK, Indianapolis, Indiana 46201.

DECOYS—DUCK & GOOSE—Sensationally new—lowest cost—make your own—start business—big profits—full particulars. E-Z-In & Out, Box 65765, Los Angeles, California 90065.

LIVE TRAPS, all sizes, Mouse to Dog. Collapsible or rigid. Carrying Cages. Free literature. Regional Sales, 420 W. Oak, Flagstaff 64, Arizona 86001.

FISH TRAPS, collapsible, pond-lake types. Animal, bird traps. Free catalog and trapping secrets. Sensitronix, 2225-F9 Lou Ellen, Houston, Texas 77018.

Indian Relics

ARROWHEAD MAKING: Complete illustrated instructions on ancient methods. Includes 1 hand-chipped arrowhead. $1.00. Canyonada, Rt. 2, Box 12, Mountainair, New Mexico 87036.

HOW TO FIND ARROWHEADS. New book tells how, where, when to look. $2.00 Canyon Publishing, Canyonville, Oregon 97417.

AUTHENIC ANCIENT INDIAN RELICS. Send $1.00 for ancient arrowhead and extensive listing. Horseshoe Bend Indian Relics, Box 7412-A, Birmingham, Alabama 35223.

THE ART OF CHIPPING Arrowheads, Descriptive booklet, well illustrated showing various methods used in this ancient art. $1.50 postpaid. Chief Tellumhow, Box 51, Chiloquin, Oregon 97624.

BEADWORK, QUILLWORK, WEAPONS, COSTUMES, and Saddles. Catalog 50 cents. Tecumseh's Trading Post, 1430 Gaskill Street, Reading, Pennsylvania 19606.

Indian Relics

INDIAN ARTIFACTS IDENTIFICATION: Illustrated descriptive reference, including implements and Ceremonials. $2.00. Collector Treasures, Box 6454, Tucson, Arizona 85716.

FOR SALE: Limited supply of Indian paint pots. Very attractive for ash trays in your den or office. $8.00 postpaid. A piece of peacock copper ore free with each order. W. R. Mayfield, Box 7 Gleeson Star Route, Elfrida, Arizona 85610.

INDIAN ARROWHEADS. Beautiful, perfect. Folsom points, Spear heads, Yuma points, etc. Free list. Bill. 300 Elm, LaJunta, Colorado 81050.

FOR SALE: FOLSOM, CLOVIS points—$4.00 each. Birdstone—$8.00. Boatstone—$6.00, Celts—$5.00, Plummets—$4.00, War arrowheads—$1.50 each, $12.50 per dozen. Eagles—$2.00 each, $15.00 per dozen. Effigy pipe—$7.50. Ceremonial spear—10 inch—$17.50; 7 inch Ceremonial spears—$10.00; Ceremonial spears—3 inches long—$2.50. Copper fish hook—$2.00; Bone fish hook—$2.00. Copper needles—$2.00. Gorgets—$3.00—$4.00—$5.00. Bone spear—$6.00. Fluted grooved axe—$15.00. We guarantee to please you. Write for prices on other relics. Arrowhead Trading Post, Box 205, Danville, Arkansas 72833.

INDIAN ARROWHEADS. Collected along the plains of the Rio Grande and San Luis Potosi, Mexico. Samples 15 for $3.50, 100 for $15.00, 1,000 for $120—postpaid. Oscar Cavazos, Jr., 3010 Salinas, Laredo, Texas 78040.

FLINT arrowhead making secret! Ancient, illustrated methods. Be an expert. Guaranteed. $1.00. Sherman, Dept. 2, Umatilla, Oregon 97882.

IROQUOIS MASKS, rattles, dolls; also Cree, Slave, Ojibwa, Eskimo crafts. Lists 25c. Iroqrafts, Ohseweken Reservation, Ontario, Canada.

OBSIDIAN KNIVES and spearpoints 3" to 10" long, $1.50 an inch. Obsidian arrowpoints, average 2" long, 4 for $5.00. Frank Estes, 1617 Willis Street, Redding, California 96001.

INDIAN COLLECTORS. Arrowheads 25c ea. Entire collections for sale—relics, beadwork, pre-Columbia art, Pueblo and pre-historic pottery and relics. Silver and turquoise Indian jewelry, all types, old pawn. Ancient and primitive weapons. Old guns, old money and Wells Fargo items. Old baskets, Navajo rugs—old and new, some rarities. Write for free list of thousands of items. Indian Center, 172 E. Main St., El Cajon, Calif. 92020.

Inventions Wanted

PATENT Searches including Maximum speed, full airmail report and closest patent copies, $6.00. Quality searches expertly administered. Complete secrecy guaranteed. Free Invention Protection forms and "Patent Information." Write Dept. 16, Washington Patent Office Search Bureau, 711 14th N.W., Washington 5, D.C.

INVENTORS! We will develop, sell your idea or invention, patented or unpatented. Our national manufacturer-clients are urgently seeking new items for highest outright cash sale or royalties. Financial assistance available. 10 years proven performance. For free information write: Dept. 49, Wall Street Invention Brokerage, 79 Wall Street, New York 5, New York.

INVENTORS! Don't sell your invention, patented or unpatented, until you receive our offer. Eagle Development Company, Dept. T, 79 Wall Street, New York 5, New York.

Leathercraft

FREE! World's largest leathercraft catalog. Hundred's of Make-it Ideas. Tandy Leather Co., Dept. 064, Fort Worth, Texas.

Treasure Hunting

TREASURES FROM THE PAST CAN BE YOURS with a new Relco detector. Locates buried gold, silver, coins, historical relics. Invisible electronic beam penetrates earth to seek out treasures hidden from the eyes of man for centuries. More sensitivity, extra penetrating power. Weighs 3 pounds. Fully transistorized. Powered by inexpensive battery. $19.95 up. Immediate delivery. Write for free catalog and "Treasure Hunter's Fact-Book" written especially for beginners. Relco, Dept. C-91, Box 10839, Houston, Texas 77018.

IDAHO TREASURE TALES & TREASURE TRAILS. Limited Edition. Beautiful 22 x 33 colored map. 10,000 words of description and directions. 70 sites located. $2.25. Alturas Enterprises, P.O. Box 7193, Boise, Idaho 83707.

METAL DETECTOR. This is a Detector for the professional hunter, a 11" loop will detect a penny 6". Free information, Joe Chrisman, Box 97, Ft. Towson, Oklahoma 74735.

TREASURE LEGENDS! (Unauthenticated stories). Treasure of San Andres! Lost Harcop Mine! Five other fabulous prospector's legends! Only $1.00. Johnnie Harris, Box 627, Coleman, Texas 76834.

NEW FOR '68! Goldak Treasure Locators—Find Coins, Gold, Silver. A profitable yet fun hobby. Goldak, Dept. FTC, 101 A Airway, Glendale, California 91201.

HEAP FINDINGEST DETECTORS YET for metals, minerals, coins and underwater. Latest far out improvements. Information 25c. IGWTT, Williamsburg, New Mexico 87942.

Treasure Hunting

PROSPECTORS—TREASURE HUNTERS! Metal Detector $3.00 sold world wide on money back guarantee. Will locate metal many feet underground. Weight 8 ounces. Users have traced underground veins, located covered mine shafts, located treasure articles, old Spanish graves, etc. Complete instructions. Send cash, M.O. or check—we pay postage or c.o.d. Plastino Mfg. Co., 6907 W. 12th, Denver 15, Colorado.

TREASURE GOLD, Silver, Relics. New 1968 detectors now available. Free information. Rayscope, Dept. 9-J, Box 715, North Hollywood, California 91603.

$$ SILVER-TURN CO. $$ Silver mine recently located and sold for $4,000,000. Information on treasures, valuable coins, gold panning and prospecting. Send $2.00, check or money order to: Silver-Turn Co., Box 566, Dallas, Texas 75221.

GOLD, SILVER, RELICS! Located with powerful Detectron Metal Locators. Free information. Terms. Detectron, Dept. FT-11, P.O. Box 243, San Gabriel, California 91778.

TREASURE HUNTERS! PROSPECTORS! READ THE BEST! Separate fact from fiction. Sample copy 25c. The Treasure Hunter, P.O. Box 188-B, Midway City, California 92655.

METAL DETECTORS! This is the one you have been looking for. Designed to find gold only, silver only. Thousands in use. Will also detect all other metals if desired. Lightweight. Only $5.00. Gol-Tector, Box 791, Seminole, Oklahoma 74868.

TREASURE HUNTERS ATTENTION! Here it is at last! The road map to lost mines and buried treasures of California! 127 locations. 5,300 words of clues. Only $4.00 from—your favorite map, rock, and book store. Or, order from—Varna Enterprises, P.O. Box 2216 Dept. K, Van Nuys, California 91404.

NEW GOLDAK METAL LOCATORS. Detects gold, silver, coins, and relics. For full information contact: Historical Locators, P.O. Box 483, Huntsville, Alabama 35804.

PROFESSIONALLY DESIGNED TREASURE HUNTER'S DECAL. Free sample. Clifford Burnside, Post Office Box V, Norwalk, California 90650.

PROSPECTING, EXPLORATION, TREASURE HUNTING. Equipment, kits, books. Catalog. Miner's Exchange, Box 64C, Nampa, Idaho 83651.

NEW TREASURE-PROBE with ear-plug—$18.88. With built-in speaker—$26.88. Now a revolutionary new plug-in speaker—$7.88; adds more comfort, better detection to your old Treasure-Probe. Satisfaction guaranteed. Immediate delivery. Treasure-Probe West, Box 11293, Phoenix, Arizona.

PLANS FOR LOW COST, Long Distance Treasure Finder—$1.00. Box 434, Orinda, California 94563.

Rare Coins & Stamps

RARE Silver Dollars, 1880-81 S, 1883-84-85-1899-1900-01-02 O mint. Uncirculated, $3.50 each. Coin catalog 50c. Shultz, Salt Lake City, Utah 84110.

MEXICAN OLYMPIC COMMEMORATIVE, 25 peso, 72% silver, uncirculated, $3.50. Write M.O.C.C., 207 Austin National Building, Austin, Texas 78701.

10,000 ANTIQUE GUNS, RELICS, COINS. Catalog $1.00. Collector Treasures, Box 6454, Tucson, Arizona 85716.

Real Estate

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . LOW AS $1.00 ACRE. Millions Acres! For Exclusive Copyrighted Report . . . plus "Land Opportunity Digest" listing lands available throughout U.S., send $1.00. Satisfaction Guaranteed! Land Disposal, Box 11211-WI, Indianapolis, Indiana 46201.

CANADIAN VACATION LANDS: Full price $385.00. 40 acres $10 month. Suitable cottage sites, hunting, fishing, investment. Free information. Land Corporation, 3768-W Bathurst, Downsview, Ontario, Canada.

U.S. GOVERNMENT LANDS dirt cheap! Mountain cabin sites, $25. Millions acres! Fully illustrated! Satisfaction guaranteed! Send $1.00 for "Land Buyers' Guide." Omega Press, Box 613-D, Tustin, California 92680.

PEACEFUL SOUTHERN UTAH VALLEY. Land 2½ acres. $250. Cash or Terms. Dept. FT, P.O. Box 17401, Holladay, Utah 84117.

GOVERNMENT PUBLIC LAND (400,000,000 Acres) in 25 states. Low as $1.00 acre. 1968 report. Details $1.00. LAND INFORMATION, 422W Washington Building, Washington, D.C. 20005.

NEVADA VACATION RETIREMENT RANCHOS, near ELKO, ¼ acre lots $395. $1 down, $5 per month. Hot springs, deer, rock and mineral hunting. Water. Send $1 for contract, returnable. Write Silver Crescent Ranchos, P.O. Box 4, Crescent Valley, Nevada 89821.

HOMESTEAD LANDS now available. 160-640 acres. Write: Land Information, Dept. 711, P.O. Box 148, Postal Station A, Vancouver, British Columbia. Enclose $1.00 for bulletin & map index.

Recipes

"FREE" SOURDOUGH recipe, from the "Ole West." Send 25c cover handling and mailing. Box 174, Battleground, Washington.

101 WINE, BEER RECIPES. Illustrated manual. $2.00. Supplies Dominae, Box 584-W, Ft. Wayne, Indiana 46801.

Recipes

BEERS, PEACH BRANDY, WINES—strongest formulas, $2.25 (complete brew supplies, hydrometers, catalog included). Research Enterprises, 29-F7T Samoset, Woburn, Massachusetts 01801.

"SOURDOUGH" Recipes, Chuckwagon Biscuits, Hotcakes, Donuts, $1.00. "BAR-B-Q" Recipes, Sauces, Beans, etc., $1.00. "Jerky". Make your own from fresh or frozen beef or game. Recipe $1.00. Box 111, Brush Prairie, Washington 98606.

WINEMAKING . . . Grape, Elderberry, Dandelion, Frozen Juices, etc., Brewmasters Secrets Revealed! Powerful Methods! Instructions, Recipes, and Supplies. Catalog, $1.00. Continental, Box 11071-WK, Indianapolis, Indiana 46201.

"SMOKE HOUSE" Build yours. Detailed instructions. Recipes Jerky, Salami, Thuringer, Smoked Fish. $1.00. Elmer Leeper, Box 391A, Ione, Washington 99139.

COCKROACH RECIPE, A "Simple Home Recipe," cost less than 10c. Will rid your home of roaches forever. After one day you will see no more cockroaches around. Quick, Safe and Sure. $1.00 for recipe. M. F. Wooten, 1909 San Francisco St., San Antonio, Texas 78201.

BEER, HARD CIDER, WINES! Powerful! Illustrated Brewmasters formulas—$2.25 (supplies catalog free). Interstate Supplies, Box 1-Y3T, Pelham, New Hampshire 03076.

BEER 6c qt. Modern Recipe, supplies list; errorless brewing with hints, etc. $1.00. Niemannsbrau Enterprises, P.O. Box 41292, Los Angeles, California.

SOURDOUGH CHUCKWAGON BISCUIT-HOTCAKES RECIPES—$1.00; 100-year-old "real" barbeque sauce and bean recipes—$1.00; Chuckwagon "Potato Pot Meal-in-One" recipe—$1.00; Beer recipe—$1.00. Bill's, Box 24, Kermit, Texas 79745.

Western Merchandise

PLACER GOLD, $2.00. Pocket gold, $2.00. Gold dust, $1.00. Attractively displayed. Moneyback guarantee. Lester Lea, Box 237, Mt. Shasta, California 96067.

ANTIQUE BARBED WIRE AND DISPLAY LABELS. Send 25c for sketch list. Huaco Wire Sales, 1316 N. 34th St., Waco, Texas 76710.

PEARL AND METAL SNAP FASTNERS FOR Western Shirts. Many styles and colors. Free Catalog. Campau Company, Box 76055G, Sanford Station, Los Angeles, California 90005.

IRIDESCENT PEACOCK COPPER. Beautiful radiant sample $2.00. Sun-purpled whiskey pint—$3.00. Collector Treasures, Box 6454, Tucson, Arizona 85716.

Miscellaneous

LINCOLN'S MURDERER Reward Poster. Nearly 2 feet long. $1.00 Poster Shack, Box 613-D, Tustin, California 92680.

OREGON GHOST TOWN & TREASURE MAP $2.00. Grant W. James, 2836 N. E. 19th, Portland, Oregon.

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP, Self-hypnosis, prayer-plant experiments! Details, catalog free. Research Association, Box 24-TW, Olympia, Washington.

"OVERLOOKED FORTUNES" in the rarer minerals and gemstones. Here are a few of the 300 or more you may be overlooking while mining, prospecting or gem hunting: Uranium, vanadium, columbium, tantalum, tungsten, nickel, cobalt, selenium, germanium, bismuth, platinum, beryllium, golden beryl, emeralds, etc. Some minerals worth $1 to $2 a pound, others $25 to $100 an ounce. Some beryllium gems worth a fortune; get out of the agate class into the big money; an emerald the size of your thumb may be worth $500 to $10,000 or more. Learn how to find, identify and cash in on them. New simple system. Send for free copy "Overlooked Fortunes"—it may lead to knowledge which may make you rich. Duke's Research Laboratory, Box 666, Dept. 4, Truth or Consequences, New Mexico.

BEAUTIFUL NATURAL COLOR Prints of Charles M. Russell's Masterpieces, suitable for framing, 60c each. Over 100 subjects. Send 10c for list. Gudmundson, 815 E. Bannock, Boise, Idaho 83702.

FOUR "WILL" FORMS and Lawyer's "Guide to Wills"—$1.00 complete. National, Box 48313-MB, Los Angeles, California 90048.

PRE-COLUMBIAN Art Southeastern American Indian—Send $3.00 for Introductory Series. Gorget Enterprises, Box 98, Calhoun, Tennessee 37309.

ATTENTION RELIC HUNTERS! Learn! Recognize valuable items! Make money! Booklet, "501 Collectors' Items." Comments, descriptions, suggestions for resale. $1.00. Collectors, Box 43, San Marcos, California 92069.

AUTHENTIC INDIAN SONGS AND DANCES on Phonograph Records—Catalog on request from: Canyon Records, 6050 No. 3rd St., Phoenix, Arizona 85012.

SUFFERING FROM ARTHRITIS? Try Ginseng; information free. Write Ginseng, Asheville 51, North Carolina.

WILL PAY CASH for location of lost rings, other valuables. Texas in particular, Southwest in general. Good pay for researchers who can supply steady, authentic information. If interested write Paisano, P.O. Box 2504, Odessa, Texas 79760.

101 IMPORTED NOVELTY KNIVES (catalog 35c). Friedmar Imports, 320 N. 16th Street, Montebello, California 90640.

Miscellaneous

PAIR OF LADIES SILVER MOUNTED SPURS—$25.50, with leather. Pair of matching swords—$51.00. Roberson's Trading Post, Box 264, Crawford, Texas 76638.

WESTERN movie posters, stills, and color lobby cards for sale. 1920-1960, thousands of items. Eight page list. 35c. Collectors Book Store, 6763 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California 90028.

HORSE RACES. New ideas in selecting winners. Send $1.00 for plan and chart. Handicappers Plans, Box 365, Oakland, California 94604.

"FOSSILS." Prehistoric plant life millions of years old. A masterpiece of nature. 12 beautiful specimens $2.00. Geological Explorations, 130 South 5th Street, Jacksboro, Texas 76056.

LOSING HAIR? Balding? Dandruff? Free copyrighted booklet. Dr. Shiffer Laboratories, 540 Euclid Arcade, Cleveland, Ohio 44115.

WINCHES FOR: Jeeps, boats, pick ups, or hoisting. 12 volt, PTO. Write for free information. Deer Tug Winches, P.O. Box 11192, Fort Worth, Texas 76110.

INTERESTED IN LOST TREASURES? Translated Spanish instrument (way-bill), dated 1650. Two typewritten pages of details. $5.00 per copy. Need prospecting money. Tom Lee, 10817 Claremont Ave., Bloomington, California 92316.

96 AIRSHIP BALLOONS. Only $2.00 postage paid. Osburn's, 1139 Garden Ave., Muskegon, Michigan 49444.

SEND STAMPED SELF ADDRESSED ENVELOPE FOR sample of my product. Osburn's, 1139 Garden Ave., Muskegon, Michigan 49444.

CHICAGO—REMAILINGS 25c each. $3.00 monthly. 56110 Harwood Heights, Illinois 60656.

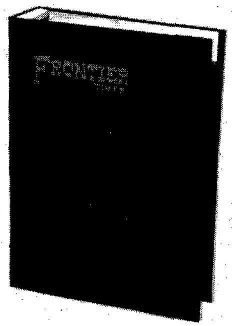
FIVE WILL FORMS. Best quality. With Lawyers instructions, $1.20. Brugenheimer Publishers, Box 158-KS5, Lexington, Massachusetts 02173.

HOMESITES FOR $10.00. Concrete blocks for two cents each. Instructions $1.00. Box 434, Orinda, California 94563.

WILDLIFE DECALS IN FULL COLOR. 12x10. $1.29 each prepaid. Deer, Elk, Pheasant, Horses, Cattle, Fish, etc. Free brochure. Columbia Distributing Company, Route 1—Box 115-C, Battle Ground, Washington 98604.

INDIAN METHOD OF TANNING HIDES. No chemical needed—$2.00. Tanning, Box 276W, Tolleson, Arizona 85353.

Frontier Times Multiple Binder



Only $\$3^{00}$ each Postpaid

- **Now you may obtain a sturdy binder with fine simulated leather cover for your copies of FRONTIER TIMES at just $3.00 each, postpaid.**
- **FRONTIER TIMES is stamped in gold on the cover and the backbone. There are beautiful, four-color photographs on inside front and inside back cover.**
- **Convenient, easy to handle, it holds 10-12 issues. (Many back issues available.) No punching or mutilation of your copies necessary. You'll like it on your bookshelf!**

FRONTIER TIMES
P.O. Box 3668, Austin, Texas 78704

I am enclosing $............Send...... binders at $3.00 each to the following:

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 5)

Cactus Brandy

Dear Friends:

In reading an old book on California history, I came across a reference to a brandy "made from cactus." According to the author, this brandy was so smooth you couldn't feel it going down or know it was down until your toes curled.

I'm assuming the "cactus" referred to cactus apples, but am not certain. Does anyone have a recipe for that brandy?—Mrs. Lisa Henderson, 2012 South Meridian Avenue, Alhambra, California 91803

Chasing "Lost" Mines

Dear Editor:

About the time the well-known towns of Custer and Bonanza were booming in Idaho, a young fellow named Swim got himself grubstaked back East and came out here to make himself rich. Swim must have lived the life of Riley for a while. Fish and wild game were plentiful and it was beautiful country during the summer. When Swim's grubstaker became unhappy because no rich strike was reported, Swim filed on and recorded four claims about fifteen miles apart somewhere southwest of Bonanza. He sent his grubstaker several nice samples (which one could get in or around any big mine like the Crater). Also, he is said to have discovered a very rich vein of gold in rough country on the south side of the Salmon River and claimed it for his grubstaker. As winter was coming on, Swim didn't try to develop it, but promised big things for the next spring.

In the meantime, he told his grubstaker that he would build a cabin and start a tunnel—but he needed more money to undertake such a project. He also became very unfriendly and wouldn't show anyone the claim.

After a restful winter, Swim got a surprise visit from his grubstaker. This man wanted to see all the mines at once. Swim agreed but asked to be allowed first to make a hurry-up trip to stake ten more claims and record them. He said he feared a wild rush would start when people found out what great wealth was in there.

Swim took off and was never seen again. To get away, he had to cross the Sawtooth River. His saddlehorse was said to have been found drowned in the river but Swim's body was not found. I am sure he kept on going.

I decided to hunt the Lost Swim Mine as others were doing. I talked to many old men who were sure Swim had found something very worthwhile. Some liars told me he had taken a pack horse-load of ore and had it run through the Custer Mill but I checked and found out this wasn't so. The man who ran the mill told me to quit looking for the lost mine. He said Swim was just a con artist and had never found anything. I believe he was telling the truth.

Also, there was the Lost Cleveland Mine. Cleveland worked with a packtrain that took food to the famous Thunder Mountain site. Cleveland had heard that several famous rich mines had been found by men who were hunting their burros. Well, he decided, pack horses should be just as capable of finding something for him. Each morning he would return to camp with his pockets stuffed with rocks. None of them was ever worth anything. One day the men he worked with decided to play a trick on him and smuggled some real ore into his rocks.

When it assayed good, Cleveland went haywire. The fellows told him they had been playing a joke on him but he wouldn't believe them. He quit his job and began prospecting but never found anything.

Then there was a sheepherder who stopped for coffee and a little chat at my cabin years later. He saw some sample ore I had from the old Golden Sunbeam Mine. "Mind if I take a couple of those?" he asked. "There is something I want to prove to some businessmen I know."

About three weeks later some city slickers came to my cabin with a swell pack outfit. Had I seen a sheepherder? one of them asked. "Yep," I said. Did I know where he'd found that ore? "Nope," I said. They told me the sheepherder had told them there was a ledge of that stuff six feet wide and they wanted to find it before snow came. I looked dumb and agreed they'd better get out and look for all they were worth!

I wonder how many "lost mines" were just like these I've told about?—Francis Cooper, 565 N. E. Cottage Street, Salem, Oregon 97301

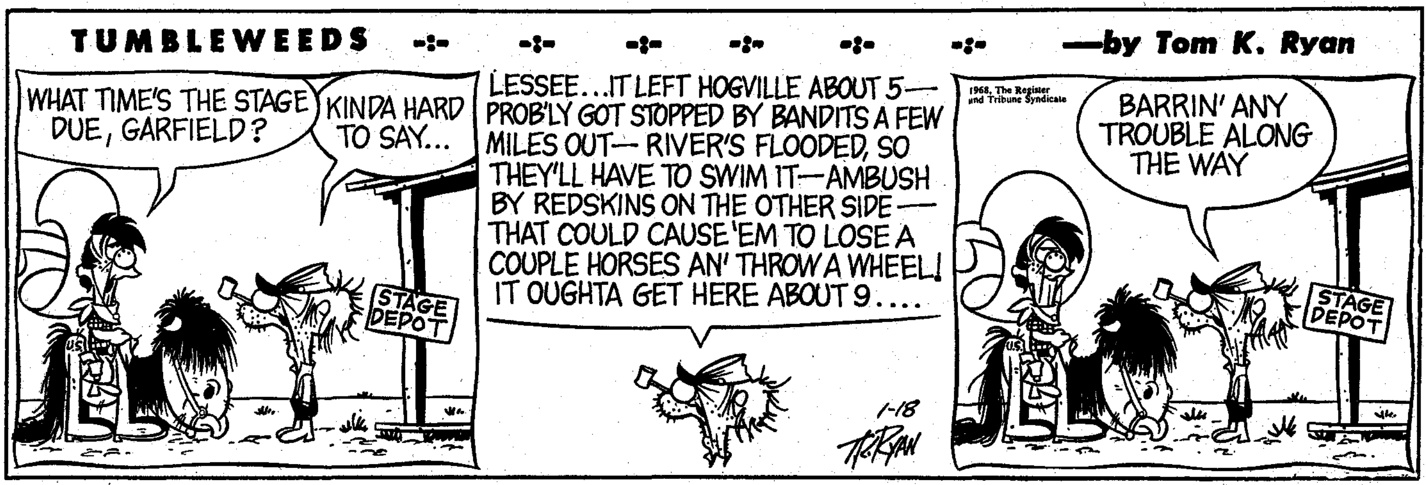
UFO—'96-'97

Dear Sirs:

I am hoping that some of your readers will be able to provide me with information concerning a rather mysterious phenomenon. I refer to the many sightings of "airships" in many parts of the U. S. and Canada during the years of 1896 and 1897. Beginning in California in November, 1896, airships (which we would call "flying saucers" or UFOs today) were seen and reported along the West Coast. About mid-March 1897 reports began coming from Kansas and Nebraska, and April brought airship stories from the entire Midwest, South and East Coast. Sightings decreased in May, but scattered reports came from Canada during the summer and autumn of 1897.

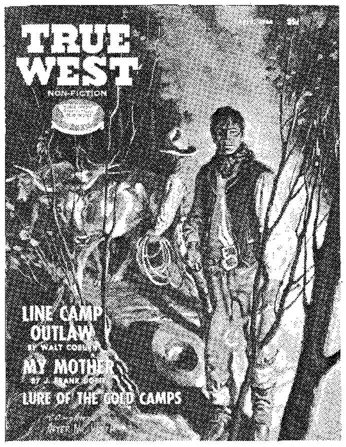
Along with a few other interested persons, I have been researching this time period and have found a number of fascinating accounts. We know there must be countless numbers of reports in old newspaper files around the country. We ask that all interested persons check local newspaper offices, libraries, historical societies, etc., for such reports. Persons living west of the Rocky Mountains should concentrate on November-December 1896, with spot checks into March-April-May 1897. Those living east of the Rockies will undoubtedly find the greatest number of reports in March-April-May 1897.

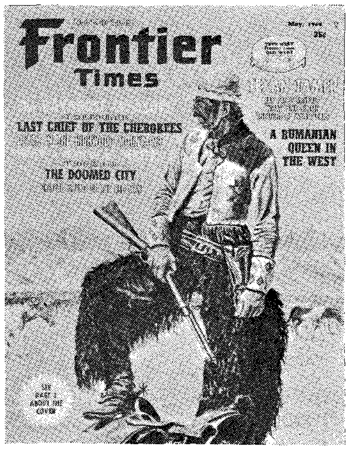
In addition to newspaper research it is possible that some of the older readers of this magazine may have sighted the airships during 1896-97. If so, such reports will be of great value to us. Although we welcome any and all information pertaining to this subject, photographs and/or sketches of the airships, plus reports of landing and "occupant" sightings, are of prime importance. The airships are known to have been photographed in several places, but the actual photos (or newspaper reproductions of them) are very rare. We are also interested in receiving data concerning any other UFO sightings, historical or modern-day, as well as other types of unexplained phenomena. For example, falls of animate or inanimate objects from the skies; evidence of pre-Columbian explorations of America; strange sounds for which no explanations can be found; cave and cavern mysteries, etc.—Lucius Farish, Route One, Plumerville, Arkansas 72127


TUMBLEWEEDS —by Tom K. Ryan
WHAT TIME'S THE STAGE DUE, GARFIELD?
KINDA HARD TO SAY...
STAGE DEPOT
US
LESSEE...IT LEFT HOGVILLE ABOUT 5— PROB'LY GOT STOPPED BY BANDITS A FEW MILES OUT— RIVER'S FLOODED, SO THEY'LL HAVE TO SWIM IT—AMBUSH BY REDSKINS ON THE OTHER SIDE— THAT COULD CAUSE 'EM TO LOSE A COUPLE HORSES AN' THROW A WHEEL! IT OUGHTA GET HERE ABOUT 9....
1-18
T.K.RYAN
1968, The Register and Tribune Syndicate
BARRIN' ANY TROUBLE ALONG THE WAY
STAGE DEPOT
US

ONCE AGAIN—

A Combination Offer on Christmas Gift Subscriptions!





NOW! BOTH AT ONE PRICE!

(You save $5.00 on 5 one-year subscriptions)

Here's another rip-snorting Western Christmas gift offer for you folks who want to give something REALLY DIFFERENT!

Easy, simple, economical—instead of bucking nightmarish shopping crowds, fill in the blanks and write out a check—in ten minutes your gift problems for those friends are past history! You couldn't send more lasting, more appreciated gifts than **TRUE WEST** and **FRONTIER TIMES**—gifts that last so long and **remind your friends of you** so regularly!

AND WHAT A TERRIFIC BOOST IT WILL BE FOR US! Thousands of people do not even know our magazines exist. **It's a TREMENDOUS** job getting the word around. So, your sending gift subscriptions is a **THREE-WAY BENEFIT**—to us, to you and to the folks who receive them.

DO IT NOW BEFORE THE RUSH BOGS US UNDER! Include your renewal or extension at these special rates, if you wish. How else can you present so much of the very **HEART** of the Old West—**AS IT REALLY WAS**—to your friends for ten times the price?

REDUCED GIFT RATES!

• **1 one-year subscription to both magazines** (6 issues TW, 6 issues FT)	**$4.00**
• **2 to 4 one-year subscriptions**	**$3.50 ea.**
• **5 or more one-year subscriptions**	**$3.00 ea.**

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, Box 3668-W, Austin, Texas 78704

NOTICE! If you don't wish to damage magazine, list on sheet of paper.

I ENCLOSE $__________ FOR __________ SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Name__________
Street__________
City__________ State__________
☐ NEW ☐ RENEWAL ZIP CODE__________

Name__________
Street__________
City__________ State__________
☐ NEW ☐ RENEWAL ZIP CODE__________

Name__________
Street__________
City__________ State__________
☐ NEW ☐ RENEWAL ZIP CODE__________

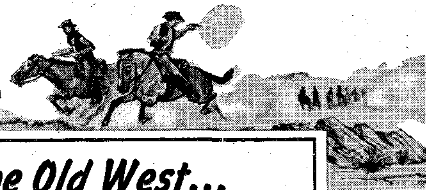
Name__________
Street__________
City__________ State__________
☐ NEW ☐ RENEWAL ZIP CODE__________

Name__________
Street__________
City__________ State__________
☐ NEW ☐ RENEWAL ZIP CODE__________

Name__________
Street__________
City__________ State__________
☐ NEW ☐ RENEWAL ZIP CODE__________

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS__________
☐ GIFT CARD TO READ FROM__________

REWARD for Western Fans!



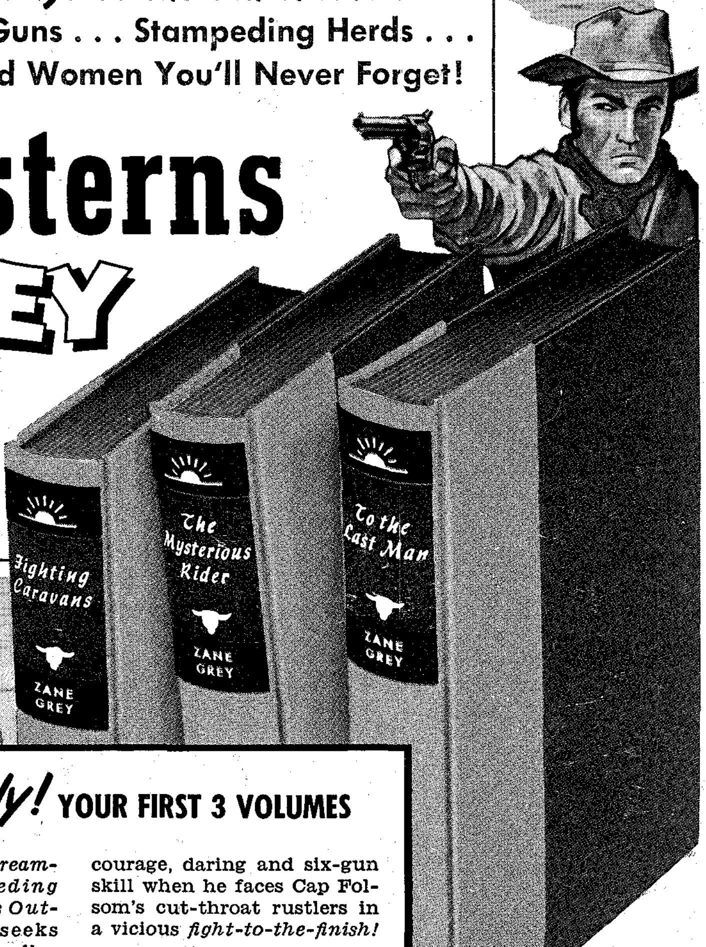
Here are all the Action-Packed Days of the Old West...

Throbbing with the Roar of Blazing Six-Guns . . . Stampeding Herds . . . Desperate Renegades . . . Heroic Men and Women You'll Never Forget!

3 Great Westerns

By ZANE GREY

ALL for only $1.00 [AN $8.67 VALUE]



THESE DE LUXE VOLUMES Are Bound in Glowing Shades of Red, Tan, Blue . . . and Stamped in Genuine Gold

Now Ready! YOUR FIRST 3 VOLUMES

FIGHTING CARAVANS. *Screaming Savages! Stampeding Buffalo! Treacherous Outlaws!* Clint Belmet seeks vengeance against them all — with blazing guns — as he leads the wagon trains across the treacherous Plains.

THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER. "Hell-Bent" Wade needs all his courage, daring and six-gun skill when he faces Cap Folsom's cut-throat rustlers in a vicious *fight-to-the-finish!*

TO THE LAST MAN. The turbulent Southwest never had a bloodier feud than the Pleasant Valley War. It was destined to go on and on—*right down to the last man!*

ZANE GREY actually *lived* the rugged life made famous in his thrilling books!

READER'S RESERVATION CERTIFICATE

WALTER J. BLACK, Inc. **8–OJ**
Roslyn, L. I., New York 11576

Send me *at once* the three Zane Grey books described above: FIGHTING CARAVANS, THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER and TO THE LAST MAN. I enclose NO MONEY IN ADVANCE; within a week after receiving my books, I will either return them and owe nothing, or keep them for the special introductory price of ONLY $1.00 (plus a few cents mailing charges) for ALL THREE fine volumes.

Also reserve in my name additional beautifully-bound volumes in the Zane Grey Series. I will be entitled to receive them as they come from the press, on approval, for only $2.89 each (plus a few cents mailing charges). I am to receive advance descriptions of all future volumes. I need never send money in advance; if not completely satisfied, I may return any book within one week of receipt. I may cancel my reservation at any time. *(Books shipped in U.S.A. only.)*

MR.
MRS. ....
MISS (PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Address..
25A

City &
State.. Zip..........

Why We Offer You This "Reward" of 3 Great ZANE GREY Westerns for only $1.00

Is a rip-roaring story of the Old West your "meat"? Then you'll want these three great Western thrillers by ZANE GREY—because *every* Zane Grey Western is jam-packed with blazing gunplay, breath-taking action, blood-tingling excitement!

We'll "reward you" with these THREE Zane Grey Westerns *for only $1.00*—simply for letting us *introduce* you to the handsome, hard-bound, matching volumes of The Zane Grey Series.

What A Treat Is In Store For You!

Just picture these luxurious volumes next to your easy chair. Now, whenever you want, you can enjoy the most thrilling Westerns ever written:

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE. Brave days of old Utah—drenched with blood!

WILDFIRE. Story of a great wild stallion, a fiery girl—and the man who was strong enough to tame them both!

ARIZONA AMES. His blazing six-shooter spread terror among the toughest badmen!

SHADOW ON THE TRAIL. Quick-shooting Wade Holden fights with rawhide-tough rustlers.

ROGUE RIVER FEUD. Violence and death on Rogue River.

DESERT GOLD. Spine-tingling adventures of men and women crazed by the lure of riches.

WEST OF THE PECOS. A hard-riding, straight-shooting young man turns out to be a *girl!*

THE LONE STAR RANGER. One man against the toughest killers in the wild Texas borderland!

CALL OF THE CANYON. Smashing drama of death and danger!

30,000 ON THE HOOF. Pioneer Huett battles screaming Indians and lawless rustlers.

Other great volumes include: Wild Horse Mesa; The Vanishing American; Fugitive Trail; The Hash Knife Outfit; The Arizona Clan; Twin Sombreros; The Heritage of The Desert; Western Union; Under The Tonto Rim; Robbers' Roost; Shepherd of Guadaloupe; Thunder Mountain; The Thundering Herd; The Man of The Forest; and many more famous Zane Grey Western thrillers. All complete—not a word cut!

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail RESERVATION CERTIFICATE to examine your first THREE volumes, shown and described above. With them will come an introductory invoice for only $1.00 (plus a few cents mailing charges) as payment IN FULL for ALL THREE books, and instructions on how to get your other beautiful volumes, at the low price of $2.89 each. If not fully satisfied you may return all three introductory books, or any later volume in the series; you may cancel your reservation at any time.

You have nothing to lose — and a lifetime of thrilling Westerns to enjoy! So send your risk-free Reservation Certificate NOW to: **WALTER J. BLACK, Inc., Roslyn, L. I., New York 11576**